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STUDIES

OF

NATURE

BY

JAS.-HENRY-BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

..... MISERIS SUCCURRERE DISCO.

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STUDIES

STUDIES OF NATURE.

STUDY TWELFTH.

OF SOME MORAL LAWS OF NATURE.

Weakness of Reason; of Feeling; Proofs of the Divinity, and of the Immortality of the Soul, from Feeling.

SUCH are the physical proofs of the existence of the DEITY, as far as the feebleness of my reason has enabled me to produce and arrange them. I have collected perhaps ten times as many; but I perceived that I was after all but at the beginning of my career; that the farther I advanced, the farther it extended itself before me; that my own labour would soon overwhelm me; and that, conformably to the idea of Scripture, nothing would remain to me after a complete survey of the Works of Creation, but the most profound astonishment.

It is one of the great calamities of human life, that in proportion as we approach the source of truth, it flies away from before us; and that when by chance we are enabled to catch some of it's smaller ramifications, we are unable to remain constantly attached to them. Wherefore has the sentiment which yesterday exalted me to Heaven, at sight of a new relation

of Nature—wherefore has it disappeared to-day? *Archimedes* did not remain always in an ecstasy, from the discovery of the relations of metals in the crown of King *Hiero*. He after that made other discoveries more congenial to his mind: such as that of the cylinder circumscribed within the sphere, which he gave directions to have engraved on his tomb. *Pythagoras* contemplated at length with indifference the square of the hypothenuse, for the discovery of which he had vowed, it is said, a whole hecatomb of oxen to *Jupiter*. I recollect that when I first became master of the demonstration of those sublime truths, I experienced a delight almost as lively as that of the great men who were the first inventors of them. Wherefore is it extinguished? Why do I this day stand in need of novelties to procure me pleasure? The mere animal is in this respect happier than we are: what pleased him yesterday will likewise give him pleasure to-morrow: he fixes for himself a boundary which he never exceeds; what is sufficient for him, always appears to him beautiful and good. The ingenious bee constructs commodious cells, but never dreams of rearing triumphal arches, or obelisks, to decorate her waxen city. A cottage was in like manner sufficient for Man, in order to be as well lodged as a bee. What need had he of five orders of Architecture, of pyramids, of towers, of kiosques?

What then is that versatile faculty, called *reason*, which I employ in observing Nature? It is, say the Schools, a perception of correspondencies, which essentially

essentially distinguishes Man from the beast. Man enjoys reason, and the beast is merely governed by instinct. But if this instinct always points out to the animal what is best adapted to it's situation, it is therefore likewise a reason, and a reason more precious than ours, in as much as it is invariable, and is acquired without the aid of long and painful experience. To this the Philosophers of the last age replied, that the proof of the want of reason in beasts is this, that they act always in the same manner; thus they concluded, from the very perfection of their reason, that they had none. Hence we may see to what a degree great names, salaries, and associations, may give currency to the greatest absurdities; for the argument of those Philosophers is a direct attack on the Supreme Intelligence itself, which is invariable in it's plans, as animals are in their instinct. If bees uniformly construct their cells of the same figure, it is because Nature always makes bees of the same character.

I do not mean however to affirm that the reason of beasts and that of Man is the same: ours is without dispute much more extensive than the instinct of each animal in particular; but if Man is endowed with an universal reason, Must it not be because his wants are universal? He likewise discerns it is true the wants of other animals; but may it not be relatively to himself that he has made this his study? If the dog gives himself no concern about the oats of the horse, it is perhaps because the horse is not subservient to the wants of the dog.

We possess, notwithstanding, natural adaptations

peculiar to ourselves, such as the art of agriculture, and the use of fire. The knowledge of these undoubtedly would demonstrate our natural superiority, were it not at the same time a proof of our wretchedness. Animals are under no necessity to kindle fires, and to cast seed into the ground, for they are clothed and fed by the hand of Nature. Besides, many of them have in themselves faculties far superior to our sciences, which are, if the truth might be told, foreign to us. If we have discovered some phosphoric substances, the luminous fly of the Tropics has in itself a focus of light which illuminates it during the night. While we are amusing ourselves in making experiments on electricity, the torpedo is employing it in self-defence: and while the Academies and States of Europe are proposing considerable prizes to the person who shall discover the means of determining the Longitude at Sea, the paillencu and the frigat are every day performing a flight of three or four hundred leagues between the Tropics, from East to West, without ever failing to find in the evening the rock from which they took their departure in the morning.

Another mortifying insufficiency presents itself, when Philosophy attempts to employ, in combating the Intelligence of Nature, that very reason which can be of no use but to discern it. What plausible arguments are detailed, respecting the danger of the passions, the frivolity of human life, the loss of fortune, of honour, of children! You can easily unhouse me, divine *Marcus Aurelius*, and you too, sceptical *Montagne*; but you have not

not provided for me another home. You put the staff of Philosophy into my hand, and say to me, walk on intrepidly; make the tour of the World, begging your bread; you are just as happy as we in our villas, with our wives, and respected by all around. But here is an evil of which you had no foresight. I have received, in my own country, calumny only as the reward of all my services; I have experienced nothing but ingratitude on the part of my friends, and even of my patrons; I am solitary, and have no longer the means of subsistence; I am a prey to nervous disorders; I stand in need of men, but my soul is troubled at the sight of them, while I reflect on the fatal reasons by which they are united, and feel that there is no possibility of interesting them, but by flattering their passions, and by becoming as vicious as they are. What good purpose does it serve to have studied virtue? It shudders at such recollections, and even without any reflection, merely at the sight of men. The first thing that fails me is that very reason on which you desire me to lean for support. All your fine logic vanishes, precisely at the moment when I have most need of it. Put a reed into the hand of a sick person: the very first thing that will drop from him, when attacked by a fit of illness, is that same reed; if he ventures to rest his whole weight upon it, most probably it will break, and perhaps run through his hand. Death, you tell me, will cure every thing; but in order to die I have no occasion for all this reasoning; besides, I do not drop, in the vigour of life, into the arms of death,

but dying and reasoning no longer, still however feeling and suffering.*

What is, once more, that reason of which we boast so triumphantly? As it is nothing more than the relation of objects to our wants, it is reduced then to mere personal interest. Hence it is that we have so many family reasons, reasons of associations, reasons of state; reasons of all countries, and of all ages; hence it is, that the reason of a young

* Thus, Religion has greatly the superiority over Philosophy, in as much as she supports us not by our reason but by our resignation. She would have us not on foot and stirring about, but stretched on a bed of languishing: not on the theatre of the World, but reposing at the footstool of the Throne of God; not tormented with solicitude about futurity, but confident and composed. When books, honours, fortune, and friends forsake us, she presents us as a pillow for our head, not the recollection of our frivolous and theatrical virtues, but that of our insufficiency; and instead of the arrogant maxims of Philosophy, she demands of us only calmness, peace, and filial confidence.

I must make one reflection more respecting this reason, or which amounts to the same thing, respecting this ingenuity of which we are so vain: namely this, that it appears to be the result of our miseries. It is very remarkable, that the Nations which have been most celebrated for their wit, their arts, and their industry, were the most miserable on the face of the Earth, from their government, their passions, or their discords. Read the history of the lives of most men who have been distinguished by the superiority of their intellectual powers, and you will find that they were extremely miserable, especially in their childhood. One-eyed persons, the lame, the hump-backed have in general more wit than other men, because, from being more disagreeably conformed, they apply their reasoning powers toward observing with more attention the relations of Society, in the view of skreening themselves against it's oppression. Their humour it is true is commonly of the sarcastic kind, but this character is sufficiently applicable to what passes in the World for wit. Besides it was not Nature which rendered them malignant, but the raillery, or the contempt, of those with whom they have lived.

man

man is one thing, and that of an old man another; that the reason of a woman differs from that of a hermit, and a soldier's from a priest's. Every body, says the Duke *de la Rochfoucault*, has reason (is in the right). Yes, undoubtedly, and it is because every one has reason, that no one agrees with another.

This sublime faculty farther undergoes, from the first moments of it's expansion, a shock so violent, that it is rendered in some sort incapable of penetrating into the field of Nature. I do not speak of our methods and systems, which diffuse false lights over the first principles of human knowledge, by shewing us truth only in books, involved in machinery, and displayed on theatres. I have said something of those obstacles, in the objections which I have ventured to propose against the elements of our Sciences; but the maxims instilled into us from our earliest infancy, *make a fortune, be the first*, are alone sufficient to subvert our natural reason; they exhibit to us the just and the unjust only as they stand related to our personal interests, and to our ambition; they usually attach us to the fortune of some powerful and reputable corps, and render us as it may happen atheist or devotees, debauched or continent, Cartesians o Newtonians, just as they affect the cause whic has become our only moving principle.

Good cause then we have to mistrust reason, ; from the very first step it misleads us in our r searches after truth and happiness. Let us e quire, whether there is not in Man some facul

more noble, more invariable, and of greater extent. Though, in prosecuting this enquiry, I have to present only views vague and indeterminate, I hope that men more enlightened than I can pretend to be, may one day fix them, and carry them much farther. In this confidence, with the feeble powers which I possess, I am going to engage in a career, which is well worthy the Reader's most serious attention.

Descartes lays this down as the basis of the first natural truths: *I think, therefore I exist.* As this Philosopher has acquired a very high degree of reputation, which he merited besides by his knowledge in Geometry, and above all by his virtues, his argument in proof of existence has been greatly extolled, and dignified with the title of axiom. But, if I am not mistaken, this argument labours under an essential defect, in that it has not the generality of a fundamental principle; for it implicitly follows, that when a man does not think, he ceases to exist, or at least to have a proof of his existence. It follows farther, that the animal creation, to which *Descartes* denied the power of thought, had no proof that they existed; and that the greatest part of beings are in a state of non-existence with respect to us, in as much as they excite in us simple sensations merely, of forms, of colours, and of movements, without any reference to thought. Besides, the results of human thought having been frequently employed, from their versatility, to suggest doubts respecting the existence of GOD, and even of our own, as was the case with the sceptic *Pyrrho*, this reasoning, like all the operations

rations of the human understanding, falls under well-grounded suspicion.

I substitute therefore, in place of the argument of *Descartes*, that which follows, as it appears to me both more simple and more general: *I feel, therefore I exist*. It extends to all our physical sensations, which admonish us much more frequently of our existence than thought does. It has for it's moving principle an unknown faculty of the soul, which I call *sentiment*, or mental feeling, to which thought itself must refer; for the evidence to which we attempt to subject all the operations of our reason is itself simply sentiment.

I shall first make it appear, that this mysterious faculty differs essentially from physical sensations, and from the relations presented to us by reason, and that it blends itself in a manner constant and invariable in every thing that we do; so that it is, if I may be allowed the expression, human instinct.

As to the difference of sentiment from physical sensation, it is evident that *Iphigenia* at the altar gives us an impression of a very different nature from that produced by the taste of a fruit, or by the perfume of a flower; and as to that which distinguishes it from a process of the understanding, it is certain that the tears and the despair of *Clytemnestra* excite in us emotions of a very different kind from those suggested by a satire, a comedy, or even if you will by a mathematical demonstration.

Not but that reason may sometimes issue in sentiment, when it presents itself with evidence; but the one is only, with relation to the other, what the eye is with relation to the body, that is an intellectual

tellectual vision: besides, mental feeling appears to me to be the result of Laws of Nature, as reason is the result of political Laws.

I shall give no farther definition of this obscure principle, but I shall render it sufficiently intelligible, if I am so happy as to make it felt. And here I flatter myself with success by first stating an opposition between it and reason. It is very remarkable that women, who are always nearer to Nature, from their very irregularities, than men with their pretended wisdom, never confound these two faculties, and distinguish the first by the name of sensibility, or sentiment, by way of excellence, because it is in truth the source of our most delicious affections. They are continually on their guard against confounding, as most men do, the understanding and the heart, reason and sentiment. The one as we have seen is frequently our own work; the other is always the work of Nature. They differ so essentially from each other, that if you wish to annihilate the interest of a Work which abounds in sentiment, you have only to introduce an infusion of reasoning.

This is a fault which the most celebrated writers have committed, in all the ages in which Society completes it's separation from Nature. Reason produces many men of intelligence in ages pretendedly polished; and sentiment, men of genius, in ages pretendedly barbarous. Reason varies from age to age, and sentiment is always the same. The errors of reason are local and changeable, but the truths of sentiment are invariable and universal. Reason makes the I Greek, the I English-

man,

man, the I Turk; the sentiment, the I Man, and the I Divine. We stand in need at this day of commentaries, in order to understand the books of antiquity which are the work of reason, such as those of most Historians, and Poets, satyrical and comic, as *Martial, Plautus, Juvenal,* and even those of the past age, as *Boileau* and *Moliere;* but none will ever be necessary in order to be moved by the supplications of *Priam* at the feet of *Achilles,* by the despair of *Dido,* by the tragedies of *Racine,* and the lively fables of *La Fontaine.* We frequently stand in need of many combinations, for the purpose of bringing to light some concealed reason of Nature; but the simple and pure sentiments of repose, of peace, of gentle melancholy, which she inspires, comes to us without effort.

Reason, I grant, procures for us, pleasures of a certain kind; but she discovers to us some small portion of the order of the Universe, she exhibits to us at the same time our own destruction attached to the Laws of its preservation; she presents to us at once the evils which are past, and those which are to come; she furnishes arms to our passions at the very time when she is demonstrating to us their insufficiency. The farther that she carries us, the more are the proofs which she accumulates, when we come back to ourselves, of our own nothingness: and so far from soothing our pains by her researches, she frequently aggravates them bitterly by the discoveries which she makes. Sentiment, on the contrary, blind in it's desires, embraces the monuments of all countries, and of all ages; it

is soothed to a delicious complacency in the midst of ruins, of combats, and of death itself, in contemplating an undescribable eternal existence; it pursues, in all it's appetites, the attributes of Deity, infinity, extension, duration, power, grandeur, and glory; it mingles the ardent desires of these with all our passions; it thus communicates to them a certain sublime impulse; and, by subduing our reason, itself becomes the most noble, and the most delicious instinct of human life.

Sentiment demonstrates to us, much better than reason, the spirituality of the soul, for reason frequently proposes to us as an end the gratification of our grossest passions,* whereas sentiment is ever pure in it's propensities. Besides, a great many natural effects which escape the one, are under the controul of the other; such is, as has been observed, evidence itself, which is merely a matter of feeling, and over which reflection exercises no constraint; such too is our own existence. The proof of it is not in the province of reason; for why is it that I exist? where is the reason of it? But I feel that I exist, and this sentiment is sufficient to produce conviction.

This being laid down, I proceed to demonstrate that there are two powers† in Man, the one animal, and

* Listen to the voice of reason, is the incessant admonition of our moral Philosophers. But do they not perceive that they are putting us into the hand of our greatest enemy? Has not every passion a reason at command?

† It is from want of attention to those two powers, that so many celebrated performances, on the subject of Man present a false colouring. Their Authors sometimes represent him to us as a metaphysical object. You would be tempted to think that the physical wants, which stagger even

and the other intellectual, both of an opposite nature, and which by their union constitute human life; just as the harmony of every thing on Earth is composed of two contraries.

Certain philosophers have taken pleasure in painting Man as a god. His attitude they tell us is that of command. But in order to his having the air of command it is necessary that others should have that of submission, without which he would find an enemy in every one of his equals. The natural empire of Man extends only to animals;

even the Saints, are only feeble accessories of human life. They compose it merely of monads, of abstractions, and of moralities. Others discern nothing in man but an animal, and distinguish in him only the coarsest grossness of sense. They never study him without the dissecting knife in their hand, and when he is dead, that is to say, when he is man no longer. Others know him only as a political individual: they perceive him only through the medium of the correspondencies of ambition. It is not man that interests them; it is a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Prelate, a Gentleman. *Homer* is the only Writer with whom I am acquainted who has painted Man complete: all others, the best not excepted, present nothing but a skeleton of him. The Iliad of *Homer*, if I may be allowed to judge, is the painting of every Man, and it is that of all nature. All the passions are there, with their contrasts and their shades, the most intellectually refined, and the most sensually gross. *Achilles* sings the praises of the Gods to the sound of his lyre, and tends the cookery of a leg of mutton in a kettle. This last trait has given grievous offence to our theatrical writers, who deal in the composition of artificial heroes, namely, such as disguise and conceal their first wants, as their authors themselves disguise their own to Society. All the passions of the human breast are to be found in the Iliad: furious wrath in *Achilles*, haughty ambition in *Agamemnon*, patriotic valour in *Hector*; in *Nestor* unimpassioned wisdom; in *Ulysses*, crafty prudence; calumny in *Thersites*; voluptuousness in *Paris*, faithless love in *Helen*; conjugal love in *Andromache*; paternal affection in *Priam*; friendship in *Patroclus*; and so on: and besides this, a multitude of intermediate shades of all these passions, such as the inconsiderate courage of *Diomedes*, and that of *Ajax*, who dared

mals; and in the wars which he wages with them, or in the care which he exercises over them, he is frequently constrained to drop his attitude of emperor, and to assume that of a slave.

Others represent Man as the perpetual object of vengeance to angry Heaven, and have accumulated on his existence, all the miseries which can render it odious to him. This is not painting Man. He is not formed of a simple nature like other animals, each species of which invariably preserves it's proper

dared to challenge the Gods themselves to the combat: then the oppositions of situation and of fortune which detach those characters; such as a wedding, and a country festival, depicted on the formidable buckler of *Achilles*; the remorse of *Helen*, and the restless solicitude of *Andromache*; the flight of *Hector*, on the point of perishing under the walls of his native city, in the sight of his people, whose only defender he was; and the peaceful objects presented to him at that tremendous moment, such as the grove of trees, and the fountain to which the Trojan young women were accustomed to resort to wash their robes, and where they loved to assemble in happier days.

This divine Genius having appropriated to his heroes a leading passion of the human heart, and having put it in action in the most remarkable phrases of human life, has allotted in like manner the attributes of God to a variety of Divinities, and has assigned to them the different kingdoms of Nature; to *Neptune*, the Ocean; to *Pluto*, the infernal regions; to *Juno*, the air; to *Vulcan*, the fire; to *Diana*, the forests; to *Pan*, the flocks: in a word, the Nymphs, the Naïads, nay the very Hours, have all a certain department on the Earth. There is not a single flower but what is committed to the superintendance of some Deity. It is thus that he has contrived to render the habitation of Man celestial. His Work is the most sublime of Encyclopedias. All the characters of it are so exactly in the human heart, and in Nature, that the names by which he has designed them have become immortal. Add to the majesty of his plans a truth of expression which is not to be ascribed alone to the beauty of his language, as certain Grammarians pretend, but to the vast extent of his observation of Nature. It is thus, for example, that he calls the sea *impurpled*, at the moment that the Sun is setting: because that then the reflexes of the Sun in the horizon render it of that colour, as I myself have frequently remarked. *Virgil*, who has imitated him close-

per character; but of two opposite natures, each of which is itself farther subdivided into several passions, which form a contrast. In virtue of one of these natures he unites in himself all the wants and all the passions of animals; and in virtue of the other, the ineffable sentiments of the Deity. It is to this last instinct, much more than to his reflective powers, that he is indebted for the conviction which he has of the existence of GOD; for I suppose that having by means of his reason, the faculty of perceiving the correspondencies which exist between the objects of Nature, he found out the relations which subsist between an island and a tree, a tree and a fruit, a fruit and his own wants; he would readily feel himself determined, on seeing an island, to look for food upon it: but his reason, in shewing him the links of four natural harmonies, would not refer the cause of them to an invisible Author, unless he had the sentiment of it deeply impressed on his heart. It would stop short at the point where his perceptions stopped, and where those of animals terminate. A wolf which should swim over a river in order to reach an island on

ly, abounds in these beauties of observation, to which Commentators pay very little, if any attention. In the Georgics, for instance, *Virgil* gives to the Spring the epithet of *blushing*; *vere rubenti*, says he. As his translators and Commentators have taken no pains to convey this, any more than a multitude of similar touches, I was long impressed with the belief that this epithet was introduced merely to fill up the measure of the verse; but having remarked that early in Spring, the shoots and buds of most trees assumed a ruddy appearance previously to throwing out their leaves, I thence was enabled to comprehend what was the precise moment of the season which the Poet intended to describe by *vere rubenti*.

which

which he perceived grass growing, in the hope of there finding sheep likewise, has an equal conception of the links which connect the four natural relations of the island, the grass, the sheep, and his own appetite; but he falls not down prostrate before the intelligent Being who has established them.

Considering man as an animal, I know of no one to be compared with him in respect of wretchedness. First of all he is naked, exposed to insects, to the wind, to the rain, to the heat, to the cold, and laid under the necessity, in all countries, of finding himself clothing. If his skin acquires in time sufficient hardness to resist the attacks of the elements, it is not till after cruel experiments which sometimes flay him from top to toe. He knows nothing naturally as other animals do. If he wants to cross a river, he must learn to swim; nay, he must in his infancy be taught to walk and to speak.* There is no country so happily situated in which he is not obliged to prepare his food with considerable care and trouble. The banana and the bread-fruit tree give him between the Tropics provisions all the year round; but then he must plant those trees, he must inclose them within thorny fences to preserve them from the beasts; he must dry part of the fruits for a supply during the hurricane season; and must build repositories in which to lay them up. Besides those useful vegetables are reserved for certain privileged islands alone; for over

* The very name of infant is derived from the Latin word *infans*, that is to say, one who cannot speak.

the rest of the Earth the culture of alimentary grains and roots requires a great multitude of arts and preparations. Suppose him to have collected around him every blessing that his heart can desire, the love and the pleasure which flow from abundance, avarice, thieves, the incursions of the enemy, disturb his enjoyment. He must have laws, judges, magazines, fortresses, confederacies, and regiments, to protect from without and from within his ill-fated corn-field. Finally, when it is in his power to enjoy with all the tranquillity of a sage, langour takes possession of his mind; he must have comedies, balls, masquerades, amusements to prevent him from reasoning with himself.

It is impossible to conceive how a Nation could exist with the animal passions simply. The sentiments of natural justice, which are the basis of legislation, are not the results of our mutual wants, as has been by some pretended. Our passions are not retrogressive; they have ourselves alone for their centre. A family of savages, living in the midst of plenty, would be no more concerned about the misery of their neighbours perishing for want, than we concern ourselves at Paris to think that our sugar and coffee are costing Africa rivers of tears.

Reason itself, united to the passions, would only stimulate their ferocity; for it would supply them with new arguments long after their desires were gratified. It is, in most men, nothing more than the relation between beings and their wants, that is their personal interest. Let us examine the effect of it, combined with love and ambition, the two tyrants of human life.

Let us first suppose a state entirely governed by Love, such as that on the banks of the Lignon, imagined by the ingenious *d'Urfeius.* I beg leave to ask, Who would be at the trouble of building houses there, and of labouring the ground? Must we not suppose, that such a country would contain servants whose industry should compensate the idleness of their masters? Will not those servants be reduced to the necessity of abstaining from making love, in order that their masters may be incessantly employed in it? Besides, in what manner are the old people of both sexes to pass their time? A fine spectacle for them truly, to behold their children always indulging in the dalliance of the tender passion! Would not such a spectacle become to them a perpetual source of regret, of ill-humour, of jealousy, as it is among those of our own country? Such a government, in truth, were it even in the islands of the South Sea, under groves of the cocoa and bread-fruit trees, where there was nothing to do but to eat and make love, would soon be torn with discord and oppressed with languor.

But, on the supposition that the principle of *social reason* were to oblige every family to labour each for it's own support, and to introduce more variety into their way of living, by inviting to it our arts and sciences; it would quickly accelerate their destruction. We must by no means depend on ever hearing there any of those affecting dialogues which *d'Urfeius* puts into the mouth of *Astræa* and *Celadon;* they are dictated neither by animal love nor by enlightened reason. Both of these

employ a very different logic. When a lover, illuminated there with the science which he had borrowed of us, wished to inspire his mistress with a mutual passion, if however it were needful to employ discourse in order to accomplish this, he would talk to her of springs, of masses, of attractions, of fermentations, of the electric spark, and of the other physical causes which determine, according to our modern systems, the propensities of the two sexes, and the movements of the passions. *Political reasons* would interpose, and affix the seal to their union, by stipulating, in the melancholy and mercenary language of our contracts, for dowries, maintenances, redemptions, pin-monies, post-obits. But the *personal reason* of each contracting party would quickly separate them. As soon as a man saw his wife overtaken with disease, he would say to her: "My temperament calls for a wife who "enjoys health, and constrains me to abandon you." She would answer him undoubtedly, in order to preserve consistency: "You do well to obey the dic-"tates of Nature. I should in like manner, have "looked out for another husband had you been in "my place." A son would say to his aged and declining father: "You begot me for your plea-"sure, it is time that I should live for mine." Where should we find citizens disposed to unite for maintaining the laws of such a Society? Where find soldiers disposed to meet death in defence of it, and a magistrate who would undertake to govern it? I say nothing of an infinite number of other disorders, which follow in the train of that blind and headstrong passion, even when directed by cool and dispassionate reason.

If, on the other hand, a Nation were under the dominion of ambition solely, it would come still sooner to destruction; either from external enemies, or by means of it's own citizens. It is, first, difficult to imagine how it could be reduced to form, under the authority of one Legislator, for how can we conceive the possibility of ambitious men voluntarily submitting to another man? Those who have united them, as *Romulus*, *Mahomet*, and all founders of Nations, have commanded attention and obedience only by speaking in the name of the DEITY. But supposing this union by whatever means accomplished, Could such an association ever be happy? Let Historians extol conquering Rome ever so highly, Is it credible that her citizens then deserved the appellation of fortunate? What, while they were spreading terror over the Globe, and causing floods of tears to flow, were there at Rome no hearts oppressed with terror, and no eye overflowing for the loss of a son, of a father, of a husband, of a lover? Were the slaves, who constituted by far the greatest part of her inhabitants, were they happy? Was the General of the Roman army himself happy, crowned with laurels as he was, and mounted on a triumphal car, around which, in conformity to a military law, his own soldiers were singing songs in which his faults were exposed, to prevent his waxing proud and forgetting himself? And when Providence permitted *Paulus Emilius* to triumph over a King of the Macedonians, and his poor children, who stretched out their little hands to the Roman People to excite compassion, it was so ordered that the conqueror

queror should at that very season suffer the loss of his own children, that no one might be allowed to triumph with impunity over the tears of Mankind.

This very People, however, so disposed to pursue their own glory through the calamity of others, were obliged, in order to dissemble the horror of it, to veil the tears of the Nations with the interest of the Gods, as we disguise with fire the flesh of the animals which is to serve for food. Rome, following the order of destiny, was to become at length the capital of the World. She armed her ambition with a *celestial reason*, in order to render her victorious over powers the most formidable, and to curb by means of it the ferocity of her own citizens, by inuring them to the practice of sublime virtue. What would they have become, had they given themselves up without restraint to that furious instinct? They would have resembled the savages of America, who burn their enemies alive, and devour their flesh still streaming with blood. This Rome at last experienced, when her Religion presented no longer any thing to her enlightened inhabitants except unmeaning imagery. Then were seen the two passions natural to the heart of Man, ambition and love, inviting to a residence within her walls the luxury of Asia, the corruptive arts of Greece, proscriptions, murders, poisonings, conflagrations, and giving her up a prey to barbarous Nations. The Theutatès of the Gauls then issuing from th forests of the North, and arriving at the Capitol, made the Roman *Jupiter* to tremble in his turn.

Our *reasons of state* are in modern times less sublime, but are not for that less fatal to the repose

of Mankind, of which a judgment may be formed by the wars of Europe, which are continually disturbing the Globe. A Nation delivered up to it's passions, and to simple *reasons of state*, would speedily accumulate upon itself all the miseries incident to humanity; but Providence has implanted in the breast of Man a sentiment which serves as a counterbalance to the weight of these, by directing his desires far beyond the objects of this World; the sentiment I mean is that of the existence of the DEITY. Man is not Man because he is a reasonable animal, but because he is a religious animal.

It is remarked by *Cicero* and *Plutarch*, that there was not a single People known up to their time, among whom there were no traces of religion to be found. The sentiment of DEITY is natural to Man. It is that illumination which *St. John* denominates *the true Light which lighteth every Man that cometh into the World.* I find great fault with certain modern Authors, and even some of them Missionaries, for having asserted that certain Nations were destitute of all sense of DEITY. This is in my apprehension the blackest of calumnies with which a Nation can be branded, because it of course entirely strips them of the existence of every virtue; and if such a Nation betrays any appearance of virtue, it can only be under the impulse of the most abominable of vices, which is hypocrisy: for there can be no virtue distinct from Religion. But there is not a single one of those inconsiderate Writers, who does not at the same time himself furnish the means of refuting his

his own imputation; for some of them acknowledge that these very atheistical Nations on certain days present homage to the Moon; or that they retire into the woods to perform certain ceremonies, the knowledge of which they carefully conceal from strangers.

Father *Gobien*, among others, in his History of the Mariannes Islands, after having affirmed that their inhabitants had no knowledge of any Deity, and discovered not the slightest idea of Religion, tells us immediately after, that they practise invocation of the dead, to whom they give the appellation of *anitis*, whose skulls they preserve in their houses, and to which they ascribe the power of controlling the elements, of changing the seasons, and of restoring health; that they are persuaded of the immortality of the soul, and acknowledge a Paradise and a Hell. Such opinions clearly demonstrate that they have ideas of the DEITY.

All Nations have the sentiment of the existence of GOD; not that they all raise themselves to Him after the manner of a *Newton* and a *Socrates*, in contemplation of the general harmony of his Works, but by dwelling on those of his benefits which interest them the most. The Indian of Peru worships the Sun; he of Bengal, the Ganges, which fertilizes his plains; the black Iolof, the Ocean, which cools his shores; the Samoïède of the North, the rein-deer which feeds him. The wandering Iroquois demands of the Spirits which preside over the lakes and the forests plentiful fishing and hunting seasons. Many Nations wor-

ship their Kings. There is not one of them which, in order to render more dear to men those august dispensers of their felicity, have not called in the intervention of some Divinity for the purpose of consecrating their origin. Such are in general the Gods of the Nations: but when the passions interpose, and darken among them this divine instinct, and blend with it either the madness of ambition, or the seduction of voluptuousness, you behold them prostrating themselves before serpents, crocodiles, and other gods too abominable to be mentioned. You behold them offering in sacrifice the blood of their enemies and the virginity of their daughters. Such is the character of a People, such is it's religion. Man is carried along by this celestial impulse so irresistibly, that when he ceases to take the DEITY for his model, he never fails to make one after his own image.

There are therefore two powers in Man, the one animal, the other divine. The first is incessantly giving him the sentiment of his wretchedness; the second constantly awakening in him that of his own excellence: and from their conflicts are produced the varieties and the contradictions of human life.

By means of the sentiment of our wretchedness it is that we become alive to every thing which presents to us the idea of asylum and protection, of ease and accommodation. Hence it is that most men cherish the thought of calm retreats, of abundance, and of all the blessings which bountiful

ful Nature has provided on the Earth to supply our wants. It is this sentiment which gave to Love the chains of *Hymen*, in order that man might one day find the companion of his pains in that of his pleasures; and that children might be insured of the assistance of their parents. It is this which renders the warm and easy tradesman so eager after relations of court-intrigues, of battles, and descriptions of tempests, because dangers external and distant increase internal happiness and security. This sentiment frequently mingles with the moral affections: it looks for support in friendship, and for encouragement in commendation. It is this which renders us attentive to the promises of the ambitious man, when we are eager to follow him like slaves, seduced by the ideas of protection with which he amuses us. Thus the sentiment of our wretchedness is one of the most powerful bonds of political society, though it attaches us to the Earth.

The sentiment of Deity impels us to a contrary direction.* It was this which conducted Love to the altar, and dictated to the lips of the Lover the

* Whenever any one has lost this first of harmonies all the others follow it. Does it not well deserve to be remarked, that all the Writings of Atheists are insufferably dry and uninteresting? They sometimes fill you with astonishment, but never do they touch the heart. They exhibit caricatures only, or gigantic ideas. They are totally destitute of order, of proportion, of sensibility. I do not exempt from this censure any one except the poem of *Lucretius*. But this very exception, as has been said before, only confirms the truth of my observation; for when this Poet wished to please, he found himself under the necessity of introducing Deity, as is evident from his exordium, which commences with that beautiful apostrophe: *Alma Venus, &c.* Every where else, when he sets about a display of the Philosophy of *Epicurus*, his insipidity becomes absolutely insupportable.

first vows of fidelity; it devoted the first children to Heaven, while as yet there was no such thing as political law; it rendered Love sublime, and Friendship generous; with one hand it succoured the miserable, and opposed the other to tyrants; it became the moving principle of generosity and of every virtue. Satisfied with the consciousness of having deserved well of Mankind, it nobly disdained the recompence of applause. When it shewed itself in arts and sciences, it became the ineffable charm which transported us in contemplating them: the moment it withdrew from them, languor succeeded. It is this sentiment which confers immortality on the men of genius who discover to us in Nature new relations of intelligence.

When these two sentiments happen to cross each other, that is, when we attach the divine instinct to perishable objects, and the animal instinct to things divine, our life becomes agitated by contradictory passions. This is the cause of those innumerable frivolous hopes and fears with which men are tormented. My fortune is made, says one, I have enough to last me *for ever;* and to-morrow he drops into the grave. How wretched am I! says another, I am undone *for ever*; and death is at the door to deliver him from all his woes. We are bound down to life, said *Michael Montaigne*, by the merest toys; by a glass: yes, and wherefore? Because the sentiment of immortality is impressed on that glass. If life and death frequently appear insupportable to men, it is because they associate the sentiment of their end with that of death, and the sentiment of infinity with that of life.

Mortals,

Mortals, if you wish to live happy, and to die in composure, do not let your laws offer violence to those of Nature. Consider that at death, all the troubles of the animal come to a period; the cravings of the body, diseases, persecutions, calumnies, slavery of every kind, the rude combats of man's passions with himself, and with others. Consider that at death. all the enjoyments of a moral being commence; the rewards of virtue, and of the slightest acts of justice and of humanity, undervalued perhaps or despised by the World, but which have in some measure brought us nearer, while we were upon the Earth, to a Being righteous and eternal.

When these two instincts unite in the same place, they confer upon us the highest pleasure of which our nature is susceptible; for in that case our two natures, if I may thus express myself, enjoy at once.* I am going to trace a slight sketch of the combination of their harmonies; after which we shall pursue the track of the celestial sentiment which is natural to us, as manifested in our most ordinary sensations.

Let me suppose you then, Reader, disgusted, and wearied out with the disorders of Society, in search of some happy spot toward the extremity of Africa, on which the foot of European never alighted. Sailing along the Mediterranean, your vessel is tossed by the violence of the tempest, and ship-

* To these two instincts may be referred all the sensations of life which frequently seem to be contradictory. For example, if habit and novelty be agreeable to us, it is that habit gives us confidence respecting our physical relations, which are always the same; and novelty promises new points of view to our divine instinct, which is ever aiming at the extension of it's enjoyments.

wrecked

wrecked upon a rock, just as it is beginning to grow dark. Through the favour of Heaven you scramble safe to land: you flee for shelter to a grotto, rendered visible by the glare of the lightning, at the bottom of a little valley. There, retired to the covert of this asylum, you hear all night long the thunder roaring, and the rain descending in torrents. At day-break you discover behind you an amphitheatre of enormous rocks, perpendicularly steep as a wall. From their bases, here and there start out clumps of fig-trees, covered over with white and purple fruit, and tufts of carobs loaded with brown pods; their summits are crowned with pines, wild olive-trees, and cypresses bending under the violence of the winds. The echoes of these rocks repeat in the air the confused howling of the tempest, and the hoarse noise of the raging Sea, perceptible to the eye at a distance. But the little valley where you are is the abode of tranquillity and repose. In it's mossy declivities the sea-lark builds her nest, and on these solitary strands the mavis expects the ceasing of the storm.

By this time the first fires of *Aurora* are lengthening over the flowery stachys, and over the violet beds of the thyme which clothe the swelling hillocks. The brightening rays disclose to view, on the summit of an adjoining eminence, a cottage overshadowed with trees. Out of it issue a shepherd, his wife, and his daughter, who take the path that leads to the grotto, with vases and baskets on their heads. It is the spectacle of your distress which attracts these good people toward you. They are provided with fire, fruits, bread, wine, clothing,

for

for your relief. They vie with each other in rendering you the offices of hospitality. The wants of the body being satisfied, those of the mind begin to call for gratification. Your eye eagerly wanders along the surface of the deep, and you are enquiring within yourself, "On what part of the World "am I thrown?" The shepherd perceives your anxiety, and removes it, addressing you in these words: "That distant island which you see to the "North is Mycone. There is Delos a little to the "left, and Paros directly in front. That in which "we are is Naxos; you are on that very part of "the island where *Ariadne* was formerly abandoned by *Theseus*. It was on that long bank of white "sand which projects below into the Sea, that she "passed the days, with her eyes rivetted on that "point of the Horizon where the vessel of her "faithless lover at length ceased to be visible: and "into this very grotto where you now are, she retired at night to mourn over his departure. To "the right, between these two little hills, on the "top of which you behold some confused ruins, "stood a flourishing city named Naxos. It's female inhabitants, touched with the misfortunes "of the daughter of *Minos*, resorted hither to look "for her, and to comfort her. They endeavoured "at first to divert her attention by amusing conversation; but nothing could give her pleasure "but the name and the recollection of her beloved "*Theseus*. These damsels then counterfeited letters from that Hero, breathing the tenderest affection, and addressed to *Ariadne*. They flew to "deliver them to her, and said, Take comfort,

"beautiful

" beautiful *Ariadne*. *Theseus* will soon return!
" *Theseus* thinks of nothing but you. *Ariadne*, in
" an ecstasy of delight, read the letters, and with
" a trembling hand hastened to answer them. The
" Naxian girls took charge of her answers, and
" promised to have them speedily conveyed to
" *Theseus*. In this manner they amused her grief.
" But when they perceived that the sight of the
" Sea plunged her more and more into melancholy,
" they decoyed her into those extensive groves
" which you observe below in the plain. There
" they invented every species of festivity that could
" lull her fond regret to rest. Sometimes they
" formed around her coral dances, and represented
" by the linking of their hands, the various wind-
" ings of the labyrinth of Crete, out of which by
" her aid escaped the happy *Theseus*: sometimes
" they affected to put to death the terrible *Mino-*
" *taur*. The heart of *Ariadne* expanded to the
" perception of joy at the sight of representations
" which called to her remembrance the power of
" her father, the glory of her lover, and the
" triumph of her own charms, which had repaired
" the destiny of Athens: but when the winds con-
" veyed to her ear, through the music of the tabor
" and of the flute, the distant noise of the billows
" breaking on the shore from which she saw the
" cruel *Theseus* take his departure, she turned her
" face towards the Sea and began to weep. Thus
" the Naxians were made sensible that unfortunate
" love can find, in the very lap of gaiety, the means
" of embittering it's anguish; and that the recol-
" lection of pain is to be lost only by losing that of
" pleasure.

" pleasure. They endeavoured therefore to remove
" *Ariadne* from scenes and sounds which were con-
" tinually recalling the idea of her lover. They per-
" suaded her to visit their city, where they provided
" for her magnificent banquets, in superb apartments
" raised on columns of granite. Into these no male
" was permitted to enter, and no noise from with-
" out could make itself heard. They had taken
" care to cover the pavement, the walls, the doors,
" and the windows, with the richest tapestry, on
" which were represented meadows, vineyards, and
" enchanting solitudes. A thousand lamps and
" torches dazzled the eye. They made *Ariadne*
" seat herself in the midst of them on cushions;
" they placed a coronet of ivy, with it's black clus-
" ters, upon her flaxen hair, and around her pale
" forehead; then they arranged at her feet urns of
" alabaster replenished with the choicest wines;
" they poured them out into cups of gold, which
" they presented to her, saying, Drink, lovely daugh-
" ter of *Minos*; this island produces the richest pre-
" sents of *Bacchus*. Drink, wine dissipates care.
" *Ariadne*, with a smile, suffered herself to be per-
" suaded. In a little time the roses of health re-
" appeared on her countenance, and a report was
" immediately spread over Naxos that *Bacchus* was
" come to the relief of the mistress of *Theseus*. The
" inhabitants, transported with joy, reared a temple
" to that god, of which you still see some columns
" and the frontispiece on that rock in the midst of
" the waves. But wine only added fuel to the love
" of *Ariadne*. She gradually pined away, a victim
" to her sad regrets, and even to her fond hopes.

" See

" See there, at the extremity of this valley, on a " little hillock covered with marine-wormwood, is " her tomb, and her statue still looking toward the " Sea. You can scarcely now distinguish in it the " figure of a female; but there is even now dis- " cernible in it the restless attitude of a lover. This " monument, as well as every other of the country, " has been mutilated by time, and still more by the " hand of barbarians; but the memory of suffering " virtue is not, on the Earth, at the mercy of ty- " rants. The tomb of *Ariadne* is in the possession " of the Turks, and her crown is planted among " the stars. As for us, escaped from the notice of " the powers of this world, by means of our very ob- " scurity, we have through the goodness of Heaven " found liberty at a distance from the Great, and " happiness in a desert. Stranger, if you are still " capable of being affected by the blessings of Na- " ture, it is in your power to share them with us."

At this recital, the gentle tears of humanity trickle down the cheeks of his spouse, and of his youthful daughter, as she breathes a sigh to the memory of *Ariadne*; and I greatly doubt whether an Atheist himself, who acknowledges nothing else in Nature but the Laws of matter and of motion, could be insensible to those present correspondencies, and those ancient recollections.

Voluptuous men! Greece alone, you tell me, presents scenes and points of view so tenderly affecting. *Ariadne* accordingly has a place in every garden; *Ariadne* presents herself to view in every collection of painting. From the turret of your own castle, throw your

your eye over the plains below. As the prospect gradually extends, it terminates in an horizon much more beautiful than that of desolated Greece. Your apartment is more commodious than a grotto, and your sophas much softer than the turf. The undulation and the murmuring sound of your flowery meadows are more grateful to the sense than those of the billows of the Mediterranean. Your money and your own gardens can supply you with greater variety of the choicest wines and fruits than all the islands of the Archipelago could produce. Would you blend with these delights that of Deity? Behold on yonder hill, that small parish-church encircled by aged elms. Among the young women who there assemble, under its rustic portico, there may be undoubtedly some forlorn *Ariadne*, betrayed by a faithless lover.* She

* There are in our own plains young females much more respectable than *Ariadne*, to whom our Historians, who make such a parade of virtue, pay no manner of attention. A person of my acquaintance observed one Sunday, at the gate of a country-church, a young woman at prayer, quite alone, while they were chanting vespers within. As he remained some time in the place, he observed for several Sundays successively, that same young woman, who never once entered the church during the service. Being mightily struck with this singularity of behaviour, he inquired into the meaning of it at some others of the female peasants, who answered him that it must be her own will merely that determined her to stop in the porch, as they knew of nothing that should prevent her going in, adding, that they had frequently urged her to accompany them but in vain. At last, desirous of having the solution of this mystery, he addressed himself to the young woman herself whose conduct appeared to him so very extraordinary. She appeared at first somewhat disconcerted, but presently collecting courage, "Sir," said she, "I had a lover, who took advantage of my frailty. I became pregnant, "and my lover falling sick, died, without making me his wife. It is my "desire, that a voluntary exclusion from church for life should serve as "some atonement for my fault, and as a warning to my companions."

is not made of marble but of living flesh and blood; she is not a Greek but a French-woman; she is not comforted but insulted by her companions. Visit her humble abode, and sooth her anguish. Do good in this life, which is passing away with the rapidity of a torrent. Do good, not out of ostentation, and by the hands of a stranger; but for the sake of heaven, and with your own hand. The fruit of virtue loses its flavour when gathered by another, and not yourself. Ah! if you would, in person, speak an encouraging word to her, under that load of depression; if by your sympathy you raise her in her own esteem, you will perceive how, under a sense of your goodness, her forehead is overspread with a blush, her eyes suffused with tears, her convulsive lips move without speaking, and her heart, long oppressed with shame, expand to the approach of a comforter, as to the sentiment of the DEITY. You will then perceive in the human figure, touches far beyond the reach of the chisels of Greece, and the pencil of a *Van Dyk*. The felicity of an unfortunate young woman will cost you much less than the statue of *Ariadne:* and instead of giving celebrity to the name of an artist in your hotel, for a few years, this will immortalize your own, and cause it to last long after you are gone from hence, every time she says to her companions and to her children: "It was a god who came to succour me in the day of my distress."

We now proceed to trace the instinct of Divinity in our physical sensations, and shall conclude this Study by the sentiments of the soul which are

are purely intellectual. Thus we shall attempt to convey a faint idea of the nature of Man.

OF PHYSICAL SENSATIONS.

All the physical sensations are in themselves so many testimonies of our misery. If man is so sensible to the pleasure of the touch it is because he is naked all his body over. He is under the necessity, in order to clothe himself, of stripping the quadruped, the plant, and the worm. If almost all vegetables and animals are laid under contribution to supply him with food, it is because he is obliged to employ a great deal of cookery, and many combinations, in preparing his aliments. Nature has treated him with much severity; for he is the only one of animals for the wants of which she has made no immediate provision. Our philosophers have not sufficiently reflected on this perplexing distinction. How! a worm provided with it's augur or its file; the insect enters into life in the midst of a profusion of fruit proper for his subsistance; he by and by finds in himself the means of spinning and weaving his own garment; after that, he transforms himself into a gaudy butterfly, and ranges uncontrouled, abandoning himself to all the delights of love, and re-perpetuating his species without anxiety, and without remorse; whereas the son of a king is born completely naked amidst tears and groans, standing in need all his life long of the assistance of another; under the necessity of maintaining an unremitting conflict with his own species, from within, or from without, and frequently finding in himself his most

formidable enemy! Of a truth, unless we are all only children of dust, it would be a thousand times better to enter upon existence under the form of an insect, than under that of an Emperor. But man has been abandoned to the most abject misery only that he may have uninterrupted recourse to the first of powers.

Of the Sense of Tasting.

There is no one physical sensation but what awakens in man some sentiment of the DEITY.

To begin with the grossest of all our senses, that which relates to eating and drinking; all Nations, in the savage state, have entertained the belief that the DIVINITY had need to support life by the same means that men do: hence in all religions the origin of sacrifice. Hence also has farther proceeded, in many nations, the custom of placing viands on the tombs of the dead. The wives of the American savages extend this mark of solicitude even to infants who die upon the breast. After having bestowed upon them the right of sepulture, they come once a day for several weeks, and press from the nipple a few drops of milk upon the grave of the departed suckling.* This is positively affirmed by the Jesuit *Charlevoix*, who was frequently an eye-witness of the fact. Thus the sentiment of DEITY, and that of the immortality of the soul, are interwoven with our affections the most completely animal, and especially with maternal tenderness.

* See Father *Charlevoix's* Travels through America.

But

But man has not satisfied himself with admitting intellectual beings to a share of his repast, and in some measure with inviting them to his table; he has found the means of elevating himself to their rank, by the physical effects of those very aliments. It is singularly remarkable, that several savage Nations have been discovered, who scarcely possessed industry sufficient to procure food for themselves; but not one who had not invented the means of getting drunk. Man is the only animal who is sensible of that pleasure. Other animals are content to remain in their sphere, Man is making perpetual efforts to get out of his. Intoxication elevates the mind. All religious festivals among savages, and even among polished nations, end in feasting, in which men drink till reason is gone: they begin it is true with fasting, but intoxication closes the scene. Man renounces human reason that he may excite in himself emotions that are divine. The effect of intoxication is to convey the soul into the bosom of some deity. You always hear topers celebrating in their songs, *Bacchus*, *Mars*, *Venus*, or the God of Love. It is farther very remarkable, that men do not abandon themselves to blasphemy till they arrive at a state of intoxication; for it is an instinct as common to the soul, to cleave to the DEITY when in it's natural state, as to abjure Him when it is corrupted by vice.

Of the Sense of Smelling.

The pleasures of smell are peculiar to Man; for I do not comprehend under it the olfactory emanations by which he forms a judgment of his aliments, and which are common to him with most animals. Man alone is sensible to perfumes, and employs them to give more energy to his passions. *Mahomet* said that they elevated his soul to Heaven. Whatever may be in this, the use of them has been introduced into all the religious ceremonies, and into the political assemblies, of many Nations. The Brasilians, as well as all the Savages of North-America, never deliberate on any object of importance without smoking tobacco in a calumet. It is from this practice that the calumet is become among all those Nations, the symbol of peace, of war, of alliance, according to the accessories with which it is accompanied.

It is undoubtedly from the same custom of smoking, which was common to the Scythians, as *Herodotus* relates, that the caduceus of *Mercury*, which has a striking resemblance to the calumet of the Americans, and which appears like it to have been nothing but a pipe, became the symbol of commerce. Tobacco increases in some measure the powers of the understanding, by producing a species of intoxication in the nerves of the brain. *Lery* tells us that the Brasilians smoke tobacco till it makes them drunk. It is to be observed, that those nations have found out the most cephalic plant of the whole vegetable kingdom, and that the use of it is the most universally diffused of all those which exist on the Globe, the

the vine and the corn-plants not excepted. I have seen it cultivated in Finland, beyond Viburg, in about the sixty-first degree of North Latitude. The habit of using it becomes so powerful, that a person who has acquired it, will rather forego bread for a day than his tobacco. This plant is nevertheless a real poison; it affects at length the olfactory nerves, and sometimes the sight. But man is ever disposed to impair his physical constitution, provided he can strengthen in himself the intellectual sentiment.

Of the Sense of Seeing.

Every thing that has been said, in detailing certain general Laws of Nature, harmonies, conformities, contrasts, and oppositions, refers principally to the sense of seeing. I do not speak of adaptation or correspondence; for this belongs to the sentiment of reason, and is entirely distinct from matter. The other relations are in truth founded on the reason itself of Nature, which communicates delight to us by means of colours and forms generative and generated, and inspires melancholy by those which announce decomposition and destruction. But without entering upon that vast and inexhaustible subject, I shall at present confine myself to certain optical effects, which involuntarily excite in us the sentiment of some of the attributes of Deity.

One of the most obvious causes of the pleasure which we derive from the sight of a great tree, arises from the sentiment of infinity kindled in us, by it's pyramidical form. The decrease of it's dif-

ferent tiers of branches and tints of verdure, which are always lighter at the extremities of the tree than in the rest of it's foliage, give it an apparent elevation which never terminates. We experience the same sensations in the horizontal plan of landscapes, in which we frequently perceive several successive hilly elevations flying away one behind the other, till the last melt away into the Heavens. Nature produces the same effect in vast plains, by means of the vapours which rise from the banks of the lakes, or from the channels of the brooks and rivers that wander through them; their contours are multiplied in proportion to the extent of the plain, as I have many a time remarked. Those vapours present themselves on different plans; sometimes they stand still, like curtains drawn along the skirts of the forests; sometimes they mount into columns over the brooks which meander through the meadows: sometimes they are quite grey; at other times they are illumined and penetrated by the rays of the Sun. Under all these aspects they display to us, if I may venture to use the expression, several perspectives of infinity in infinity itself.

I say nothing of the delightful spectacle which the Heavens sometimes present to us in the disposition of the clouds. I do not know of any Philosopher who has so much as suspected that their beauties were subjected to Law. One thing is certain, namely, that no one animal which lives in the light is insensible to their effects. I have spoken in another place somewhat of their characters of amability or terror, which are the same with those of amiable or dangerous animals and vegetables, conformable

conformable to those of the days and of the seasons which they announce. The Laws of them which I have sketched, will suggest delicious subjects of meditation to any person disposed to study them, excepting those who are determined to apply the mechanical medium of barometers and thermometers. These instruments are good for nothing but the regulation of the atmosphere of our chambers. They too frequently conceal from us the action of Nature; they announce, in most instances, the same temperatures in the days which set the birds a-singing, and in those which reduce them to silence. The harmonies of Heaven are to be felt only by the heart of Man. All Nations, struck by their ineffable language, raise their hands and their eyes to Heaven in the involuntary emotions of joy or of grief.

Reason however tells them that God is every where. How comes it that no one stretches out his arms toward the Earth, or to the Horizon, in the attitude of invocation? Whence comes the sentiment which whispers to them, *God is in Heaven?* Is it because Heaven is the place where light dwells? Is it because the light itself which discloses all objects to us, not being like our terrestrial substances liable to be divided, corrupted, destroyed, and confined, seems to present something celestial in it's substance?

It is to the sentiment of infinity which the sight of the Heavens inspires, that we must ascribe the taste of all nations for building temples on the summit of a mountain, and the invincible propensity which the Jews felt, like other Nations, to

worship upon high places. There is not a mountain all over the islands of the Archipelago but what has it's church; nor a hill in China but what has it's pagoda. If, as some Philosophers pretend, we never form a judgment of the nature of things but from the mechanical results of a comparison with ourselves, the elevation of mountains ought to humiliate our insignificance. But the truth is that these sublime objects, by elevating us toward Heaven, elevate thither the soul of Man by the sentiment of infinity; and disjoining us from things terrestrial, waft us to the enjoyment of beauties of much longer duration.

The works of Nature frequently present to us several kinds of infinity at once; thus, for example, a great tree, the trunk of which is cavernous and covered with moss, conveys to us the sentiment of infinity as to time, as well as that of infinity in point of elevation. It exhibits a monument of ages when we did not exist. If to this is added infinity of extension, as when we perceive through it's solemn branches objects prodigiously remote, our veneration increases. Go on, and add to all these, the different ridges of it's mass, in contrast with the profundity of the valleys, and with the level of the plains; it's venerable half-lights, which oppose themselves, and play with the azure of the Heavens; and the sentiment of our own wretchedness, which it relieves, by the ideas of the protection which it affords in the thickness of it's trunk immoveable as the rock, and in it's august summit agitated by the winds, the majestic murmurs of which seem to sympathise with our distress: a tree,

with

with all these harmonies, seems to inspire an inexpressible religious awe. *Pliny* says, in conformity to this idea, that the trees were the first temples of the Gods.

The sublime impression which they produce becomes still more profound, when they recal to us some sentiment of virtue, such as the recollection of the great men who planted them, or of those whose tombs they shade. Of this kind were the oaks of Iulus at Troy. It is from an effect of this sentiment that the mountains of Greece and Italy appear to us more respectable than those of the rest of Europe, though they are of no higher antiquity on the Globe, because their monuments, in ruins as they are, call to our remembrance the virtues of the persons who inhabited them. But this subject belongs not to the present article.

In general, the different sensations of infinity increase by the contrasts of the physical objects which produce them. Our Painters are not sufficiently attentive to the choice of those which they introduce into the fore-ground of their pictures. They would give a much more powerful effect to their back-ground scenery, if they opposed to it the frontispiece, not only in colours and forms as they sometimes do, but in nature. Thus, for example, if the Artist wished to communicate an affecting interest to a cheerful and smiling landscape, he would do well to present it through a magnificent triumphal arch, crumbling into ruin by length of time. On the contrary, a city filled with Tuscan and Egyptian monuments would have a still

a still greater air of antiquity, when viewed from under a bower of verdure and flowers. We ought to imitate Nature, who never produces the most lovely plants in all their beauty, such as mosses, violets, and roses, but at the foot of rustic rocks.

Not but that consonances likewise produce a very powerful effect, especially when they seem to unite objects which are distinct from each other. It is thus, for instance, that the cupola of the College of the Four Nations presents a magnificent point of view, when seen from the middle of the court of the Louvre, through the arcade of that palace which is opposite, for then you view it complete, with a portion of the Heaven under the arch, as if it were a part of the Louvre. But in this very consonance, which gives such an extent to our vision, there is likewise a contrast in the concave form of the arcade, with the convex form of the cupola.

The great art of moving is to oppose sensible objects to intellectual. The soul in that case takes a daring flight. It soars from the visible to the invisible, and enjoys, if I may be allowed the expression, in it's own way, by extending itself into the unbounded fields of sentiment and of intelligence. Among certain Tartar tribes, when a great man dies, his groom, after the interment, leads out the horse which his master was accustomed to ride, places the clothes which he wore on the horse's back, and walks him, in profound silence, before the assembly, who by that spectacle are melted into tears.

When the suppressed circumstances multiply

and

and unite themselves to some virtuous affection, the emotions of the soul are greatly heightened. Thus when, in the Æneid, *Iulus* is promising to make presents to *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, who are going in quest of his father to *Palenteum*, he says to *Nisus:*

Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
Procula, divectâ genitor quæ cepit Arishâ;
Et tripodes geminos, auri, duo magna talenta,
Cratera antiquum quem dat Sidonia Dido.*

Æneid. Lib. ix. v. 263.

"I will present you with two silver cups of ex-
"quisite workmanship, with curious ngures in
"alto-relievo. They became my father's property
"at the capture of Arisba. To these I will add a
"pair of twin tripods; two talents of massy gold;
"and an antient goblet, a token of affection from
"Queen *Dido*."

He promises to the two youthful friends, united to each other in the tenderest bonds, double presents, two cups, two tripods to serve as stands for them, after the manner of the ancients, two talents of gold to replenish them with wine, but only one bowl from which they might drink together. And then, what a bowl! he boasts neither of the materials of which it is composed, nor of the workmanship, as in the case of the other presents; he connects it with moral qualities infinitely more interesting to the heart of friendship. It is antique; it was not the prize of

* Two silver cups, emboss'd with nicest art,
I'll give, of warlike spoils my father's part,
When fam'd Arisba fell; two tripods old;
A double talent, too, of purest gold;
Sidonian Dido's gift shall crown the rest,
A bowl antique, of generous love the test.

violence

violence but the gift of love. *Iulus* no doubt received it as a mark of affection from *Dido*, when she considered herself to be the wife of *Æneas*.

In all the scenes of passion where the intention is to produce strong emotions, the more that the principal object is circumscribed, the more extended is the intellectual sentiment resulting from it. Several reasons might be assigned for this, the most important of which is, that the accessory contrasts, as those of littleness and greatness, of weakness and strength, of finite and infinite, concur in heightening the contrast of the subject. When *Poussin* conceived the idea of a picture of the universal deluge, he confined it to the representation of a single family. There you see an old man on horseback, on the point of drowning; and in a boat, a man, perhaps his son, presents to his wife, who has made shift to scramble up a rock, a little child, dressed in a red petticoat, who, on it's part, is making every effort with it's little feet to get upon the rock. The back-ground of the landscape is frightful from it's black melancholy. The herbage and the trees are soaked in water, the Earth itself is penetrated by it, which is rendered visible by that long serpent in eager haste to quit it's hole. The torrents are gushing down on every side; the Sun appears in the Heavens like an eye thrust out of it's socket: but the most powerful interest in the piece bears upon the feeblest object: a father and a mother, ready themselves to perish, are wholly engrossed in the preservation of their infant. Every other feeling is extinguished on the Earth, but maternal tenderness is still alive. The human race is destroyed because

of

of it's crimes, and innocence is going to be involved in the punishment. These unrestrained torrents that deluged Earth, that lurid atmosphere, that extinguished Sun, those desolated solitudes, that fugitive family, all the effects of this universal ruin of the World, are wholly concentrated in an infant. There is no one, however, who on viewing the small group of personages which surround it, would not exclaim: "There's the Universal Deluge!" Such is the nature of the human soul; so far from being material it lays hold only of correspondencies. The less you display to it physical objects the more you awaken in it intellectual feelings.

Of the Sense of Hearing.

Plato calls hearing and seeing the senses of the soul. I suppose he qualifies them particularly by this name, because vision is affected by light, which is not properly speaking a substance; and hearing by the modulations of the air, which are not of themselves bodies. Besides, these two senses convey to us only the sentiment of correspondencies and harmonies, without involving us in matter as smelling does, which is affected only by the emanations from bodies; tasting by their fluidity; and touching by their solidity, by their softness, by their heat, and by their other physical qualities. Though hearing and seeing be the direct senses of the soul, we ought not however thence to conclude, that a man born deaf and blind must be an ideot, as some have pretended. The soul sees and hears by all the senses. This has been demonstrated in the case of the blind Princes of Persia, whose fingers, according to *Chardin's*

Chardin's report, are so astonishingly intelligent, that they can trace and calculate all the figures of Geometry on tables. Such are likewise the deaf and the dumb, whom the *Abbe de l'Epée* is teaching to converse together.

I have no occasion to be diffuse on the subject of the intellectual relations of hearing. This sense is the immediate organ of intelligence; it is that which is adapted to the reception of speech, a faculty peculiar to man, and which by its infinite modulations, is the expression of all the correspondencies of Nature, and of all the feelings of the human heart. But there is another language which seems to appertain still more particularly to this first principle of ourselves, to which we have given the name of *sentiment:* I mean music.

I shall not dwell on the incomprehensible power which it possesses of rousing and quieting the passions, in a manner independent of reason, and of kindling sublime affections disengaged from all intellectual perception: it's effects are sufficiently known. I shall only observe, that it is so natural to Man, that the first prayers addressed to the DEITY, and the original Laws among all Nations, were set to music. Man loses a taste for it only in polished society, the very languages of which at length lose their accentuation. The fact is, that a multitude of social relations destroy in a state of refinement the correspondencies of Nature. In that state we reason much, but scarcely feel any longer.

The AUTHOR of Nature has deemed the harmony of sounds to be so necessary to Man, that there is not a situation upon the Earth but what has it's singing

ing bird. The linnet of the Canaries usually frequents, in those islands, the flinty gutters of the mountains. The goldfinch delights in sandy downs, the lark in the meadows, the nightingale in woods by the side of a brook, the bullfinch, whose note is so sweet in the white thorn: the thrush, the yellow-hammer, the greenfinch, and all other singing birds, have their favourite post. It is very remarkable that all over the Globe they discover an instinct which attracts them to the habitation of Man. If there be but a single hut in a forest, all the song-birds of the vicinity come and settle around it. Nay, none are to be found except in places which are inhabited. I have travelled more than six hundred leagues through the forests of Russia, but never met with small birds, except in the neighbourhood of villages. On making the tour of the fortified places of Russian Finland, with the general Officers of the Corps of Engineers in which I served, we travelled sometimes at the rate of twenty leagues a day, without seeing on the road either village or bird. But when we perceived the sparrows fluttering about we concluded we must be drawing near some inhabited place. In this indication we were never once deceived. I relate it with the more satisfaction that it may sometimes be of service to persons who have lost their way in the woods.

Garcillaso de la Vega informs us that his father having been detached from Peru, with a company of Spaniards, to make discoveries beyond the Cordeliers, was in danger of perishing with hunger in the midst of their uninhabited valleys and quagmires. He never could have got out had he not perceived

in the air a flight of paroquets, which suggested a hope that there might be some place of habitation at no great distance. He directed his march to that point of the compass which the paroquets had pursued, and arrived after incredible fatigue at a colony of Indians, who cultivated fields of maize.

It is to be observed that Nature has not given a musical voice to any one sea or river bird, because it would have been lost in the noise of the waters, and because the human ear could not have enjoyed it at the distance which they are destined to live from the land. If there are swans which sing, as has been alledged by some, their song must consist but of very few modulations, with some resemblance to the uncouth sounds uttered by the duck and the goose. That of the wild swan which came lately and settled at Chantilly has only four and five notes. Aquatic birds have shrill and piercing cries, by means of which they can make themselves heard in regions of wind and tempest where they inhabit, and are in perfect correspondence with their noisy situations, and with their melancholy solitudes.

The melodies of song-birds have similar relations to the sites which they occupy, and even to the distances at which they live from our habitations. The lark, who nestles among our corn, and delights in soaring perpendicularly till we lose sight of him, makes his voice to be heard in the air after he is no longer perceptible to the eye. The swallow, who grazes the walls of our houses as he flies, and reposes on our chimneys, has a small gentle chirping voice, which does not stun the ear, as that of the songsters of the grove would do; but the solitary

tary nightingale makes himself heard at a distance of more than half a league. He mistrusts the vicinity of man; and nevertheless always places himself within sight of his habitation, and within the reach of his ear. He chooses, for this effect, places which are the best conductors of sound, in order that their echoing may give more action to his voice. Having stationed himself in his orchestra, he warbles an unknown drama, which has it's exordium, it's exposition, it's recitative, it's catastrophe, intermingled sometimes with the most extravagant bursts of joy, sometimes with bitter and plaintive notes of recollection, which he expresses by long and deep sighs. He raises his song at the commencement of that season which renews the face of Nature, and seems to present Man with a representation of the restless career which lies before him.

Every bird has a voice adapted to the times and the stations of it's destination, and relative to the wants of Man. The loud clarion of the cock calls him up to labour at the dawn of day. The brisk and lively song of the lark, in the meadow, invites the swains and shepherdesses to the dance; the voracious thrush, which appears only in Autumn, summons the rustic vine-dresser to the vintage. Man alone, on his part, is attentive to the accents of the feathered race. Never will the deer, who sheds tears copiously over his own misfortunes, sigh over those of the complaining Philomel. Never did the laborious ox when led to the slaughter after all his painful services, turn his head toward her, and say: "Solitary bird, behold in what manner Man rewards his servants!"

Nature has diffused these distractions, and these consonances of fortune over volatile beings, in order that our soul, susceptible as it is of every woe, finding every where occasions of extending that susceptibility, might every where be enabled to alleviate the pressure. She has rendered insensible bodies themselves capable of these communications. She presents to us frequently in the midst of scenes which pain the eye, other scenes which delight the ear and soothe the mind with interesting recollections. It is thus that from the bosom of forests she transports us to the brink of the waters, by the rustling of the aspins and of the poplars. At other times she conveys to us, when we are by the side of the brook, the noise of the Sea, and the manœuvres of navigation, in the murmuring of reeds shaken by the wind. When she can no longer seduce our reason by foreign imagery, she lulls it to rest by the charm of sentiment: she calls forth from the bosom of the forests, of the meadows, and of the vallies, sounds ineffable, which excite in us pleasing reveries, and plunges us into profound sleep.

Of the Sense of Touching.

I shall make but a few reflections on the sense of touching. It is the most obtuse of all our senses, and nevertheless it is in some sort the seal of our intelligence. To no purpose is an object exposed to the examination of the eye, in every possible position; we cannot be persuaded that we know it, unless we are permitted to put it to the touch. This instinct proceeds perhaps from our weakness, which seeks in those approximations points of protection.

tection. Whatever may be in this, the sense in question, blunt as it is, may be made the channel of communicating intelligence, as is evident from the example adduced by *Chardin*, of the blind men of Persia, who traced geometrical figures with their fingers, and formed a very accurate judgment of the goodness of a watch by handling the parts of the movement.

Wise Nature has placed the principal organs of this sense, which is diffused over the whole surface of our skin, in our hands and feet, which are the members the best adapted to judge of the quality of bodies. But in order that they might not be exposed to the loss of their sensibility by frequent shocks, she has bestowed on them a great degree of pliancy, by dividing them into several fingers and toes, and these again into several joints; farther, she has furnished them, on the points of contact, with elastic half-pincers, which present at once resistance in their callous and prominent parts, and an exquisite sensibility in the retreating.

It is a matter of astonishment to me, however, that Nature should have diffused the sense of touching over the whole surface of the human body, which becomes thence exposed to variety of suffering, while no considerable benefit seems to result from it. Man is the only animal laid under the necessity of clothing himself. There are indeed some insects which make cases for themselves, such as the moth; but they are produced in places where their clothing is, if I may say so, ready made. This necessity, which is become one of the most inexhaustible sources of human vanity, is in my opinion one of the

most humiliating proofs of our wretchedness. Man is the only being who is ashamed of appearing naked. This is a feeling of which I do not discern the reason in Nature, nor the similitude in the instinct of other animals. Besides, independently of all sense of shame, he is constrained by powerful necessity to clothe himself in every variety of climate.

Certain Philosophers, wrapped up in good warm cloaks, and who never stir beyond the precincts of our great cities, have figured to themselves a natural Man on the Earth, like a statue of bronze in the middle of one of our squares. But to say nothing of the innumerable inconveniences which must in such a state oppress his miserable existence from without, as the cold, the heat, the wind, the rain; I shall insist only on one inconvenience, which is but slightly felt in our commodious apartments, though it would be absolutely insupportable to a naked man, in the most genial of temperatures, I mean the flies. I shall quote, to this purpose, the testimony of a man whose skin ought to have been proof against this attack: it is that of the free-booter *Raveneau du Lussan*, who in the year 1688, crossed the isthmus of Panama, on his return from the South Seas. Hear what he says, speaking of the Indians of Cape de Gracias a Dios: "When they are overtaken with "an inclination to go to sleep, they dig a hole in "the sand, in which they lay themselves along, and "then cover themselves all over with the sand "which they had dug out; this they do to shelter "themselves from the attack of the musquitos, with "which the air is so frequently loaded. They are a "kind of little flies that are rather felt than seen,

"and

"and are armed with a sting so keen, and so ve-
"nomous, that when they fix on any one, they
"seem to dart a shaft of fire into the blood.

"The poor wretches are so grievously tormented
"with those formidable insects, when it does not
"blow, that they become like lepers; and I can
"affirm it as a serious truth, for I know it from my
"own experience, that it is no slight evil to be
"attacked by them; for besides their preventing
"all rest in the night-time, when we are obliged to
"trudge along with our backs naked for want of
"shirts, the unceasing persecution of those merci-
"less little animals drove us almost to madness
"and despair."*

It is, I am disposed to believe, on account of the troublesomeness of the flies, which are very common, and very necessary, in the marshy and humid places of hot countries, that Nature has placed but few quadrupeds with hair on their shores, but quadrupeds with scales, as the tatou, the armadillo, the tortoise, the lizard, the crocodile, the cayman, the land-crab, bernard-the-hermit, and other scaly reptiles, such as serpents, upon which the flies have not the means of fastening. It is perhaps for this reason likewise that hogs and wild-boars which take pleasure in frequenting such places, are furnished with hair, long stiff, and bristly, which keep volatile insects at a distance.

Once more, Nature has not employed, in this respect, any one precaution in behalf of Man. Of a

* Journal of a Voyage to the South Sea in 1688.

truth, on contemplating the beauty of his forms, and his complete nakedness, it is impossible for me not to admit the ancient tradition of our origin. Nature, in placing him on the Earth, said to him: "Go, degraded creature, animal destitute of cloth-"ing, intelligence without light; go and provide for "thy own wants; it shall not be in thy power to "enlighten thy blinded reason, but by directing it "continually toward Heaven, nor to sustain thy "miserable life, without the assistance of beings "like thyself." And thus out of the misery of Man sprung up the two commandments of the Law.

OF THE SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUL.

And first, of Mental Affections.

I shall speak of mental affections, chiefly in the view of distinguishing them from the sentiments of the soul: they differ essentially from each other. For example, the pleasure which comedy bestows is widely different from that of which tragedy is the source. The emotion which excites laughter is an affection of the mind, or of human reason; that which dissolves us into tears is a sentiment of the soul. Not that I would make of the mind and of the soul two powers of a different nature; but it seems to me, as has been already said, that the one is to the other what sight is to the body; mind is a faculty, and soul is the principle of it: the soul is, if I may venture thus to express myself, the body of our intelligence. I consider the mind then as an intellectual eye, to which may be referred the

other

other faculties of the understanding, as the *imagination*, which apprehends things future; *memory*, which contemplates things that are past; and *judgment*, which discerns their correspondencies. The impression made upon us by these different acts of vision, sometimes excites in us a sentiment which is denominated *evidence;* and in that case, this last perception belongs immediately to the soul; of this we are made sensible by the delicious emotion which it suddenly excites in us; but, raised to that, it is no longer in the province of mind; because when we begin to feel we cease to reason; it is no longer vision, it is enjoyment.

As our education and our manners direct us toward our personal interest, hence it comes to pass, that the mind employs itself only about social conformities, and that reason, after all, is nothing more than the interest of our passions; but the soul, left to itself, is incessantly pursuing the conformities of Nature, and our sentiment is always the interest of Mankind.

Thus, I repeat it, mind is the perception of the Laws of Society, and sentiment is the perception of the Laws of Nature. Those who display to us the conformities of Society, such as comic Writers, Satirists, Epigrammatists, and even the greatest part of Moralists, are men of Wit: such were the *Abbé de Choisy*, *La Bruyere*, *St. Evremont*, and the like. Those who discover to us the conformities of Nature, such as tragic and other Poets of sensibility, the Inventors of arts, great Philosophers, are men of genius: such were *Shakespeare*,

speare, Corneille, Racine, Newton, Marcus Aurelius, Montesquieu, La Fontaine, Fenelon, J. J. Rousseau. The first class belong to one age, to one season, to one nation, to one junto; the others to posterity and to Mankind.

We shall be still more sensible of the difference which subsists between mind and soul, by tracing their affections to opposite progresses. As often, for example, as the perceptions of the mind are carried up to evidence, they are exalted into a source of exquisite pleasure, independently of every particular relation of interest; because, as has been said, they awaken a feeling within us. But when we go about to analyze our feelings, and refer them to the examination of the mind, or reasoning power, the sublime emotions which they excited vanish away; for in this case we do not fail to refer them to some accommodation of society, of fortune, of system, or of some other personal interest, whereof our reason is composed. Thus, in the first case, we change our copper into gold; and in the second, our gold into copper.

Again, nothing can be less adapted, at the long-run, to the study of Nature, than the reasoning powers of Man; for though they may catch here and there some natural conformities, they never pursue the chain to any great length; besides, there is a much greater number which the mind does not perceive, because it always brings back every thing to itself, and to the little social or scientific order within which it is circumscribed. Thus, for example, if it takes a glimpse of the celestial spheres, it will refer the formation of them to the labour of a glass-

glass-house; and if it admits the existence of a creating Power, it will represent him as a mechanic out of employment, amusing himself with making globes, merely to have the pleasure of seeing them turn round. It will conclude, from it's own disorder, that there is no such thing as order in nature; from it's own immorality, that there is no morality. As it refers every thing to it's own reason, and seeing no reason for existence when it shall be no longer on the Earth, it thence concludes that in fact it shall not in that case exist. To be consistent, it ought equally to conclude on the same principle that it does not exist now; for it certainly can discover neither in itself nor in any thing around an actual reason for it's existence.

We are convinced of our existence by a power greatly superior to our mind, which is sentiment, or intellectual feeling. We are going to carry this natural instinct along with us into our researches respecting the existence of the DEITY, and the immortality of the soul; subjects on which our versatile reason has so frequently engaged, sometimes on this, sometimes on the other side of the question. Though our insufficiency be too great to admit of launching far into this unbounded career, we presume to hope that our perceptions, nay our very mistakes, may encourage men of genius to enter upon it. These sublime and eternal truths seem to us so deeply imprinted on the human heart, as to appear themselves the principles of our intellectual feeling, and to manifest themselves in our most ordinary affections, as in the wildest excesses of our passions.

OF THE SENTIMENTS OF INNOCENCE.

The sentiment of innocence exalts us toward the DEITY, and prompts us to virtuous deeds. The Greeks and Romans employed little children to sing in their religious festivals, and to present their offerings at the altar, in the view of rendering the Gods propitious to their country by the spectacle of infant innocence. The sight of infancy calls men back to the sentiments of Nature. When *Cato* of Utica had formed the resolution to put himself to death, his friends and servants concealed his sword; and upon his demanding it with expressions of violent indignation, they delivered it to him by the hands of a child: but the corruption of the age in which he lived had stifled in his heart the sentiment which innocence ought to have excited.

JESUS CHRIST recommends to us to become as little children: We call them innocents, *non nocentes*, because they have never injured any one. But notwithstanding the claims of their tender age, and the authority of the Christian Religion, To what barbarous education are they not abandoned?

Of Pity.

The sentiment of innocence is the native source of compassion; hence we are more deeply affected by the sufferings of a child than by those of an old man. The reason is not, as certain Philosophers pretend, because the resources and hopes of the child are inferior; for they are in truth greater than those of the old man, who is frequently infirm and

and hastening to dissolution, whereas the child is entering into life; but the child has never offended; he is innocent. This sentiment extends even to animals, which in many cases excite our sympathy more than rational creatures do, from this very consideration, that they are harmless. This accounts for the idea of the good *La Fontaine*, in describing the Deluge, in his fable of *Baucis* and *Philemon*.

.....Tout disparut sur l'heure.
Les vieillards déploroient ces sevères destins:
Les animaux périr! Car encor les humains,
Tous avoient dû tomber sous les célèstes armes,
Baucis en répandit en secret quelques larmes.

All disappear'd in that tremendous hour.
Age felt the weight of Heaven's insulted power:
On guilty Man the stroke with justice fell,
But harmless brutes! the fierceness who can tell
Of wrath divine?—At thought of this, some tears
Stole down the cheeks of *Baucis*.....

Thus the sentiment of innocence develops, in the heart of Man, a divine character, which is that of generosity. It bears not on the calamity abstractedly considered, but on a moral quality, which it discerns in the unfortunate being who is the object of it. It derives increase from the view of innocence, and sometimes still more from that of repentance. Man alone of all animals is susceptible of it; and this not by secret retrospect to himself, as some enemies of the Human Race have pretended; for were that the case, on stating a comparison between a child and an old man, both of them unfortunate, we ought to be more affected by the misery of the old man, considering that we are removing from the wretch

wretchedness of childhood, and drawing nearer to that of old age: the contrary however takes place, in virtue of the moral sentiment which I have alledged.

When an old man is virtuous, the moral sentiment of his distress is excited in us with redoubled force; this is an evident proof that pity in Man is by no means an animal affection. The sight of a *Belisarius* is accordingly a most affecting object. If you heighten it by the introduction of a child holding out his little hand to receive the alms bestowed on that illustrious blind beggar, the impression of pity is still more powerful. But let me put a sentimental case. Suppose you had fallen in with *Belisarius* soliciting charity, on the one hand, and on the other, an orphan child blind and wretched, and that you had but one crown, without the possibility of dividing it, To whether of the two would you have given it?

If on reflection you find that the eminent services rendered by *Belisarius* to his ungrateful Country, have inclined the balance of sentiment too decidedly in his favour, suppose the child overwhelmed with the woes of *Belisarius*, and at the same time possessing some of his virtues, such as having his eyes put out by his parents, and nevertheless continuing to beg alms for their relief;* there

* The rector of a country village, in the vicinity of Paris, not far from Dravet, underwent in his infancy a piece of inhumanity not less barbarous from the hands of his parents. He suffered castration from his own father, who was by profession a surgeon: he nevertheless supported that unnatural parent in his old age. I believe both father and son are still in life.

would

would in my opinion be no room for hesitation, provided a man felt only: for if you reason, the case is entirely altered; the talents, the victories, the renown of the Grecian General, would presently absorb the calamities of an obscure child. Reason will recal you to the political interest, to the *I* human.

The sentiment of innocence is a ray of the Divinity. It invests the unfortunate person with a celestial radiance which falls on the human heart, and recoils, kindling it into generosity, that other flame of divine original. It alone renders us sensible to the distress of virtue, by representing it to us as incapable of doing harm; for otherwise we might be induced to consider it as sufficient for itself. In this it would excite rather admiration than pity.

Of the Love of Country.

This sentiment is, still farther, the source of love of Country, because it brings to our recollection the gentle and pure affections of our earlier years. It increases with extension, and expands with the progress of time, as a sentiment of a celestial and immoral nature. They have in Switzerland an ancient musical air, and extremely simple, called the *rans des vaches*. The music of this air produces an effect so powerful, that it was found necessary to prohibit the playing of it, in Holland and in France, before the Swiss soldiers, because it set them all a-deserting one after another. I imagine that the *rans des vaches* must imitate the lowing and bleating of the cattle, the repercussion of the echoes, and

and other associations, which made the blood boil in the veins of those poor soldiers, by recalling to their memory, the vallies, the lakes, the mountains of their Country,* and at the same time the companions of their early life, their first loves, the recollection of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

The love of Country seems to strengthen in proportion as it is innocent and unhappy. For this reason Savages are fonder of their Country than polished Nations are; and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile countries and fine climates. Never could the Court of Russia prevail upon a single Samoïède to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at Petersburg. Some Greenlanders were brought in the course of the last century to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with a profusion of kindness, but soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned in attempting to return to their country in an open boat. They

* I have been told that *Poutaveri*, the Indian of Otaheité, who was some years ago brought to Paris, on seeing, in the Royal Garden, the paper mulberry-tree, the bark of which is in that island manufactured into cloth, the tear started to his eye, and clasping it in his arms, he exclaimed: *Ah! tree of my country!* I could wish it were put to the trial, whether on presenting to a foreign bird, say a paroquet, a fruit of it's country, which it had not seen for a considerable time, it would express some extraordinary emotion. Though physical sensations attach us so strongly to Country, moral sentiments alone can give them a vehement intensity. Time, which blunts the former, gives only a keener edge to the latter. For this reason it is that veneration for a monument is always in proportion to it's antiquity, or to it's distance: this explains that expression of *Tacitus: Major è longinquo reverentia*: distance increases reverence.

beheld

beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but there was one in particular, whom they observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms; hence they conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, undoubtedly, thus powerfully attaches those poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inspired the Greeks and Romans with so much courage in the defence of their Country. The sentiment of innocence strengthens the love of it, because it brings back all the affections of early life, pure, sacred, and incorruptible. *Virgil* was well acquainted with the effect of this sentiment, when he puts into the mouth of *Nisus*, who was dissuading *Euryalus* from undertaking a nocturnal expedition fraught with danger, those affecting words:

Te superesse velim: tua vitâ dignior ætas.

If thou survive me, I shall die content:
Thy tender age deserves the longer life.

But among Nations with whom infancy is rendered miserable, and is corrupted by irksome, ferocious, and unnatural education, there is no more love of Country than there is of innocence. This is one of the causes which sends so many Europeans a-rambling over the World, and which accounts for our having so few modern monuments in Europe, because the next generation never fails to destroy the monuments of that which preceded it. This is the reason that our books, our fashions, our customs, our ceremonies, and our languages, become obso-

lete so soon, and are entirely different this age from what they were in the last; whereas all these particulars continue the same among the sedentary Nations of Asia, for a long series of ages together; because children brought up in Asia, in the habitation of their parents, and treated with much gentleness, remain attached to the establishments of their ancestors out of gratitude to their memory, and to the places of their birth from the recollection of their happiness and innocence.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF ADMIRATION.

The sentiment of admiration transports us immediately into the bosom of DEITY. If it is excited in us by an object which inspires delight, we convey ourselves thither as to the source of joy; if terror is roused, we flee thither for refuge. In either case, Admiration exclaims in these words, *Ah, my God!* This is, we are told, the effect of education merely, in the course of which frequent mention is made of the name of GOD; but mention is still more frequently made of our father, of the king, of a protector, of a celebrated literary character. How comes it then that when we feel ourselves standing in need of support, in such unexpected concussions we never exclaim, *Ah, my King!* or, if Science were concerned, *Ah, Newton!*

It is certain, that if the name of GOD be frequently mentioned to us in the progress of our education, the idea of it is quickly effaced in the usual train of the affairs of this World; why then have we recourse to it in extraordinary emergencies? This sentiment of Nature is common to all Nations,

many of whom give no theological instruction to their children. I have remarked it in the Negroes of the coast of Guinea, of Madagascar, of Cafrerie, and Mosambique, among the Tartars, and the Indians of the Malabar coast; in a word, among men of every quarter of the World. I never saw a single one who, under the extraordinary emotions of surprise or of admiration, did not make, in his own language, the same exclamation which we do, and who did not lift up his hands and his eyes to Heaven.

Of the Marvellous.

The sentiment of admiration is the source of the instinct which men have in every age discovered for the marvellous. We are hunting after it continually, and every where, and we diffuse it principally over the commencement and the close of human life: hence it is that the cradles and the tombs of so great a part of Mankind have been enveloped in fiction. It is the perennial source of our curiosity; it discloses itself from early infancy, and is long the companion of innocence. Whence could children derive the taste for the marvellous? They must have Fairy-tales; and men must have epic poems and operas. It is the marvellous which constitutes one of the grand charms of the antique statues of Greece and Rome, representing heroes or gods, and which contributes more than is generally imagined to our delight, in the perusal of the ancient History of those Countries. It is one of the natural reasons which may be produced to the President *Henault*, who expresses his astonish-

ment that we should be more enamoured of ancient History than of modern, especially than that of our own country. The truth is, independently of the patriotic sentiments which serve at least as a pretext to the intrigues of the great men of Greece and Rome, and which were so entirely unknown to ours, that they frequently embroiled their country in maintaining the interests of a particular house, and sometimes in asserting the honour of precedency, or of sitting on a joint-stool; there is a marvellous in the religion of the Ancients, which consoles and elevates human nature, whereas that of the Gauls terrifies and debases it. The gods of the Greeks and the Romans were patriots, like their great men. *Minerva* had given them the olive, *Neptune* the horse. Those deities protected the city and the people. But those of the ancient Gauls were tyrants, like their Barons; they afforded protection only to the Druids. They must be glutted with human sacrifices. In a word, this religion was so inhuman, that two successive Roman Emperors, according to the testimony of *Suetonius* and *Pliny*, commanded it to be abolished. I say nothing of the modern interests of our History; but sure I am that the relations of our politicks will never replace in it, to the heart of Man, those of the Divinity.

I must observe that as admiration is an involuntary movement of the soul toward Deity, and is of consequence sublime, several modern Authors have strained to multiply this kind of beauty in their productions, by an accumulation of surprising incidents; but Nature employs them sparingly in her's,

her's, because Man is incapable of frequently undergoing concussions so violent. She discloses to us by little and little the light of the Sun, the expansion of flowers, the formation of fruits. She gradually introduces our enjoyments by a long series of harmonies; she treats us as human beings; that is as machines feeble and easily deranged; she veils Deity from our view that we may be able to support his approach.

The Pleasure of Mystery.

This is the reason that mystery possesses so many charms. Pictures placed in the full glare of light, avenues in straight lines, roses fully blown, women in gaudy apparel, are far from being the objects which please us most. But shady valleys, paths winding about through the forests, flowers scarcely half-opened, and timid shepherdesses, excite in us the sweetest and the most lasting emotions. The loveliness and respectability of objects are increased by their mysteriousness. Sometimes it is that of antiquity which renders so many monuments venerable in our eyes; sometimes it is that of distance, which diffuses so many charms over objects in the Horizon; sometimes it is that of names. Hence the Sciences which retain the Greek names, though they frequently denote only the most ordinary things, have a more imposing air of respect than those which have only modern names, though these may in many cases be more ingenious and more useful. Hence, for example, the construction of ships, and the art of navigation, are more lightly prized by our modern *literati*, than several

other physical sciences of the most frivolous nature, but which are dignified by Greek names. Admiration, accordingly, is not a relation of the understanding, or a perception of our reason, but a sentiment of the soul, which arises in us from a certain undescribable instinct of Deity, at sight of extraordinary objects, and from the very mysteriousness in which they are involved. This is so indubitably certain, that admiration is destroyed by the science which enlightens us. If I exhibit to a savage an eolipile darting out a stream of inflamed spirit of wine, I throw him into an ecstasy of admiration; he feels himself disposed to fall down and worship the machine; he venerates me as the God of Fire, as long as he comprehends it not; but no sooner do I explain to him the nature of the process, than his admiration ceases and he looks upon me as a cheat.*

The Pleasures of Ignorance.

From an effect of these ineffable sentiments, and of those universal instincts of Deity, it is, that ignorance is become the inexhaustible source of de-

* For this reason it is that we admire only that which is uncommon. Were there to appear over the horizon of Paris one of those parhelia which are so common at Spitsbergen, the whole inhabitants of the city would be in the streets to gaze at it, and wonder. It is nothing more however than a reflection of the Sun's disk in the clouds; and no one stands still to contemplate the Sun himself, because the Sun is an object too well known to be admired.

It is mystery which constitutes one of the charms of Religion. Those who insist upon a geometrical demonstration on this subject, betray a profound ignorance at once of the Laws of Nature, and of the demands of the human heart.

light

light to Man. We must take care not to confound, as all our Moralists do, ignorance and error. Ignorance is the work of Nature, and in many cases a blessing to man; whereas error is frequently the fruit of our pretended human Sciences, and is always an evil. Let our political Writers say what they will, while they boast of our wonderful progress in knowledge, and oppose it to the barbarism of past ages, it was not ignorance which then set all Europe on fire, and inundated it with blood, in settling religious disputations. A race of ignorants would have kept themselves quiet. The mischief was done by persons who were under the power of error, who at that time vaunted as much perhaps of their superior illumination, as we now-a-days do of ours, and into each of whom the European spirit of education had instilled this error of early infancy, *Be the First.*

How many evils does ignorance conceal from us, which we are doomed one day to encounter in the course of human life, beyond the possibility of escaping! the inconstancy of friends, the revolutions of fortune, calumnies, and the hour of death itself so tremendous to most men. The knowledge of ills like these would mar all the comfort of living. How many blessings does ignorance render sublime! the illusions of friendship, and those of love, the perspectives of hope, and the very treasures which Science unfolds. The sciences inspire delight only when we enter upon the study of them, at the period when the mind, in a state of ignorance, plunges into the great career. It is the point of contact between light and darkness

which presents to the eye the most favourable state of vision: this is the harmonic point which excites our admiration, when we are beginning to see clearly; but it lasts only a single instant. It vanishes together with ignorance. The elements of Geometry may have impassioned young minds, but never the aged, unless in the case of certain illustrious Mathematicians who were proceeding from discovery to discovery. Those sciences only, and those passions, which are subjected to doubt and chance, form enthusiasts at every age of life, such as chemistry, avarice, play, and love.

For one pleasure which Science bestows, and causes to perish in the bestowing, ignorance presents us with a thousand which flatter us infinitely more. You demonstrate to me that the Sun is a fixed globe, the attraction of which gives to the planets one half of their movements. Had they who believed it to be conducted round the world by *Apollo*, an idea less sublime? They imagined at least that the attention of a God pervaded the Earth, together with the rays of the Orb of Day. It is Science which has dragged down the chaste *Diana* from her nocturnal car: she has banished the Hamadryads from the antique forests, and the gentle Naiads from the fountains. Ignorance had invited the Gods to partake of it's joys and it's woes; to Man's wedding, and to his grave: Science discerns nothing in either except the elements merely. She has abandoned Man to Man, and thrown him upon the Earth as into a desert. Ah! whatever may be the names which she gives to the different kingdoms of Nature, celestial Spirits undoubtedly

doubtedly regulate their combinations so ingenious, so varied, and so uniform; and Man, who could bestow nothing upon himself, is not the only being in the Universe who partakes of intelligence.

It is not to the illumination of Science that the DEITY communicates the most profound sentiment of his attributes, but to our ignorance. Night conveys to the mind a much grander idea of infinity than all the glare of day. In the day-time I see but one Sun; during the night I discern thousands. Are those very stars so variously coloured really Suns? Are those planets which revolve around ours actually inhabited as it is? From whence came the planet Cybele,* discovered but yesterday by a German of the name of *Herschel?* It has been running it's race from the beginning of the Creation, and was till of late unknown to us. Whither go those uncertainly revolving comets, traversing the regions of unbounded space? Of what consists that Milky Way which divides the firmament of Heaven? What are those two dark clouds placed toward the Antarctic Pole, near the Cross of the South? Can there be stars which diffuse darkness, conformably to the belief of the Ancients? Are there places in the firmament which the light never reaches? The Sun discovers to me only a terrestrial infinity, and the night discloses an infinity altogether celestial. O, mysterious ignorance, draw thy hallowed curtains over those enchanting spectacles! Permit not human Science to apply to them it's chearless compasses. Let not

* The English, in compliment to their Sovereign *George* III. give it the name of *Georgium Sidus.*

virtue

virtue be reduced henceforth to look for her reward from the justice and the sensibility of a Globe! Permit her to think that there are, in the Universe, destinies far different from those which fill up the measure of woe upon this Earth.

Science is continually shewing us the boundary of our reason, and ignorance is for ever removing it. I take care in my solitary rambles not to ask information respecting the name and quality of the person who owns the castle which I perceive at a distance. The history of the master frequently disfigures that of the landscape. It is not so with the History of Nature; the more her Works are studied the more is our admiration excited. There is one case only in which the knowledge of the works of men is agreeable to us, it is when the monument which we contemplate has been the abode of goodness. What little spire is that which I perceive at Montmorency? It is that of Saint-Gratian, where *Catinat* lived the life of a sage, and under which his ashes are laid to rest. My soul, circumscribed within the precincts of a small village, takes it's flight, and ranges over the capacious sphere of the age of *Louis* XIV. and hastens thence to expatiate through a sphere more sublime than that of the World, the sphere of Virtue. When I am incapable of procuring for myself such perspectives as these, ignorance of places answers my purpose much better than the knowledge of them could do. I have no occasion to be informed that such a forest belongs to an Abbey or to a Dutchy, in order to feel how majestic it is. It's ancient trees, it's profound glades, it's solemn, silent solitudes,

are

are sufficient for me. The moment I cease to behold Man there, that moment I feel a present Deity. Let me give ever so little scope to my sentiment, there is no landscape but what I am able to ennoble. These vast meadows are metamorphosed into oceans; these mist-clad hills are islands emerging above the horizon; that city below is a city of Greece, dignified by the residence of *Socrates* and of *Xenophon*. Thanks to my ignorance I can give the reins to the instinct of my soul. I plunge into infinity. I prolong the distance of places by that of ages; and to complete the illusion, I make that enchanted spot the habitation of virtue.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF MELANCHOLY.

So beneficent is Nature that she converts all her phenomena into so many sources of pleasure to Man; and if we pay attention to her procedure, it will be found that her most common appearances are the most agreeable.

I enjoy pleasure, for example, when the rain descends in torrents, when I see the old mossy walls dripping, and when I hear the whistling of the wind, mingled with the clattering of the rain. These melancholy sounds, in the night-time, throw me into a soft and profound sleep. Neither am I the only person susceptible of such affections. *Pliny* tells us of a Roman Consul, who when it rained had his couch spread under the thick foliage of a tree, in order to hear the drops clatter as they fell, and to be lulled to sleep by the murmuring noise.

I cannot tell to what physical law Philosophers may

may refer the sensations of melancholy. For my own part I consider them as the most voluptuous affections of the soul. Melancholy, says *Michael Montaigne,* is dainty. It proceeds, if I am not mistaken, from it's gratifying at once the two powers of which we are formed, the body and the soul; the sentiment of our misery, and that of our excellence.

Thus, for example, in bad weather, the sentiment of my human misery is tranquillized by seeing it rain, while I am under cover; by hearing the wind blow violently while I am comfortable in bed. I, in this case, enjoy a negative felicity. With this are afterwards blended some of those attributes of the Divinity, the perceptions of which communicate such exquisite pleasure to the soul; such as infinity of extension, from the distant murmuring of the wind. The sentiment may be heightened from reflection on the Laws of Nature, suggesting to me that this rain, which comes for the sake of supposition, from the West, has been raised out of the bosom of the Ocean, and perhaps from the coasts of America; that it has been sent to sweep our great cities into cleanliness; to replenish the reservoirs of our fountains; to render our rivers navigable; and whilst the clouds which pour it down are advancing eastward, to convey fertility even to the vegetables of Tartary, the grains and the garbage which it carries down our rivers, are hurling away westward, to precipitate themselves into the Sea to feed the fishes of the Atlantic Ocean. These excursions of my understanding convey to the soul an extension corresponding

ponding to it's nature, and appear to me so much the more pleasing, that the body, which for it's part loves repose, is more tranquil and more completely protected.

If I am in a sorrowful mood, and not disposed to send my soul on an excursion so extensive, I still feel much pleasure in giving way to the melancholy which the bad weather inspires. It looks as if nature were then conforming to my situation, like a sympathizing friend. She is besides at all times so interesting, under whatever aspect she exhibits herself, that when it rains I think I see a beautiful woman in tears. She seems to be more beautiful the more that she wears the appearance of affliction. In order to be impressed with these sentiments, which I venture to call voluptuous, I must have no project in hand of a pleasant walk, of visiting, of hunting, of journeying, which in such circumstances would put me into bad humour, from being contradicted. Much less ought our two component powers to cross, or clash against each other, that is, to let the sentiment of infinity bear upon our misery, by thinking that this rain will never have an end; and that of our misery to dwell on the phenomena of nature, by complaining that the seasons are quite deranged, that order no longer reigns in the elements, and thus giving into all the peevish, inconclusive reasonings, adopted by a man who is wet to the skin. In order to the enjoyment of bad weather, our soul must be travelling abroad, and the body at rest. From the harmony of these two powers of our constitution it is, that the most terrible revolutions of Nature frequently interest us

more

more than her gayest scenery. The volcano near Naples attracts more travellers to that city than the delicious gardens which adorn her shores; the plains of Greece and Italy, overspread with ruins, allure more than the richly cultivated lawns of England; the picture of a tempest, more connoisseurs than that of a calm; and the fall of a tower, more spectators than it's construction.

The Pleasure of Ruin.

I was for some time impressed with the belief that Man had a certain unaccountable taste for destruction. If the populace can lay their hands upon a monument they are sure to destroy it. I have seen at Dresden, in the gardens of the Count *de Bruhl*, beautiful statues of females, which the Prussian soldiery had amused themselves with mutilating by musket-shot when they got possession of that city. Most of the common people have a turn for slander; they take pleasure in levelling the reputation of all that is exalted. But this malevolent instinct is not the production of Nature. It is infused by the misery of the individuals, whom education inspires with an ambition which is interdicted by Society, and which throws them into a negative ambition. Incapable of raising any thing, they are impelled to lay every thing low. The taste for ruin in this case is not natural, and is simply the exercise of the power of the miserable. Man in a savage state destroys the monuments only of his enemies; he preserves with the most assiduous care those of his own Nation; and what proves him to be naturally much better than man in a state of Society, he never slanders his compatriots.

Be it as it may, the passive taste for ruin is universal. Our voluptuaries embellish their gardens with artificial ruins; savages take delight in a melancholy repose by the brink of the Sea, especially during a storm, or in the vicinity of a cascade surrounded by rocks. Magnificent destruction presents new picturesque effects; and it was the curiosity of seeing this produced, combined with cruelty, which impelled *Nero* to set Rome on fire, that he might enjoy the spectacle of a vast conflagration. The sentiment of humanity out of the question, those long streams of flame which, in the middle of the night, lick the Heavens, to make use of *Virgil*'s expression, those torrents of red and black smoke, those clouds of sparks of all colours, those scarlet reverberations in the streets, on the summit of towers, along the surface of the waters, and on the distant mountains, give us pleasure even in pictures and in descriptions.

This kind of affection, which is by no means connected with our physical wants, has induced certain Philosophers to allege, that our soul, being in a state of agitation, took pleasure in all extraordinary emotions. This is the reason, say they, that such crowds assemble in the Place de Grève to see the execution of criminals. In spectacles of this sort, there is in fact no picturesque effect whatever. But they have advanced their axiom as slightly as so many others with which their Works abound. First, our soul takes pleasure in rest as much as in commotion. It is a harmony very gentle, and very easily disturbed by violent emotions; and granting it to be in it's own nature a movement,

movement, I do not see that it ought to take pleasure in those which threaten it with destruction. *Lucretius* has, in my opinion, come much nearer to the truth, when he says that tastes of this sort arise from the sentiment of our own security, which is heightened by the sight of danger to which we are not exposed. It is a pleasant thing, says he, to contemplate a storm from the shore. It is undoubtedly from this reference to self, that the common people take delight in relating by the fire-side, collected in a family way during the Winter evenings, frightful stories of ghosts, of men losing themselves by night in the wood, of highway robberies. From the same sentiment likewise it is, that the better sort take pleasure in the representation of tragedies, and in reading the description of battles, of shipwrecks, and of the crash of empire. The security of the snug tradesman is increased by the danger to which the soldier, the mariner, the courtier is exposed. Pleasure of this kind arises from the sentiment of our misery, which is as has been said one of the instincts of our melancholy.

But there is in us besides a sentiment more sublime, which derives pleasure from ruin independently of all picturesque effect, and of every idea of personal security; it is that of Deity, which ever blends itself with our melancholy affections, and which constitutes their principal charm. I shall attempt to unfold some of the characters of it, following the impressions made upon us by ruins of different kinds. The subject is both rich and new; but I possess neither leisure nor ability to bestow upon it a profound investigation. I shall however drop a few words upon it by the way,

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in the view of exculpating and of exalting human nature with what ability I have.

The heart of Man is so naturally disposed to benevolence, that the spectacle of a ruin which brings to our recollection only the misery of our fellow men, inspires us with horror, whatever may be the picturesque effect which it presents. I happened to be at Dresden in the year 1765, that s several years after it had been bombarded. That small but very beautiful and commercial city, more than half composed of little palaces charmingly arranged, the fronts of which were adorned externally with paintings, colonades, balconies, and pieces of sculpture, at that time presented a pile of ruins. A considerable part of the enemy's bombs had been directed against the Lutheran church, called St. Peter's, built in form of a rotundo, and arched over with so much solidity that a great number of those bombs struck the cupola, without being able to injure it, but rebounded on the adjoining palaces, which they set on fire and partly consumed. Matters were still in the same state at the conclusion of the war, at the time of my arrival. They had only piled up along some of the streets, the stones which encumbered them; so that they formed on each side long parapets of blackened stone. You might see halves of palaces standing, laid open from the roof down to the cellars. It was easy to distinguish in them the extremity of stair-cases, painted ceilings, little closets lined with Chinese paper, fragments of mirrors, of marble chimneys, of smoked gildings. Of others nothing remained except massy stacks of

chimneys rising amidst the rubbish, like long black and white pyramids. More than a third part of the city was reduced to this deplorable condition. You saw the inhabitants moving backward and forward with a settled gloom on their faces, formerly so gay that they were called the Frenchmen of Germany. Those ruins, which exhibited a multitude of accidents singularly remarkable, from their forms, their colours, and their grouping, threw the mind into a deep melancholy; for you saw nothing in them but the traces of the wrath of a King, who had not levelled his vengeance against the ponderous ramparts of a warlike city, but against the pleasant dwellings of an industrious people. I observed even more than one Prussian deeply affected at the sight. I by no means felt, though a stranger, that reflection of self-security which arises in us on seeing a danger against which we are sheltered; but on the contrary a voice of affliction thrilled through my heart, saying to me, *If this were thy Country!*

It is not so with ruins which are the effect of time. These give pleasure by launching us into infinity; they carry us several ages back, and interest us in proportion to their antiquity. This is the reason that the ruins of Italy affect us more than those of our own country; the ruins of Greece more than those of Italy; and the ruins of Egypt more than those of Greece. The first antique monument which I had ever seen was in the vicinity of *Orange*. It is a triumphal arch which *Marius* caused to be erected to commemorate his victory over the Cimbri. It stands at a small dis-

ance from the city in the midst of fields. It is an oblong mass, consisting of three arcades, somewhat resembling the gate of St. Dennis. On getting near I became all eyes to gaze at it. What! exclaimed I, a work of the ancient Romans! And imagination instantly hurried me away to Rome, and to the age of *Marius*. It would not be easy for me to describe all the successive emotions which were excited in my breast. In the first place, this monument, though erected over the sufferings of Mankind, as all the triumphal arches in Europe are, gave me no pain; for I recollected that the Cimbri had come to invade Italy, like bands of robbers. I remarked, that if this triumphal arch was a memorial of the victories of the Romans over the Cimbri, it was likewise a monument of the triumph of Time over the Romans. I could distinguish upon it, in the bass-relief of the frize, which represents a battle, an ensign containing these characters clearly legible, S. P. Q. R. *Senatus Populus-Que Romanus;* and another inscribed with M. O—— the meaning of which I could not make out. As to the warriors, they are so completely effaced that neither their arms nor their features are distinguishable. Even the limbs of some of them are worn out. The mass of this monument is, in other respects, in excellent preservation, excepting one of the square pillars that support the arch, which a vicar in the neighbourhood had demolished to repair his parsonage-house. This modern ruin suggested another train of reflection, respecting the exquisite skill of the Ancients in the construction of their public monuments; for, though

the pillar which supported one of the arches on one side, had been demolished, as I have mentioned, nevertheless that part of the arch which rested upon it hung unsupported in the air, as if the pieces of the vaulting had been glued to each other. Another idea likewise struck me, namely, that the demolishing parson might perhaps have been a descendant from the ancient Cimbri, as we modern French trace up our descent to the ancient Nations of the North which invaded Italy. Thus, the demolition excepted, of which I by no means approve, from the respect I bear to antiquity, I mused upon the vicissitudes of all human affairs, which put the victors in the place of the vanquished, and the vanquished in that of the victors. I settled the matter thus therefore in my own mind, that as *Marius* had avenged the honour of the Romans and levelled the glory of the Cimbri, one of the descendants of the Cimbri had, in his turn, levelled that of *Marius;* while the young people of the vicinity, who might come perhaps on their days of festivity to dance under the shade of this triumphal arch, spent not a single thought about either the person who constructed, or the person who demolished it.

The ruins in which Nature combats with human Art inspire a gentle melancholy. In these she discovers to us the vanity of our labours, and the perpetuity of her own. As she is always building up, even when she destroys, she calls forth from the clefts of our monuments the yellow gillyflower, the chenopodium, grasses of various sorts, wild cherry-trees, garlands of bramble, stripes of moss, and all the saxatile plants, which by their flowers and their

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attitudes form the most agreeable contrasts with the rocks.

I used to stop formerly with a high degree of pleasure in the garden of the Luxembourg, at the extremity of the alley of the Carmelites, to contemplate a piece of architecture which stands there, and which had been originally intended to form a fountain. On one side of the pediment which crowns it is stretched along an ancient River-god on whose face time has imprinted wrinkles inexpressibly more venerable than those which had been traced by the chisel of the Sculptor: it has made one of the thighs to drop off, and has planted a maple tree in it's place. Of the Naiad who was opposite, on the other side of the pediment, nought remains except the lower part of the body. The head, the shoulders, the arms, have all disappeared. The hands are still supporting an urn, out of which issues, instead of fluviatic plants, some of those which thrive in the driest situations, tufts of yellow gillyflowers, dandelions, and long sheaves of saxatile grasses.

A fine style of Architecture always produces beautiful ruins. The plans of Art, in this case, form an alliance with the majesty of those of Nature. I know no object which presents a more imposing aspect than the antique and well constructed towers which our ancestors reared on the summit of mountains, to discover their enemies from afar, and out of the coping of which now shoot out tall trees, with their tops waving majestically in the wind. I have seen others, the parapets and battlements of which, murderous in former times,

were embellished with the lilach in flower, whose shades, of a bright and tender voilet hue, formed enchanting oppositions with the cavernous and embrowned stone-work of the tower.

The interest of a ruin is greatly heightened when some moral sentiment is blended with it; for example, when those degraded towers are considered as having been formerly the residence of rapine. Such has been, in the Païs de Caux, an ancient fortification called the castle of Lillebonne. The lofty walls which form it's precinct are ruinous at the angles, and so overgrown with ivy that there are very few spots where the layers of the stones are perceptible. From the middle of the courts, into which I believe it must have been no easy matter to penetrate, arise lofty towers with battlements out of the summit of which spring up great trees, appearing in the air like a head-dress of thick and bushy locks. You perceive here and there through the mantling of the ivy which clothes the sides of the castle, Gothic windows, embrasures, and breaches which give a glimpse of stair-cases, and resemble the entrance into a cavern. No bird is seen flying around this habitation of desolation, except the buzzard hovering over it in silence; and if the voice of any of the feathered race makes itself sometimes heard there, it is that of some solitary owl which has retired thither to build her nest. This castle is situated on a rising ground, in the middle of a narrow valley formed by mountains crowned with forests. When I recollect, at sight of this mansion, that it was formerly the residence of petty tyrants, who before the royal authority was suffi-

sufficiently established over the kingdom, from thence exercised their self-created right of pillage over their miserable vassals, and even over inoffensive passengers who fell into their hands, I imagine to myself that I am contemplating the carcase, or the skeleton, of some huge, ferocious beast of prey.

The Pleasure of Tombs.

But there are no monuments more interesting than the tombs of men, and especially those of our own ancestors. It is remarkable that every Nation in a state of Nature, and even the greatest part of those which are civilized, have made the tombs of their forefathers the centre of their devotions, and an essential part of their religion. From these however must be excepted the people whose fathers render themselves odious to their children by a gloomy and severe education, I mean the western and southern Nations of Europe. This religious melancholy is diffused every where else. The tombs of progenitors are all over China among the principal embellishments of the suburbs of their cities, and of the hills in the country. They form the most powerful bonds of patriotic affection among savage nations. When the Europeans have sometimes proposed to these a change of territory, this was their reply: "Shall we say to the bones of "our Fathers, Arise, and accompany us to a "foreign land?" They always considered this objection as insurmountable.

Tombs have furnished to the poetical talents of *Young* and *Gesner*, imagery the most enchanting. Our voluptuaries, who sometimes recur to the sen-

timents of Nature, have factitious monuments erected in their gardens. These are not, it must be confessed, the tombs of their parents. But whence could they have derived this sentiment of funeral melancholy, in the very midst of pleasure? Must it not have been from the persuasion that something still subsists after we are gone? Did a tomb suggest to their imagination, only the idea of what it is designed to contain, that is of a corpse merely, the sight of it would shock rather than please them. How afraid are most of them at the thought of death! To this physical idea then some moral sentiment must undoubtedly be united. The voluptuous melancholy resulting from it, arises, like every other attractive sensation, from the harmony of the two opposite principles; from the sentiment of our fleeting existence, and that of our immortality; which unite on beholding the last habitation of Mankind. A tomb is a monument erected on the confines of the two Worlds.

It first presents to us the end of the vain disquietudes of life, and the image of everlasting repose; it afterwards awakens in us the confused sentiment of a blessed immortality, the probabilities of which grow stronger and stronger, in proportion as the person whose memory is recalled was a virtuous character. It is there that our veneration fixes. And this is so unquestionably true, that though there be no difference between the dust of *Nero* and that of *Socrates*, no one would grant a place in his grove to the remains of the Roman Emperor, were they deposited even in a silver urn; whereas every one would exhibit those of the Philosopher

in the most honourable place of his best apartment, were they contained in only a vase of clay.

It is from this intellectual instinct therefore in favour of virtue, that the tombs of great men inspire us with a veneration so affecting. From the same sentiment too it is, that those which contain objects that have been lovely excite so much pleasing regret; for, as we shall make appear presently, the attractions of love ariss entirely out of the appearances of virtue. Hence it is that we are moved at the sight of a little hillock which covers the ashes of an amiable infant, from the recollection of it's innocence: hence again it is, that we are melted into tenderness on contemplating the tomb in which is laid to repose a young female, the delight and the hope of her family by reason of her virtues. In order to render such monuments interesting and respectable there is no need of bronzes, marbles, and gildings. The more simple that they are the more energy they communicate to the sentiment of melancholy. They produce a more powerful effect when poor rather than rich, antique rather than modern, with details of misfortune rather than with titles of honour, with the attributes of virtue rather than with those of power. It is in the country principally that their impression makes itself felt in a very lively manner. A simple unornamented grave there, causes more tears to flow than the gaudy splendor of a cathedral interment.* There it

* Our Artists sets statues of marble a-weeping round the tombs of the Great. It is very proper to make statues weep where men shed no tears. I have been many a time present at the funeral obsequies of the rich; but

it is that grief assumes sublimity; it ascends with the aged yews in the church yard; it extends with the surrounding hills and plains; it allies itself with all the effects of Nature, with the dawning of the morning, with the murmuring of the winds, with the setting of the Sun, and with the darkness of the night.

Labour the most oppressive, and humiliation the most degrading, are incapable of extinguishing the impression of this sentiment in the breasts of even the most miserable of Mankind. "During the space of two years," says Father *du Tertre*, "our negro *Dominick*, after the death of "his wife, never failed for a single day, as soon "as he returned from the place of his employment to take the little boy and girl which he "had by her, and to conduct them to the grave

but rarely have I seen any one shedding a tear on such occasions, unless it were, now and then, an aged domestic, who was perhaps left destitute. Some time ago happening to pass through a little frequented street of the Fauxbourg Saint Marceau, I perceived a coffin at the door of a house of but mean appearance. Close by the coffin was a woman on her knees in earnest prayer to God, and who had all the appearance of being absorbed in grief. This poor woman having caught with her eye, at the farther end of the street, the priests and their attendants coming to carry off the body, got upon her feet and run off, putting her hands upon her eyes, and crying bitterly. The neighbours endeavoured to stop her and to administer some consolation; but all to no purpose. As she passed close by me, I took the liberty to ask if it were the loss of a mother or of a daughter that she lamented so piteously. "Alas! Sir," said she, the tears gushing down her cheeks, "I am mourning the loss of a "good lady who procured me the means of earning my poor livelihood; "she kept me employed from day to day." I informed myself in the neighbourhood respecting the condition of this beneficent lady: she was the wife of a petty joiner. Ye people of wealth, What use then do you make of riches, during your life-time, seeing no tears are shed over your grave!

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"of the deceased, over which he sobbed and wept "before them for more than half an hour toge- "ther, while the poor children frequently caught "the infection of his sorrow."* What a funeral oration for a wife and a mother! This man however was nothing but a wretched slave.

There farther results, from the view of ruins another sentiment independent of all reflection: it is that of heroism. Great Generals have oftener than once employed their sublime effect in order to exalt the courage of their soldiers. *Alexander* persuaded his army, loaded with the spoils of Persia, to burn their baggage; and the moment that the fire was applied, they are on tiptoe to follow him all over the World. *William*, Duke of Normandy, as soon as he had landed his troops in England, set fire to his own ships, and the conquest of the kingdom was effected.

But there are no ruins which excite in us sentiments so sublime as those which the ruins of Nature produce. They represent to us this vast prison of the Earth in which we are immured, subject itself to destruction; and they detach us at once from our passions and prejudices, as from a momentary and frivolous theatrical exhibition. When Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake it's inhabitants on making their escape from their houses embraced each other; high and low, friends and enemies, Jews and Inquisitors, known and unknown; every one shared his clothing and provisions with those who had saved nothing. I have seen something similar to this take place on board

* History of the Antilles, tom. viii. chap. 1, sect. 4.

ship,

ship, on the point of perishing in a storm. The first effect of calamity, says a celebrated Writer, is to strengthen the soul, and the second is to melt it down. It is because the first emotion in Man, under the pressure of calamity, is to rise up toward the DEITY; and the second to fall back into physical wants. This last effect is that of reflection; but the moral and sublime sentiment, almost always, takes possession of the heart at sight of a magnificent destruction.

Ruins of Nature.

When the predictions of the approaching dissolution of the World spread over Europe, some ages ago, a very great number of persons divested themselves of their property; and there is no reason to doubt that the very same thing would happen at this day, should similar opinions be propagated with effect. But such sudden and total ruins are not to be apprehended in the infinitely sage plans of Nature: under them nothing is destroyed but what is by them repaired.

The apparent ruins of the Globe, such as the rocks which roughen's it's surface in so many places have their utility. Rocks have the appearance of ruins in our eyes only because they are neither square nor polished, like the stones of our monuments; but their anfractuosities are necessary to the vegetables and animals which are destined to find in them nourishment and shelter. It is only for beings vegitative and sensative that Nature has created the fossil kingdom; and as soon as man raises useless masses out of it to these objects

objects on the surface of the Earth, she hastens to apply her chisel to them, in order to employ them in the general harmony.

If we attend to the origin and the end of her Works, those of the most renowned Nations will appear perfectly frivolous. It was not necessary that mighty Potentates should rear such enormous masses of stone, in order one day to inspire me with respect from their antiquity. A little flinty pebble in one of our brooks is more ancient than the pyramids of Egypt. A multitude of cities have been destroyed since it was created. If I feel myself disposed to blend some moral sentiment with the monuments of Nature, I can say to myself, on seeing a rock: "It was on this place, perhaps that the good *Fenelon* reposed, while meditating the plan of his divine *Telemachus*; perhaps the day will come when there shall be engraved on it, that he had produced a revolution in Europe, by instructing Kings that their glory consisted in rendering Mankind happy: and that the happiness of Mankind depends on the labours of agriculture: posterity will gaze with delight on the very stone on which my eyes are at this moment fixed." It is thus that I embrace at once the past and the future, at sight of an insensible rock, and which, in consecrating it to virtue, by a simple inscription, I render infinitely more venerable than by decorating it with the five orders of Architecture.

Of

Of the Pleasure of Solitude.

Once more, it is melancholy which renders solitude so attractive. Solitude flatters our animal instinct by inviting us to a retreat so much more tranquil as the agitations of our life have been more restless; and it extends our divine instinct, by opening to us perspectives in which natural and moral beauties present themselves with all the attraction of sentiment. From the effect of these contrasts, and of this double harmony, it comes to pass, that there is no solitude more soothing than that which is adjoining to a great city; and no popular festivity more agreeable than that which is enjoyed in the bosom of solitude.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF LOVE.

Were love nothing superior to a physical sensation, I would wish for nothing more than to leave two lovers to reason and to act, conformably to the physical laws of the motion of the blood, of the filtration of the chyle, and of the other humours of the body, were it my object to give the grossest libertine a disgust for it. It's principal act itself is accompanied with the sentiment of shame, in the men of all countries. No Nation permits public prostitution; and though enlightened Navigators may have advanced that the inhabitants of Otaheité conformed to this infamous practice, observers more attentive have since adduced proof that, as to the island in question it was chargeable only on young women in the lowest rank of Society, but that the other classes there preserved the sense of modesty common to all Mankind. I am

I am incapable of discovering in Nature any direct cause of shame. If it be alleged that Man is ashamed of the venereal act because it renders him similar to the animal, the reason will be found insufficient; for sleep, drinking, and eating, bring him still more frequently to the similitude of the animal, and yet no shame attaches to these. There is in truth a cause of shame in the physical act: but whence proceeds that which occasions the moral sentiment of it? Not only is the act carefully kept out of sight, but even the recollection of it. Woman considers it as a proof of her weakness: she opposes long resistance to the solicitations of Man. How comes it that Nature has planted this obstacle in her heart, which in many cases actually triumphs over the most powerful of propensities, and the most headstrong of passions?

Independantly of the particular causes of shame, which are unknown to me, I think I discern one in the two powers of which Man is constituted. The sense of love being, if I may so express myself, the centre toward which all the physical sensations converge, as those of perfumes, of music, of agreeable colours and forms, of the touch, of delicate temperatures and savours; there results from these a very powerful opposition to that other intellectual power from which are derived the sentiments of divinity and immortality. Their contrast is so much the more collisive, that the act of the first is in itself animal and blind, and that the moral sentiment which usually accompanies love, is more expansive and more sublime. The lover accordingly, in order to render his mistress propitious, never fails

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to make this take the lead, and to employ every effort to amalgamate it with the other sensation. Thus shame, arises in my opinion, from the combat of these two powers; and this is the reason that children naturally have it not, because the sense of love is not yet unfolded in them; that young persons have a great deal of it, because these two powers are acting in them with all their energy; and that most old people have none at all, because they are past the sense of love from a decay of Nature in them, or have lost it's moral sentiment from the corruption of society; or which is a common case, from the effect of both together, by the concurrence of these two causes.

As Nature has assigned to the province of this passion, which is designed to be the means of reperpetuating human life, all the animal sensations, she has likewise united in it all the sentiments of the soul; so that love presents to two lovers not only the sentiments which blend with our wants, and with the instinct of our misery, such as those of protection, of assistance, of confidence, of support, of repose, but all the sublime instincts besides which elevate Man above humanity. In this sense it is that *Plato* defined love to be, an interposition of the Gods in behalf of young people.*

Whoever

* It was by means of the sublime influence of this passion that the Thebans formed a battalion of heroes, called the sacred band; they all fell together in the battle of Cheronea. They were found extended on the ground, all in the same straight line, transfixed with ghastly wounds before, and with their faces turned toward the enemy. This spectacle drew tears from the eyes of *Philip* himself, their conqueror. *Lycurgus* had likewise employed the power

Whoever would wish to be acquainted with human nature has only to study that of love; he would perceive springing out of it all the sentiments of

power of love in the education of the Spartans, and rendered it one of the great props of his republic. But as the animal counterpoise of this celestial sentiment was no longer found in the beloved object, it sometimes threw the Greeks into certain irregularities, which have justly been imputed to them as matter of reproach. Their legislators considered women as the instruments merely of procreating children; they did not perceive that by favouring love between men they enfeebled that which ought to unite the sexes, and that in attempting to strengthen their political bands, they were bursting asunder those of Nature.

The Republic of *Lycurgus* had besides other natural defects; I mention only one, the slavery of the Helots. These two particulars however excepted, I consider him as the most sublime genius that ever existed: and even as to these he stands in some measure excuseable, in consideration of the obstacles of every kind which he had to encounter in the establishment of his Laws.

There are in the harmonies of the different ages of human life relations so delightful, of the weakness of children to the vigour of their parents, of the courage and the love between young persons of the two sexes to the virtue and the religion of unimpassioned old people that I am astonished no attempt has been made to present a picture at least, of a human society thus in concord with all the wants of life, and with the Laws of Nature. There are it is true some sketches of this sort in the *Telemachus*, among others, in the manners of the inhabitants of Bœtica; but they are indicated merely. I am persuaded that such a Society, thus cemented in all it's parts, would attain the highest degree of social felicity of which human nature is susceptible in this World, and would be able to bid defiance to all the storms of political agitation. So far from being exposed to the fear of danger on the part of neighbouring States, it might make an easy conquest of them without the use of arms, as ancient China did, simply by the spectacle of it's felicity, and by the influence of it's virtues. I once entertained a design, on the suggestion of *J. J. Rousseau*, of extending this idea, by composing the History of a Nation of Greece, well known to the Poets, because it lived conformably to Nature, and for that very reason almost altogether unknown to our political Writers; but time permitted me only to trace the outline of it, or at most to finish the first Book.

which I have spoken, and a multitude of others which I have neither time nor talents to unfold. We shall remark, first, that this natural affection discloses, in every being it's principal character, by giving it all the advantage of a complete extension. Thus, for example, it is in the season when each plant re-perpetuates itself by it's flowers and it's fruit, that it acquires all it's perfection, and the characters which invariably determine it. It is in the season of love that the birds of song redouble their melody, and that those which excel in the beauty of their colouring array themselves in their finest plumage, the various shades of which they delight to display, by swelling their throats, by rounding their tail into the form of a wheel, or by extending their wings along the ground. It is then that the lusty bull presents his forehead, and threatens with his horn; that the nimble courser frisks along the plain; that the ferocious animals fill the forests with the dreadful noise of their roaring, and that the tygress, exhaling the odour of carnage makes the solitudes of Africa to resound with her hideous yells, and appears clothed with every horrid, attractive grace, in the eyes of her tremendous lover.

It is likewise in the season of loving, that all the affections natural to the heart of Man, unfold themselves. Then it is that innocence, candour, sincerity, modesty, generosity, heroism, holy faith, piety, express themselves with grace ineffable in the attitude and features of two young lovers. Love assumes in their souls all the characters of religion and

and virtue. They betake themselves to flight, far from the tumultuous assemblies of the city, and from the corruptive paths of ambition, in quest of some sequestered spot, where upon the rural altar they may be at liberty to mingle and exchange the tender vows of everlasting affection. The fountains, the woods, the dawning *Aurora*, the constellations of the night, receive by turns the sacred deposit of the oath of Love. Lost at times in a religious intoxication, they consider each other as beings of a superior order. The mistress is a goddess, the lover becomes an idolater. The grass under their feet, the air which they breathe, the shades under which they repose, all, all appear consecrated in their eyes from filling the same atmosphere with them. In the widely extended Universe they behold no other felicity but that of living and dying together, or rather they have lost all sight of death. Love transports them into ages of infinite duration, and death seems to them only the transition to eternal union.

But should cruel destiny separate them from each other, neither the prospects of fortune, nor the friendship of companions the most endeared, can afford consolation under the loss. They had reached Heaven, they languish on the earth, they are hurried in their despair into the retirement of the cloister, to employ the remaining dregs of life in re-demanding of GOD the felicity of which they enjoyed but one transient glimpse. Nay many an irksome year after their separation, when the cold hand of age has frozen up the current of sense; after having been distracted by a thousand and a

thousand anxieties foreign to the heart, which so many times made them forget that they were human, the bosom still palpitates at sight of the tomb which contains the object once so tenderly beloved. They had parted with it in the World, they hope to see it again in Heaven. Unfortunate *Heloisa!* what sublime emotions were kindled in thy soul by the ashes of thy *Abelard?*

Such celestial emotions cannot possibly be the effects of a mere animal act. Love is not a slight convulsion, as the divine *Marcus-Aurelius* calls it. It is to the charms of virtue, and to the sentiment of her divine attributes, that love is indebted for all that enthusiastic energy. Vice itself, in order to please, is under the necessity of borrowing it's looks and it's language. If theatrical female performers captivate so many lovers, the seduction is carried on by means of the illusions of innocence, of benevolence, and of magnanimy, displayed in the characters of the shepherdesses, of the heroines, and of the goddesses, which they are accustomed to represent. Their boasted graces are only the appearances of the virtues which they counterfeit. If sometimes, on the contrary, virtue becomes displeasing, it is because she exhibits herself in the disguise of harshness, caprice, peevishness, or some other repulsive bad quality.

Thus beauty is the offspring of virtue, and ugliness that of vice; and these characters frequently impress themselves from the earliest infancy by means of education. It will be objected to me that there are men handsome yet vicious, and others homely yet virtuous. *Socrates* and *Alcibiades* have been

been adduced as noted instances in ancient times. But these very examples confirm my position. *Socrates* was unhappy and vicious at the time of life when the physiognomy assumes its principal characters, from infancy up to the age of seventeen years. He was born in a poor condition; his father had determined, notwithstanding his own declared reluctance, to breed him to the art of sculpture. Nothing less than the authority of an oracle could rescue him from this parental tyranny. *Socrates* acknowledged, in conformity to the decision of a Physiognomist, that he was addicted to women and wine, the vices into which men are usually thrown by the pressure of calamity: at length he became reformed, and nothing could be more beautiful than this Philosopher when he discoursed about the DEITY. As to the happy *Alcibiades*, born in the very lap of fortune, the lessons of *Socrates*, and the love of his parents and fellow-citizens expanded in him at once beauty of person and of soul, but having been at last betrayed into irregular courses, through the influence of evil communications, nothing remained but the bare physiognomy of virtue. Whatever seduction may be apparent in their first aspect, the ugliness of vice soon discovers itself on the faces of handsome men degraded into wickedness. You can perceive, even under their smiles, a certain marked trait of falsehood and perfidy. This dissonance is communicated even to the voice. Every thing about them is masked like their face.

I beg leave farther to observe, that all the forms of organized beings express intellectual sentiments, not only to the eyes of Man, who studies Nature,

but to those of animals, which are instructed at once by their instinct, in such particulars of knowledge as are in many respects so obscure to us. Thus, for example, every species of animal has certain traits which are expressive of it's character. From the sparkling and restless eyes of the tiger you may discover his ferocity and perfidy. The gluttony of the hog is announced by the vulgarity of his attitude, and by the inclination of his head toward the ground. All animals are perfectly well acquainted with those characters, for the Laws of Nature are universal. For instance, though there be in the eyes of man, unless he is very attentive, an exceedingly slight exterior difference between a fox and a species of dog which resembles him, the hen will never mistake the one for the other. She will take no alarm on the approach of the dog, but will be seized with horror the instant that the fox appears.

It is still farther to be remarked, that every animal expresses in it's features some one ruling passion, such as cruelty, sensuality, cunning, stupidity. But Man alone, unless he has been debased by the vices of Society, bears upon his countenance the impress of a celestial origin. There is no one trait of beauty but what may be referred to some virtue: such an one belongs to innocence, such another to candour, those to generosity, to modesty, to heroism. It is to their influence that Man is indebted, in every country, for the respect and confidence with which he is honoured by the brute creation, unless they have been forced out of Nature by unrelenting persecution on the part of Man.

Whatever

Whatever charms may appear in the harmony of the colours and forms of the human figure, there is no visible reason, why it's physical effect should exert an influence over animals, unless the impress ofsome moral power were combined with it. The plumpness of form, or the freshness of colouring, ought rather to excite the appetite of ferocious animals, than their respect or their love. Finally as we are able to distinguish their impassioned character, they in like manner can distinguish ours, and are capable of forming a very accurate judgment as to our being cruel or pacific. The game birds, which fly the sanguinary fowler, gather confidently around the harmless shepherd.

It has been affirmed that beauty is arbitrary in every Nation; but this opinion has been already refuted by an appeal to matter of fact. The mutilations of the Negroes, their incisions into the skin, their flattened noses, their compressed foreheads; the flat, long, round, and pointed heads of the savages of North-America; the perforated lips of the Brasilians; the large ears of the people of Laos, in Asia, and of some Nations of Guiana, are the effects of superstition, or of a faulty education. The ferocious animals themselves are struck at the sight of these deformities. All travellers unanimously concur in their testimony that when lions or tygers are famished, which rarely happens, and thereby reduced to the necessity of attacking caravans in the night time, they fall first upon the beasts of burden, and next upon the Indians, or the black people. The European figure, with it's simplicity has a much more imposing effect upon

them, than when disfigured by African or Asiatic characters.

When it has not been degraded by the vices of Society, the expression of the human face is sublime. A Neapolitan of the name of *John-Baptiste Porta*, took it into his head to trace in it relations to the figures of the beasts. To this effect he has composed a book embellished with engravings, representing the human head under the forced resemblance of the head of a dog, of a horse, of a sheep, of a hog, and of an ox. His system is somewhat favourable to certain modern opinions, and forms a very tolerable alliance with the hideous changes which the passions produce in the human form. But I should be glad to know after what animal *Pigale* has copied that charming *Mercury* which I have seen at Berlin; and after the passions of what brutes, the Grecian Sculptors produced the *Jupiter* of the Capitol, the *Venus pudica*, and the *Apollo* of the Vatican? In what animals have they studied those divine expressions?

I am thoroughly persuaded, as I have said already, that there is not a single beautiful touch in a figure but what may be allied to some moral sentiment, relative to virtue and to Deity. The traits of ugliness might be in like manner referred to some vicious affection, such as jealousy, avarice, gluttony, or rage. In order to demonstrate to our Philosophers how far they are wide of the mark, when they attempt to make the passions the only moving principles of human life, I wish they could be presented with the expression of all the passions collected in one single head; for example, the wanton and ob-

scene

scene leer of a courtezan, with the deceitful and haughty air of an ambitious courtier; and accompanied with an infusion of some touches of hatred and envy, which are negative ambitions. A head which should unite them all would be more horrid than that of *Medusa;* it would be a likeness of *Nero.*

Every passion has an animal character as *John-Baptiste Porta* excellently observed. But every virtue too has it's animal character; and never is a physionomy more interesting than when you distinguish in it a celestial affection conflicting with an animal passion. Nay I do not know whether it be possible to express a virtue otherwise than by a triumph of this kind. Hence it is that modesty appears so lovely on the face of a young female, because it is the conflict of the most powerful of animal passions, with a sublime sentiment. The expression of sensibility likewise renders a face extremely interesting, because the soul, in this case, shews itself in a state of suffering, and because the sight of this excites a virtue in ourselves, namely the sentiment of compassion. If the sensibility of the figure in question is active, that is if it springs itself out of the contemplation of the misery of another, it strikes us still more, because then it becomes the divine expression of generosity.

I have a conviction that the most celebrated statues and pictures of Antiquity owe much of their high reputation entirely to the expression of this double character, that is to the harmony arising out of the two opposite sentiments of passion and virtue. This much is certain, that the most justly boasted master-pieces in sculpture and painting among

among the Ancients, all presented this kind of contrast. Of this abundance of examples might be adduced from their statues, as the *Venus pudica*, and the dying Gladiator, who preserves even when fallen, respect for his own glory, at the moment he is sinking into the arms of death. Such likewise was that of *Cupid* hurling the thunder after the infant *Alcibiades*, which *Pliny* ascribes to *Praxiteles*, or to *Scopas*. An amiable child, launching from his little hand the dread thunderbolt of *Jupiter*, must excite at once the sentiment of innocence, and that of terror. With the character of the God was blended that of a man equally attractive and formidable.

I believe that the paintings of the Ancients expressed still better those harmonies of opposite sentiments. *Pliny*, who has preserved to us the memory of the most noted of them, quotes among others a picture by *Athenion* of Maronea, which represented the cautious and crafty *Ulysses* detecting *Achilles* under the disguise of a young woman, by presenting an assortment of female trinkets, among which he had carelessly, and without appearance of art, introduced a sword. The lively emotion with which *Achilles* lays hold of that sword, must have exhibited a charming contrast with the habit, and the composed deportment of his nymph character. There must have resulted another no less interesting, in the character of *Ulysses*, with his air of reserve, and the expression of his satisfaction under the restraint of prudence, fearful lest in discovering *Achilles* he should at the same time betray himself.

Another piece still more affecting, from the pencil

cil of *Aristides* of Thebes, represented *Biblis* languishing to death of the love which she bare to her own brother. In it there must have been distinctly represented the sentiment of virtue repelling the idea of a criminal passion, and that of fraternal friendship, which recalled the heart to love under the very appearances of virtue. These cruel consonances; despair at the thought of being betrayed by her own heart, the desire of dying, in order to conceal her shame, the desire of life to enjoy the sight of the beloved object, health wasting away under the pressure of conflicts so painful, must have expressed, amidst the languors of death and of life, contrasts the most interesting, on the countenance of that ill-fated maid.

In another picture of the same *Aristides* was represented to admiration, a mother wounded in the breast during the siege of a city, giving suck to her infant. She seemed afraid, says *Pliny*, lest it should draw in her blood together with her milk. *Alexander* prized it so highly, that he had it conveyed to Pella the place of his birth. What emotions must have been excited, in contemplating a triumph so exalted as that of maternal affection absorbing all sense of personal suffering! *Poussin*, as we have seen, has borrowed from this virtue the principal expression of his picture of the Deluge.

Rubens has employed it in a most wonderful manner in giving expression to the face of his *Mary de Medicis*, in which you distinguish at once the anguish and the joy of child-bearing. He farther heightens the violence of the physical passion, by the careless attitude into which the Queen is thrown,

in

in an easy-chair, and by her naked foot, which has shaken off the slipper; and on the other hand, he conveys the sublimity of the moral sentiment awakened in her by the high destiny of her infant, who is presented to her by a God, reposed in a cradle of bunches of grapes and ears of corn, symbols of the felicity of his reign.

It is thus that the great Masters, not satisfied with opposing mechanically groupes of figures and vacuity, shades and lights, children and old men, feet and hands, pursue with unremitting care those contrasts of our internal powers which express themselves on "the human face divine," in touches ineffable, and which must constitute the eternal charm of their productions. The Works of *Le Sueur* abound in these contrasts of sentiment, and he places them in such perfect harmony with those of the elementary nature, that the result from them is the sweetest and the most profound melancholy. But it has been much easier for his pencil to paint, than for my pen to describe them.

I shall adduce but one example more to my present purpose, taken from *Poussin*, an Artist most admirable for his skill in graphic composition, but whose colours have suffered considerably from the hand of time. The piece to which I refer is his picture of the rape of the Sabine women. While the Roman soldiery are carrying off by force in their arms the terrified young women of the Sabines, there is a Roman officer, who is desirous of getting possession of one extremely beautiful as well as young. She has taken refuge in the arms of her mother. He dares not presume to offer violence

lence to her, but seems to address the mother with all the ardour of love tempered with respect; his countenance thus speaks; "She will be happy with "me! Let me be indebted for her to love, and not "to fear! I am less eager to rob you of a daughter, "than to give you a son." It is thus that, while he conforms himself in dressing his characters to the simplicity of the age which rendered all conditions nearly similar, he has distinguished the officer from the soldier not by his garb but by his manners. He has caught, as he usually does, the moral character of his subject, which produces a very different effect from that of mere *costume*.

I should have been extremely happy had we been favoured from the pencil of the same ingenious Artist, with a representation of these same female Sabines, after they had become wives and mothers, rushing in between the two contending armies of the Sabines and Romans, "Running," as *Plutarch* tells us, "some on this side, others on that, in "tears, shrieking, exclaiming; thrusting themselves "through the clashing of arms, and heaps of the "dead strewed along the ground, like persons fran-"tic or possessed with a spirit, carrying their suck-"ing infants in their arms, with hair dishevelled, "appealing now to Romans, now to Sabines, by "every tender adjuration that can reach the heart "of Man."*

The most powerful effects of love, as has been said, arise out of contradictory feelings melting into each other, just as those of hatred frequently are produced from similar sentiments which happen to

* *Plutarch*'s life of *Romulus*.

clash.

clash. Hence it is that no feeling can be more agreeable than to find a friend in a man whom we considered as an enemy; and no mortification so poignant as meeting an enemy in the man whom we depended upon as a friend. These harmonic effects often render a slight and transient kindness more estimable than a continued series of good offices; and a momentary offence more outrageous than the declared enmity of a whole life-time; because in the first case feelings diametrically opposite graciously unite; and in the second congenial feelings violently clash. Hence too it is that a single blemish, amidst the valuable qualities of a man of worth, frequently appears more offensive than all the vices of a libertine who displays only a solitary virtue, because from the effect of contrast these two qualities become more prominent, and eclipse the others in the two opposite characters. It proceeds likewise from the weakness of the human mind, which attaching itself always to a single point of the object which it contemplates, fixes on the most prominent quality in framing it's decisions. It is impossible to enumerate the errors into which we are every day falling for want of studying these elementary principles of Nature. It would be possible undoubtedly to extend them much farther; it is sufficient for my purpose, if I have given a demonstration of their existence, and inspired others with an inclination to apply them properly.

These harmonies acquire greater energy from the adjoining contrasts which detach them, from the consonances which repeat them, and from the other elementary Laws which have been indicated: but

but if with these are blended some one of the moral sentiments of which I have been presenting a faint sketch, in this case the effect resulting from the whole is inexpressibly delightful. Thus, for example, a harmony becomes in some sort celestial, when it contains a mystery, which always supposes something marvellous and divine. I one day felt a most agreeable effect, as I was looking over a collection of old prints which represented the history of *Adonis*. *Venus* had stolen the infant *Adonis* from *Diana*, and was educating him with her son *Cupid*. *Diana* was determined to recover him, as being the son of one of her nymphs. *Venus* then having on a certain day alighted from her chariot drawn by doves, was walking with the two boys in a valley of Cythera. *Diana*, at the head of her armed retinue, places herself in ambush in a forest through which *Venus* was to pass. *Venus* as soon as she perceived her adversary approaching, and incapable either to escape or to prevent the recapture of *Adonis*, was instantly struck with the thought of clapping wings on his shoulders, and presenting *Cupid* and him together to *Diana*, desired her to take either of the children which she believed to be her property. Both being equally beautiful, both of the same age, and both furnished with wings, the chaste Goddess of the woods was deterred from choosing either the one or the other, and refrained from taking *Adonis* for fear of taking *Cupid*.

This fable contains several sentimental beauties. I related it one day to *J. J. Rousseau*, who was highly delighted with it. "Nothing pleases me so much."

"much," said he, "as an agreeable image which "conveys a moral sentiment." We were at that time in the plain of Neuilly, near a park in which we saw a group of Love and Friendship, under the forms of a young man and a young woman of fifteen or sixteen years of age, embracing each other with mouth to mouth. Having looked at it he said to me, "Here is an obscene image presented after "a charming idea. Nothing could have been more "agreeable than a representation of the two figures "in their natural state: Friendship, as a grown young "woman caressing an infant *Cupid*." Being on this interesting subject, I repeated to him the conclusion of that touching fable of *Philomela* and *Progné*.

Le désert est-il fait pour des talens si beaux ?
Venez faire aux cités eclater leurs merveilles :
Aussi bien, en voyant les bois,
Sans cesse il vous souvient que Térée autrefois,
Parmi des demeures pareilles,
Exerça sa fureur sur vos divins appas.—
Et c'est le souvenir d'un si cruel outrage,
Qui fait, reprit sa sœur, que je ne vous suis pas :
En voyant les hommes, helas !
Il m'en souvient bien davantage.

Why waste such sweetness on the desert air !
Come, charm the city with thy tuneful note.
Think too, in solitude, that form so fair
Felt violation : flee the horrid thought.

Ah ! sister dear, sad Philomel replies,
'Tis this that makes me shun the haunts of men :
Terëus and Courts the anguish'd heart allies,
And hastes, for shelter, to the woods again.

"What a series of ideas !" cried he, "how tenderly "affecting it is !" His voice was stifled, and the tears rushed to his eyes. I perceived that he was farther moved by the secret correspondencies between the

the talents and the destiny of that bird, and his own situation.

It is obvious, then, in the two allegorical subjects of *Diana* and *Adonis*, and of Love and Friendship, that there are really within us two distinct powers, the harmonies of which exalt the soul, when the physical image throws us into a moral sentiment, as in the first example; and abase it, on the contrary, when a moral sentiment recals us to a physical sensation, as in the example of Love and Friendship.

The suppressed circumstances contribute farther to the moral expressions, because they are conformable to the expansive nature of the soul. They conduct it over a vast field of ideas. It is to these suppressions that the fable of the Nightingale is indebted for the powerful effect which it produces. Add to these a multitude of other oppositions, which I have not leisure to analyze.

The farther that the physical image is removed from us the greater extension is given to the moral sentiment; and the more circumscribed that the first is, the more energetic the sentiment is rendered. It is this undoubtedly which communicates so much force to our affections, when we regret the death of a friend. Grief in this case conveys the soul from one World to the other, and from an object full of charms to a tomb. Hence it is that the following passage from *Jeremiah* contains a strain of sublime melancholy: *Vox in Ramâ audita est; ploratus & ululatus multus: Rachel plorans filios suos, & noluit consolari, quia non sunt.* "A "voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bit-

"ter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, "refused to be comforted, because they are not."* All the consolations which this World can administer are dashed to pieces in this world of materna anguish, *non sunt.*

The single *jet d'eau* of Saint-Cloud pleases me more than all its cascades. However, though the physical image should not escape and lose itself in infinity, it may convey sorrow thither, when it reflects the same sentiment. I find in *Plutarch* a noble effect of this progressive consonance. "*Brutus*," says he, "giving all up for lost, and having resolved to "withdraw from Italy, passed by land through "Lucania, and came to Elea, which is situated on "the sea-side. *Portia* being to return from thence "to Rome, endeavoured to conceal the grief which "oppressed her in the prospect of their approach- "ing separation; but with all her resolution and "magnanimity she betrayed the sorrow that was "preying on her heart, on seeing a picture, which "there accidently caught her eye. The subject "of the piece was taken from the Iliad, and re- "presented the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, "when he was preparing to take the field, and at "the instant when he was delivering the infant "*Astyanax* into the arms of his mother, while her "eyes remain immoveably fixed on *Hector*. The "resemblance which the picture bore to her own "distress made her burst into tears; and seve- "ral times a day she resorted to the place where "it hung to gaze at it, and to weep before "it. This being observed by *Acilius*, one of the

* Jeremiah, chap xxxi, ver. 1

"friends

" friends of *Brutus*, he repeated the passage from " *Homer*, in which *Andromache* expresses her in- " ward emotion:

Εκτωρ ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἐσσὶ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Η δὲ κασίγνητός μοι, σὺ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
My father, mother, kindred, all in thee,
My wedded Lord.....

" *Brutus* replied, with a smile, *But I must not* " *answer Portia in the words of Hector to Andro-* " *mache:*

Αλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα, τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
Ιστον τ' ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε.

.....hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.

" *For though the natural weakness of her body* " *prevents her from acting what the strength of* " *men only can perform, yet she has a mind as valiant,* " *and as active for the good of her Country, as we* " *have.*"

This picture was undoubtedly placed under the peristyle of some temple built on the shore of the Sea. *Brutus* was on the point of embarking without pomp, and without a retinue. His wife, the daughter of *Cato*, had accompanied him, perhaps on foot. The moment of separation approaches; in order to soothe her anguish she fixes her eyes on that painting consecrated to the Gods. She beholds in it the last long farewel of *Hector* and *Andromache*; she is overwhelmed; and to reanimate her fortitude turns her eyes upon her husband. The comparison is completed, her courage forsakes her, tears gush out, conjugal affection triumphs over love of Country. Two virtues in opposition!

Add to these the characters of a wild nature, which blend so well with human grief: profound solitude, the columns and the cupola of that antique temple, corroded by the keen air of the Sea, and marbled over with mosses which give them the appearance of green bronze; a setting Sun which gilds the summit of it; the hollow murmurs of the Sea at a distance, breaking along the coast of Lucania; the towers of Elea perceptible in the bosom of a valley between two steep mountains, and that sorrow of *Portia* which hurries us back to the age of *Andromache.* What a picture suggested by the contemplation of a picture! O, ye Artists, could you but produce it, *Portia* would in her turn call forth many a tear.

I could multiply without end proofs of the two powers by which we are governed. Enough has been said on the subject of a passion, the instinct of which is so blind, to evince that we are attracted to it, and actuated by it, from Laws widely different from those of digestion. Our affections demonstrate the immortality of the soul, because they expand in all the circumstances in which they feel the attributes of Deity, such as that of infinity, and never dwell with delight on the Earth, except on the attractions of virtue and innocence.

OF SOME OTHER SENTIMENTS OF DEITY, AND AMONG OTHERS, OF THAT OF VIRTUE.

There are besides these a great number of sentimental Laws, which it has not been in my power at present to unfold: such are those which suggest presentiments

presentiments, omens, dreams, the reference of events fortunate and unfortunate to the same epoch, and the like. Their effects are attested among Nations polished and savage, by writers profane and sacred, and by every man who pays attention to the Laws of Nature. These communications of the soul with an order of things invisible, are rejected by the learned of modern times, because they come not within the province of their systems and of their almanacs; but how many things exist, which are not reducible to the plans of our reason, and which have not been so much as perceived by it!

There are particular laws which demonstrate the immediate action of Providence on the Human Race, and which are opposite to the general Laws of Physics. For example, the principles of reason, of passion, and of sentiment, as well as the organs of speech and of hearing, are the same in men of all countries; nevertheless the language of Nations differs all the world over. How comes it that the art of speech is so various among beings who all have the same wants, and that it should be constantly changing in the transmission from father to son, to such a degree that we modern French no longer understand the language of the Gauls, and that the day is coming when our posterity will be unable to comprehend ours? The ox of Bengal bellows like that of the Ukraine, and the nightingale pours out the same melodious strains to this day in our climates, as those which charmed the ear of the Bard of Mantua by the banks of the Po.

It is impossible to maintain, though it has been

alleged by certain Writers of high reputation, that anguages are characterized by climates; for if they were subjected to influence of this kind, they would never vary in any country in which the climate is invariable. The language of the Romans was at first barbarous, afterwards majestic, and is become at last soft and effeminate. They are not rough to the North, and soft to the South, as *J. J. Rosseau* pretends, who in treating this point has given far too great extension to physical Laws. The language of the Russias, in the North of Europe, is very soft, being a dialect of the Greek; and the jargon of the southern provinces of France is harsh and coarse. The Laplanders, who inhabit the shores of the Frozen Ocean, speak a language which is very grateful to the ear; and the Hotenttots, who inhabit the very temperate climate of the Cape of Good-Hope, cluck like India cocks. The language of the Indians of Peru is loaded with strong aspirations, and consonants of difficult pronunciation. Any one, without going out of his closet, may distinguish the different characters of the language of each Nation, by the names presented on the geographical charts of the country, and may satisfy himself that their harshness, or softness, has no relation whatever to those of Latitude.

Other observers have asserted that the languages of Nations have been determined and fixed by their great Writers. But the great Writers of the age of *Augustus* did not secure the Latin language from corruption, previously to the reign of *Marcus Aurelius*. Those of the age of *Louis* XIV. already begin to be antiquated among ourselves. If posterity

fixes

fixes the character of a language to the age which was productive of great Writers, it is not because, as they allege, it is then at its greatest purity; for you find in them as many of those inversions of phraseology, of those decompositions of words, and of those embarrassed syntaxes, which render all the metaphysical study of Grammar tiresome and barbarous; but it is because the Writings of those great men sparkle with maxims of virtue, and present us with a thousand perspectives of the DEITY. I have no doubt that the sublime sentiments which inspire them illuminate them still in the order and disposition of their Works, seeing they are the sources of all harmony. From this, if I am not mistaken, results the unalterable charm which renders the perusal of them so delicious, at all times, and to the men of all Nations. Hence it is that *Plutarch* has eclipsed most of the Writers of Greece, though he was of the age neither of *Pericles*, nor of *Alexander;* and that the translation of his Works into old French by the good *Amyot*, will be more generally read by posterity than most of the original Works produced even in the age of *Louis* XIV. It is the moral goodness of a period which characterizes a language, and which transmits it unaltered to the generation following. This is the reason that the languages, the customs, and even the form of dresses are in Asia transmitted inviolably from generation to generation, because fathers, all over that Continent, make themselves beloved by their children. But these reasons do not explain the diversity of language which sub-

sists between one Nation and another. It must ever appear to me altogether supernatural that men who enjoy the same elements, and are subjected to the same wants, should not employ the same words in expressing them. There is but one Sun to illuminate the whole Earth, and he bears a different name in every different land.

I beg leave to suggest a farther effect of a Law to which little attention has been paid; it is this, that there never arises any one man eminently distinguished, in whatever line, but there appears at the same time, either in his own Country, or in some neighbouring Nation, an antagonist possessing talents, and a reputation, in complete opposition: such were *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*, *Alexander* and *Diogenes*, *Descartes* and *Newton*, *Corneille* and *Racine*, *Bossuet* and *Fenelon*, *Voltaire* and *J. J. Rousseau*. I had collected on the subject of the two extraordinary men last mentioned, who were contemporaries, and who died the same year, a great number of strictures, which demonstrate that through the whole course of life they presented a striking contrast in respect of talents, of manners, and of fortune: but I have relinquished this parallel, in order to devote my attention to a pursuit which I deemed much more useful.

This balancing of illustrious characters will not appear extraordinary, if we consider that it is a consequence from the general law of contraries which governs the world, and from which all the harmonies of Nature result; it must therefore particularly manifest itself in the Human Race, which is the centre of the whole; and it actually does dis-

cover itself in the wonderful equilibrium, conformably to which the two sexes are born in equal numbers. It does not fix on individuals in particular, for we see families consisting wholly of daughters; and others all sons; but it embraces the aggregate of a whole city, and of a Nation, the male and female children of which are always produced very nearly equal in number. Whatever inequality of sex there may exist in the variety of births in families, the equality is constantly restored in the aggregate of a people.

But there is another equilibrium, no less wonderful, which has not I believe become an object of attention. As there are a great many men who perish in war, in sea-voyages, and by painful and dangerous employments, it would thence follow, that, at the long run, the number of women would daily go on in an increasing proportion. On the supposition that there perishes annually one-tenth part more of men than of women, the balancing of the sexes must become more and more unequal. Social ruin must increase from the very regularity of the natural order. This however does not take place; the two sexes are always very nearly equally numerous: their occupations are different, but their destiny is the same. The women, who frequently impel men to engage in hazardous enterprizes to support their luxury, or who foment animosities and even kindle wars among them to gratify their vanity, are carried off in the security of pleasure and indulgence, by maladies to which men are not subject; but which frequently result from the moral, physical, and political pains which the men undergo in consequence of

of them. Thus the equilibrium of birth between the sexes is re-established by the equilibrium of death.

Nature has multiplied those harmonic contrasts in all her Works, relatively to Man; for the fruits which minister to our necessities frequently possess in themselves opposite qualities, which serve as a mutual compensation.

These effects, as has been elsewhere demonstrated, are not the mechanical results of climate, to the qualities of which they are frequently in opposition. All the Works of Nature have the wants of Man for their end; as all the sentiments of Man have Deity for their principle. The final intentions of Nature have given to Man the knowledge of all her Works, as it is the instinct of Deity which has rendered Man superior to the Laws of Nature. It is this instinct, which, differently modified by the passions, engages the inhabitants of Russia to bathe in the ices of the Neva, during the severest cold of Winter, as well as the Nations of Bengal in the waters of the Ganges; which, under the same Latitudes, has rendered women slaves in the Philippine Islands, and despots in the Island of Formosa; which makes men effeminate in the Moluccas, and intrepid in Macassar: and which forms, in the inhabitants of one and the same city, tyrants, citizens, and slaves.

The sentiment of Deity is the first mover of the human heart. Examine a man in those unforeseen moments, when the secret plans of attack and defence with which social man continually encloses himself are suppressed not on the sight of a vast ruin, which totally subverts them, but simply on seeing an extra-

extraordinary plant or animal: "Ah, my God," exclaims he, "how wonderful this is! and he invites the first person who happens to pass by to partake of his astonishment. His first emotion is a transport of delight which raises him to God; and the second a benevolent disposition to communicate his discovery to men; but the social reason quickly recals him to personal interest. As soon as he sees a certain number of spectators assembled round the object of his curiosity, "It was I," says he, "who observed it first." Then, if he happens to be a scholar, he fails not to apply his system to it. By and by he begins to calculate how much this discovery will bring him in; he throws in some additional circumstances, in order to heighten the appearance of the marvellous, and he employs the whole credit of his junto to put it off, and to persecute every one who presumes to differ from him in opinion. Thus every natural sentiment elevates us to God, till the weight of our passions, and of human institutions, brings us back again to self. *J. J. Rousseau* was accordingly in the right, when he said that Man was good, but that men were wicked.

It was the instinct of Deity which first assembled men together, and which became the basis of the Religion and of the Laws, whereby their union was to be cemented. On this it was that virtue found a support, in proposing to herself the imitation of the Divinity, not only by the exercise of the Arts and Sciences, which the ancient Greeks for this effect denominated the petty virtues; but in

in the result of the divine power and intelligence, which is beneficence. It consisted in efforts made upon ourselves, for the good of Mankind, in the view of pleasing God only. It gave to man the sentiment of his own excellence, by inspiring him with the contempt of terrestrial and transient enjoyments, and with a desire after things celestial and immortal. It was this sublime attraction which exalted courage to the rank of a virtue, and which made Man advance intrepidly to meet death amidst so many anxieties to preserve life. Gallant *d'Assas*, what had you to hope for on the Earth, when you poured out your blood in the night without a witness for the salvation of the French army? And you, generous *Eustace de St. Pierre*, what recompense did you expect from your Country, when you appeared before her tyrants with the halter about your neck, ready to meet an infamous death in saving your fellow citizens? Of what avail to your insensible ashes were the statues and the eulogiums which posterity was one day to consecrate to your memory? Could you so much as hope for this reward in return for sacrifices either unknown, or loaded with opprobriousness? Could you be flattered in ages to come with the empty homage of a world separated from you by eternal barriers? And you, more glorious still, in the sight of God, obscure citizens, who sink ingloriously into the grave; you, whose virtues draw down upon your heads shame, calumny, persecution, poverty, contempt, even on the

the part of those who dispense the honours of a present state, could you have forced your way through paths so dreary and so rude, had not a light from Heaven illuminated your eyes?*

This

* It is impossible for virtue to subsist independently of Religion. I do not mean the theatrical virtues which attract public admiration, and this, many a time, by means so contemptible that they may be rather considered as so many vices. The very Pagans have turned them into ridicule. See what *Marcus Aurelius* has said on the subject. By virtue I understand the good which we do to men without expectation of reward on their part, and frequently at the expence of fortune, nay even of reputation. Analyze all those whose traits have appeared to you the most striking; there is no one of them but what points out Deity, nearer or more remote. I shall quote one not generally known, and singularly interesting from its very obscurity.

In the last war in Germany, a Captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it he went up, and knocked at the door; out comes an ancient Hernouten, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "shew me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging."···· "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley: "There is the very thing we want," says the Captain···Have patience for a few minutes," replies his guide, "you shall "be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther they arrive at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up and remounted. The officer upon this says to his conductor, "Father, you have given "yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this."····"Very true, Sir," replied the good old man, "but it was "not mine."

This stroke goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce me any thing once to be compared with it. It may be proper to observe that the Hernoutens are a species of Quakers, scattered over some cantons

This respect for virtue is the source of that which we pay to ancient Nobility, and which has introduced, in process of time, unjust and odious differences among men, whereas originally, it was designed to establish among them respectable distinctions alone. The Asiatics, more

tons of Germany. Certain Theologians have maintained that heretics were incapable of virtue, and that their good actions were utterly destitute of merit. As I am no Theologian I shall not engage in this metaphysical discussion, though I might oppose to their opinion the sentiments of St. *Jerome*, and even those of St. *Peter*, with respect to Pagans, when he says to *Cornelius* the centurion: "Of a truth, I perceive "that God is no respecter of persons; but in every Nation, he that "feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."* But I should be glad to knew what those Theologians think of the charity of the good Samaritan, who was a schismatic. Surely they will not venture to start objections against a decision pronounced by Jesus Christ himself. As the simplicity and depth of his divine responses form an admirable contrast with the dishonesty and subtilty of modern doctors, I shall transcribe the whole passage from the Gospel, word for word.

"And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

"He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

"And he, answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all "thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with "all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.

"And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou "shalt live.

"But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my "neighbour?

"And Jesus answering, said, A certain *man* went down from Jerusa-"lem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his rai-"ment, and wounded *him* and departed, leaving *him* half dead.

* Acts of the Apostles, chap. x. ver. 34, 35.

"And

more equitable, attached nobility only to places rendered illustrious by virtue. An aged tree, a

" And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when " he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

" And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked " *on him*, and passsd by on the other side.

" But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and " when he saw him, he had compassion *on him*.

" And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and " wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and " took care of him.

" And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence " and gave *them* to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and " whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay " thee.

" Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him " that fell among the thieves?

" And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said JESUS unto " him, Go, and do thou likewise."*

I shall be carefully on my guard against adding any reflections of my own on this subject, except this simple observation, that the action of the Samaritan is far superior to that of the Hernouten; for though the second makes a great sacrifice, he is in some sort determined to it by force; a field must of necessity have been subjected to forage. But the Samaritan entirely obeys the impulse of humanity. His action is free, and his charity spontaneous. This stricture, like all those of the Gospel, contains in a few words a multitude of clear and forcible instructions, respecting the duties inculcated in the second table of the Law. It would be impossible to replace them by others, were imagination itself permitted to dictate them. Weigh all the circumstances of the restless and persevering charity of the Samaritan. He dresses the wounds of an unfortunate wretch, and places him on his own horse; he exposes his own life to danger, by stopping, and walking on foot, in a place frequented by thieves. He afterwards makes provision, in the inn, for the future as well as for the present necessities of the unhappy man, and continues his journey without expecting any recompense whatever from the gratitude of the person whom he had succoured.

* Luke, chap. x. ver. 25—37.

well,

well, a rock, objects of stability, appeared to them as alone adapted to perpetuate the memory of what was worthy of being remembered. There is not all over Asia an acre of land but what is dignified by a monument. The Greeks and Romans who issued out of it as did all the other Nations of the World, and who did not remove far from it, imitated in part the customs of our first Fathers. But the other Nations which scattered themselves over the rest of Europe, where they were long in an erratic state, and who withdrew from those ancient monuments of virtue, chose rather to look for them in the posterity of their great men, and to see the living images of them in their children. This is the reason, in my opinion, that the Asiatics have no Noblesse, and the Europeans no monuments.

The instinct of Deity constitutes the charm of the performances which we peruse with most delight. The Writers to whom we always return with pleasure, are not the most sprightly, that is, those who abound the most in the social reason which endures but for a moment, but those who render the action of Providence continually present to us. Hence it is that *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, *Fenelon*, and most of the Ancient Writers, are immortal, and please the men of all Nations. For the same reason it is, that books of travels, though for the most part written very artlessly, and though decried by multitudes of various orders in Society, who discern in them an indirect censure of their own conduct, are nevertheless the most interesting part of modern reading;

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not only because they disclose to us some new benefits of nature, in the fruits and the animals of foreign countries, but because of the dangers by land and by water which their authors have escaped, frequently beyond all reasonable expectation. Finally, it is because the greatest part of our very learned productions studiously steer clear of this natural sentiment, that the perusal of them is so very dry and disgusting, and that posterity will prefer *Herodotus* to *David Hume*, and the Mythology of the Greeks to all our treatises on Physics; because we love still more to hear the fictions of Deity blended with the History of men, than to reason of men in the History of Deity.

This sublime sentiment inspires Man with a taste for the marvellous, who, from his natural weakness, must have ever been crawling on the ground of which he is formed. It balances in him the sentiment of his misery, which attaches him to the pleasures of habit; and it exalts his soul, by infusing into him continually the desire of novelty. It is the harmony of human life, and the source of every thing delicious and enchanting that we meet with in the progress of it. With this it is that the illusions of love ever veil themselves, always representing the beloved object as something divine. It is this which opens to ambition perspectives without end. A peasant appears desirous of nothing in the World but to become the churchwarden of his village. Be not deceived in the man! open to him a career without any impediment in his way; he is groom, he becomes highwayman, captain of the gang, a commander in

chief of armies, a king, and never rests till he is worshipped as a God. He shall be a *Tamerlane* or a *Mahomet*.

An old rich tradesman, nailed to his easy-chair by the gout, tells us that he has no higher ambition than to die in peace. But he sees himself eternally renovating in his posterity. He enjoys a secret delight in beholding them mount, by the dint of his money, along all the ascending steps of dignity and honour. He himself reflects not that the moment approaches when he shall have nothing in common with that posterity, and that while he is congratulating himself on being the source of their future glory, they are already employing the upstart glory which they have acquired, in drawing a veil over the meanness of their original. The atheist himself, with his negative wisdom, is carried along by the same impulse. To no purpose does he demonstrate to himself the nothingness, and the fluctuation of all things: his reason is at variance with his heart. He flatters himself inwardly with the hope that his book, or his monument, will one day attract the homage of posterity; or perhaps that the book, or the tomb, of his adversary will cease to be honoured. He mistakes the DEITY, merely because he puts himself in his place.

With the sentiment of Deity, every thing is great, noble, beautiful, invincible, in the most contracted sphere of human life; without it, all is feeble, displeasing, and bitter, in the very lap of greatness. This it was which conferred empire on Rome and Sparta, by shewing to their poor and

virtuous inhabitants the Gods as their protectors and fellow-citizens. It was the destruction of this sentiment which gave them up, when rich and vicious, to slavery; when they no longer saw in the Universe any other Gods except gold and pleasure. To no purpose does a man make a bulwark around himself of the gifts of fortune; the moment this sentiment is excluded from his heart, languor takes possession of it. If its absence is prolonged, he sinks into sadness, afterwards into profound and settled melancholy, and finally into despair. If this state of anxiety becomes permanent, he lays violent hands on himself. Man is the only sensible being which destroys itself in a state of liberty. Human life, with all its pomp, and all its delights, ceases to him to have the appearance of life, when it ceases to appear to him immortal and divine.*

Whatever

* *Plutarch* remarks, that *Alexander* did not abandon himself to those excesses which sullied the conclusion of his glorious career, till he believed himself to be forsaken of the Gods. Not only does this sentiment become a source of misery, when it separates itself from our pleasures; but when, from the effect of our passions, or, of our institutions, which pervert the Laws of Nature, it presses upon our miseries themselves. Thus, for example, when after having given mechanical Laws to the operations of the soul, we come to make the sentiment of infinity to bear upon our physical and transient evils; in this case, by a just re-action, our misery becomes insupportable. I have presented only a faint sketch of the two principles in Man; but to whatever sensation of pain or of pleasure, they may be applied, the difference of their nature, and their perpetual re-action will be felt.

On the subject of *Alexander* forsaken of the Gods, it is matter of surprise to me that the expression of this situation should not have inspired the genius of some Grecian Artist. Here is what I find on this subject in *Addison*: "There is in the same gallery, (at Florence) a fine bust "of *Alexander* the Great, with the face turned toward Heaven, and im-

Whatever be the disorders of Society, this celestial instinct is ever amusing itself with the children of men. It inspires the man of genius, by disclosing itself to him under eternal attributes. It presents to the Geometrician, the ineffable progressions of infinity; to the Musician rapturous harmonies; to the Historian, the immortal shades of virtuous men. It raises a Parnassus for the Poet, and an Olympus for the Hero. It sheds a lustre on the unfortunate days of the labouring poor. Amidst the luxury of Paris, it extracts a sigh from the breast of the humble native of Savoy after the sacred covering of the snows upon his mountains. It expatiates along the vast ocean, and recals, from the gentle climates of India, the European mariner, to the stormy shores of the West. It bestows a country on the wretched, and fills with regret those who have lost nothing. It covers our cradles with the charms of innocence, and the tombs of our forefathers with the hopes of immortality. It reposes in the midst of tumultuous cities, on the palaces of mighty kings, and on the august temples of Religion. It frequently fixes its residence in the desert, and attracts the attention of the Universe to a rock. Thus it is that you are cloth-

" pressed with a certain dignified air of chagrin and dissatisfaction. I " have seen two or three ancient busts of *Alexander*, with the same air, " and in the same attitude; and I am disposed to believe that the Sculp- " tor pursued the idea of the Conqueror sighing after new worlds, or " some similar circumstance of his History." *Addison*'s Voyage to Italy. I imagine that the circumstance of *Alexander*'s History, to which those busts ought to be referred, is that which represents him complaining of being abandoned of the Gods. I have no doubt that it would have fixed the exquisite judgment of *Addison*, had he recollected the observation made by *Plutarch*.

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ed with majesty, venerable ruins of Greece and Rome! and you too, mysterious pyramids of Egypt! This is the object which we are invariably pursuing amidst all our restless occupations; but the moment it discovers itself to us in some unexpected act of virtue, or in some one of those events which may be denominated strokes of Heaven, or in some of those indescribably sublime emotions, which are called sentimental touches by way of excellence, its first effect is to kindle in the breast a very ardent movement of joy, and the second is to melt us into tears. The soul, struck with this divine light, exults at once in enjoying a glimpse of the heavenly country, and sinks at the thought of being exiled from it.

———Oculis errantibus alto
Quæsivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.
ÆNEID, BOOK IV

With wandering eyes explor'd the heavenly light,
Then sigh'd, and sunk into the shades of night.

STUDY THIRTEENTH.

APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF NATURE TO THE DISORDERS OF SOCIETY.

I HAVE exposed in this Work, the errors of human opinion, and the mischief which has resulted from them, as affecting morals and social felicity. I have refuted those opinions, and have ventured to call in question even the methods of human Science; I have investigated certain Laws of Nature, and have made, I am bold to affirm, a happy application of them to the vegetable order: but all this mighty exertion would, in my own opinion, prove to be vain and unprofitable, unless I employed it in attempting to discover some remedies for the disorders of Society.

A Prussian Author, who has lately favoured the World with various productions, carefully avoids saying a word respecting the administration of the government of his own Country, because, being only a passenger, as he alleges in the vessel of the State, he does not consider himself as warranted to intermeddle with the pilot's province. This thought, like so many others borrowed from books, is a mere effusion of wit. It resembles that of the man, who seeing a house on the point of being seized with the flames, scampered off, without making any attempt to save it, because, forsooth, the house was not his. For my own part, I think myself so much the more obliged to take an interest in the vessel of

of the state, that I am a passenger on board, and thereby bound to contribute my efforts toward her prosperous navigation. Nay, I ought to employ my very leisure, as a passenger, to admonish the steersman of any irregularity, or neglect, which I may have perceived in conducting the business of the ship. Such, to my apprehension, are the examples set us by a *Montesquieu*, a *Fenelon*, and so many other names, to be held in everlasting respect, who have in every country consecrated their labours to the good of their compatriots. The only thing that can be with justice objected to me, is my insufficiency. But I have seen much injustice committed; I myself have been the victim of it. Images of disorder have suggested to me ideas of order. Besides, my errors may perhaps serve as a foil to the wisdom of those who shall detect them. Were I but to present one single useful idea to my Sovereign, whose bounty has hitherto supported me, though my services remain unrewarded, I shall have received the most precious recompence that my heart can desire: if I am encouraged to flatter myself with the thought that I have wiped away the tears from the eyes of but one unfortunate fellow-creature, such a reflection would wipe away mine own in my dying moments.

The men who can turn the distresses of their Country to their own private emolument, will reproach me with being its enemy, in the hacknied observation, that things have always been so, and that all goes on very well, because all goes on well for them. But the persons who discover, and who unveil, the evils under which their Country labours,

they are not the enemies which she has to fear ; the persons who flatter her, they are her real enemies. The Writers assuredly, such as *Horace* and *Juvenal*, who predicted to Rome her downfal, when at the very height of her elevation, were much more sincerely attached to her prosperity, than those who offered incense to her tyrants, and made a gain of her calamities. How long did the Roman Empire survive the salutary warnings of the first. Even the good Princes who afterwards assumed the government of it, were incapable of replacing it on a solid foundation, because they were imposed upon by their contemporary Writers, who never had the courage to attack the moral and political causes of the general corruption. They satisfied themselves with their own personal reformation, without daring to extend it so much as to their families. Thus it was that a *Titus* and a *Marcus Aurelius* reigned. They were only great Philosophers on the throne. As far as I am concerned, I should believe that I had already deserved well of my country, had I only announced in her ear this awful truth : That she contains in her bosom more than seven millions of poor, and that their number has been proceeding in an increasing proportion from year to year, ever since the age of *Louis* XIV.

God forbid that I should wish or attempt to disturb, much less destroy, the different orders of the State. I would only wish to bring them back to the spirit of their natural Institution. Would to God, that the Clergy would endeavour to merit, by their virtues, the first place, which has been granted

granted to the sacredness of their functions; that the Nobility would give their protection to the citizens, and render themselves formidable only to the enemies of the people; that the administrators of finance, directing the treasures of the Public to flow in the channels of agriculture and commerce, would lay open to merit the road which leads to all useful and honourable employment; that every woman, exempted by the feebleness of her constitution from most of the burthens of Society, would occupy herself in fulfilling the duties of her gentle destination, those of wife and mother, and thus cementing the felicity of one family: that, invested with grace and beauty, she would consider herself as one flower in that wreath of delight by which Nature has attached Man to life: and while she proved a joy and a crown to her husband in particular, the complete chain of her sex might indissolubly compact all the other bonds of national felicity!

It is not my aim to attract the applause of the million; they will not read my Book; besides, they are already sold to the rich and the powerful. They, are continually, I grant, maligning their purchasers, and even frequently applaud the persons who treat them with some degree of firmness; but they give such persons up, the moment they are discovered to be objects of hatred to the rich; for they tremble at the frown of the great, or crawl among their feet on receiving the slightest token of benevolence. By the million I understand not only the lowest order in Society, but a great number of others who consider themselves as very far above it.

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The people is no idol of mine. If the powers which govern them are corrupted they themselves are the cause of it. We exclaim against the reigns of *Nero* and *Caligula*; but those detestable Princes were the fruit of the age in which they lived, just as bad vegetable fruits are produced by bad trees: they would not have been tyrants, had they not found among the Romans, informers, spies, parasites, poisoners, prostitutes, hangmen, and flatterers, who told them that every thing went on very well. I do not believe virtue to be the allotment of the people, but I consider it as portioned out among all conditions in life, and in very small quantities, among the little, among the middling, and among the great; and so necessary to the support of all the orders of Society, that were it entirely destroyed, a Country would crumble to pieces like a temple whose pillars had been undermined.

But I am not particularly interested in the people, either from the hope of their applause, or respect to their virtues, but from the labours in which they are employed. From the people it is that the greatest part of my pleasures and of my distresses proceed; by the people I am fed, clothed, lodged, and they are frequently employed in procuring superfluities for me, while necessaries are sometimes wanting to themselves; from them likewise issue epidemic diseases, robberies, seditions, and did they present nothing to me but simply the spectacle of their happiness or misery, I could not remain in a state of indifference. Their joy involuntarily inspires me with joy, and their misery wrings my heart. I do not reckon my obligation to them acquitted

quitted when I have paid them a pecuniary consideration for their services. It is a maxim of the hard hearted rich man, "That artisan and I are "quit," says he, "I have paid him." The money which I give to a poor fellow for a service which he has rendered me, creates nothing new for his use; that money would equally circulate, and perhaps more advantageously for him, had I never existed. The people supports therefore without any return on my part, the weight of my existence: it is still much worse when they are loaded with the additional burthen of my irregularities. To them I stand accountable for my vices and my virtues, more than to the magistrate. If I deprive a poor workman of part of his subsistence, I force him, in order to make up the deficiency, to become a beggar or a thief; if I seduce a plebeian young woman, I rob that order of a virtuous matron; if I manifest in their eyes a disregard to religion, I enfeeble the hope which sustains them under the pressure of their labours. Besides, Religion lays me under an express injunction to love them. When she commands me to love men, it is the people she recommends to me, and not the Great: to them she attaches all the powers of Society, which exist only by them, and for them. Of a far different spirit from that of modern politics, which present Nations to Kings as their domains, she presents Kings to Nations as their fathers and defenders. The people were not made for Kings, but Kings for the people. I am bound, therefore, I who am nothing, and who can do nothing, to contribute my warmest wishes at least toward their felicity. Farther,

Farther, I feel myself constrained, in justice to the commonalty of our own Country, to declare that I know none in Europe superior to them in point of generosity, though, liberty excepted, they are the most miserable of all with whom I have had an opportunity to be acquainted. Did time permit I could produce instances innumerable of their beneficence. Our wits frequently trace caricatures of fish-women, and of our peasantry, because their only object is to amuse the rich; but they might receive sublime lessons of virtue, did they know how to study the virtues of the common people: for my own part, I have oftener than once found ingots of gold on a dunghill.

I have remarked, for example, that many of our inferior shopkeepers sell their wares at a lower price to the poor man than to the rich; and when I asked the reason, the reply was, "Sir, every body "must live." I have likewise observed that a great many of the lower order never haggle, when they are buying from poor people like themselves: "Every one," say they, "must live by his trade." I saw a little child one day buying greens from the herb woman: she filled a large apron with the articles which he wanted, and took a penny: on my expressing surprize at the quantity she had given him, she said to me, "I would not, Sir, have given "so much to a grown person; but I would not for "the world take advantage of a child." I knew a man of the name of *Christal*, in the *rue de la Magdelaine*, whose trade was to go about selling Auvergne-waters, and who supported for five months, *gratis*, an upholsterer, of whom he had no knowledge,

ledge, and whom a law-suit had brought to Paris, because, as he told me, that poor upholsterer, the whole length of the road, in a public carriage, had from time to time given an arm to his sick wife. That same man had a son eighteen years old, a paralytic and changeling from the womb, whom he maintained with the tenderest attachment, without once consenting to his admission into the hospital of Incurables, though frequently solicited to that effect by persons who had interest sufficient to procure it: "GOD," said he to me, "has given me the poor youth: it is my duty "to take care of him." I have no doubt that he still continues to support him, though he is under the necessity of feeding him with his own hands, and has the farther charge of a frequently ailing wife.

I once stopped, with admiration to contemplate a poor mendicant seated on a post in the *rue Bergere*, near the Boulevards. A great many well dressed people passed by without giving him any thing: but there were very few servant girls, or women loaded with baskets, who did not stop to bestow their charity. He wore a well-powdered peruque, with his hat under his arm, was dressed in a surtout, his linen white and clean, and every article so trim, that you would have thought these poor people were receiving alms from him, and not giving them. It is impossible assuredly to refer this sentiment of generosity in the common people to any secret suggestion of self-interest, as the enemies of mankind allege in taking upon them to explain the causes of compassion. No one of those poor benefactresses thought of putting

ting herself in the place of the unfortunate mendicant, who, it was said, had been a watchmaker, and had lost his eye-sight; but they were moved by that sublime instinct which interests us more in the distresses of the Great, than in those of other men; because we estimate the magnitude of their sufferings by the standard of their elevation, and of the fall from it. A blind watchmaker was a *Belisarius* in the eyes of servant maids.

I should never have done, were I to indulge myself in detailing anecdotes of this sort. They would be found worthy of the admiration of the rich, were they extracted from the History of the savages, or from that of the Roman Emperors: were they two thousand years old, or had they taken place two thousand leagues off. They would amuse their imagination, and tranquillize their avarice. Our own commonalty undoubtedly well deserves to be loved. I am able to demonstrate, that their moral goodness is the firmest support of government, and that, notwithstanding their own necessities, to them our soldiery is indebted for the supplement to their miserable pittance of pay, and that to them the innumerable poor with whom the kingdom swarms, owe a subsistence wrung from penury itself.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO, said the Antients: let the safety of the People be the paramount Law, because their misery is the general misery. This axiom ought to be so much the more sacred in the eyes of Legislators and Reformers, that no law can be of long duration, and no plan of reform reduced into effect, unless the happiness of the people is previously secured. Out of

of their miseries abuses spring, are kept up, and are renewed. It is from want of having reared the fabric on this sure foundation, that so many illustrious Reformers have seen their political edifice crumble into ruins. If *Agis* and *Cleomenes* failed in their attempts to reform Sparta, it was because the wretched Helots observed with indifference a system of happiness which extended not to them. If China has been conquered by the Tartars, it was because the discontented Chinese were groaning under the tyranny of their Mandarins, while the Sovereign knew nothing of the matter. If Poland has, in our days, been parcelled out by her neighbours, it was because her enslaved peasantry, and her reduced gentry, did not stand up in her defence. If so many efforts towards reform, on the subject of the clergy, of the army, of finance, of our courts of justice, of commerce, of concubinage, have proved abortive with us, it is because the misery of the people is continually re-producing the same abuses.

I have not seen in the whole course of my travels, a country more flourishing than Holland. The capital is computed to contain at least a hundred and fourscore thousand inhabitants. An immense commerce presents in that city a thousand objects of temptation, yet you never hear of a robbery committed. They do not even employ soldiers for mounting guard. I was there in 1762, and for eleven years previous to that period, no person had been punished capitally. The Laws however are very severe in that Country; but the people who possess the means of easily earning a livelihood,

livelihood, are under no temptation to infringe them. It is farther worthy of remark, that though they have gained millions by printing all our extravagances in morals, in politics, and in religion, neither their opinions nor their moral conduct have been affected by it, because the people are contented with their condition. Crimes spring up only from the extremes of indigence and opulence.

When I was at Moscow, an aged Genevois, who had lived in that city from the days of *Peter* I. informed me that from the time they had opened to the people various channels of subsistence, by the establishment of manufactures and commerce, seditions, assassinations, robberies and wilful fires had become much less frequent than they used to be. Had there not been at Rome multitudes of miserable wretches, no *Catiline* would have started up there. The police, I admit, prevents at Paris very alarming irregularities. Nay it may be with truth affirmed, that fewer crimes are committed in that capital than in the other cities of the kingdom in proportion to their population; but the tranquillity of the common people in Paris is to be accounted for, from their finding there readier means of subsistence, than in the other cities of the kingdom, because the rich of all the provinces fix their residence in the metropolis. After all the expence of our police, in guards, in spies, in houses of correction, and in goals, is a burthen to that very people, and becomes an expense of punishments, when they might be transformed into benefits. Besides, these methods are repercussions merely, whereby the people are thrown into concealed irregularities, which are not the least dangerous. The

The first step toward relieving the indigence of the commonalty, is to diminish the excessive opulence of the rich. It is not by them that the people live, as modern politicians pretend. To no purpose do they institute calculations of the riches of a State, the mass of them is undoubtedly limited; and if it is entirely in the possession of a small number of the citizens, it is no longer in the service of the multitude. As they always see in detail men for whom they care very little, and in overgrown capitals money which they love very much, they infer it to be more advantageous for the kingdom, that a revenue of a hundred thousand crowns should be in the possession of a single person, rather than portioned out among a hundred families, because, say they, the proprietors of large capitals engage in great enterprizes. But here they fall into a most pernicious error. The financier who possesses them only maintains a few footmen more, and extends the rest of his superfluity to objects of luxury and corruption: moreover, every one being at liberty to enjoy in his own way, if he happens to be a miser, this money is altogether lost to Society. But a hundred families of respectable citizens could live comfortably on the same revenue. They will rear a numerous progeny, and will furnish the means of living to a multitude of other families of the commonalty, by arts that are really useful, and favourable to good morals.

It would be necessary, therefore, in order to check unbounded opulence, without however doing injustice to the rich, to put an end to the vena-

lity of employments, which confers them all on that portion of Society which needs them the least as the means of subsistence, for it gives them to those who have got money. It would be necessary to abolish pluralities, by which two, three, four, or more offices, are accumulated on the head of one person; as well as reversions, which perpetuate them in the same families. This abolition would undoubtedly destroy that monied aristocracy, which is extending farther and farther in the bosom of the monarchy, and which, by interposing an insurmountable barrier between the Prince and his subjects, becomes in process of time the most dangerous of all governments. The dignity of employments would thereby be greatly enhanced, as they must in this case rise in estimation, being considered as the reward of merit, and not the purchase of money; that respect for gold, which has corrupted every moral principle, would be diminished, and that which is due to virtue would be heightened: the career of public honour would be laid open to all the orders of the State, which, for more than a century past, has been the patrimony of from four to five thousand families, which have transmitted all the great offices from hand to hand, without communicating any share of them to the rest of the citizens, except in proportion as they cease to be such, that is, in proportion as they sell to them their liberty, their honour, and their conscience.

Our Princes have been taught to believe, that it was safer for them to trust to the purses, than to the probity of their subjects. Here we have the origin

origin of venality in the civil state; but this sophism falls to the ground the moment we reflect that it subsists not in either the ecclesiastical or military order; and that these great bodies still are, as to the individuals which compose them, the best ordered of any in the State, at least with relation to their police, and to their particular interests.

The Court employs frequent change of fashions, in order to enable the poor to live on the superfluity of the rich. This palliative is so far good, though subject to dangerous abuse: it ought at least to be converted, to its full extent, to the profit of the poor, by a prohibition of the introduction of every article of foreign luxury into France; for it would be very inhuman in the rich, who engross all the money in the Nation, to send out of it immense sums annually, to the Indies and to China, for the purchase of muslins, silks, and porcelains, which are all to be had within the kingdom. The trade to India and China is necessary only to Nations which have neither mulberry-trees nor silk worms, as the English and Dutch. They too may indulge themselves in the use of tea, because their country produces no wine. But every piece of callico we import from Bengal, prevents an inhabitant of our own island from cultivating the plant which would have furnished the raw material, and a family in France from spinning and weaving it into cloth. There is another political and moral obligation which ought to be enforced, that of giving back to the female sex the occupations which properly belong to them, such as midwifery, millinery, the employ-

ments of the needle, linen-drapery, trimming, and the like, which require only taste and address, and are adapted to a sedentary way of life, in order to rescue great numbers of them from idleness, and from prostitution, in which so many seek the means of supporting a miserable existence.

Again, a vast channel of subsistence to the people might be opened by suppressing the exclusive privileges of commercial and manufacturing companies. These companies, we are told, provide a livelihood for a whole country. Their establishments, I admit, on the first glance, present an imposing appearance, especially in rural situations. They display great avenues of trees, vast edifices, courts within courts, palaces; but while the undertakers are riding in their coaches, the rest of the village are walking in wooden shoes. I never beheld a peasantry more wretched than in villages where privileged manufacturers are established. Such exclusive privileges contribute more than is generally imagined to check the industry of a country. I shall quote, on this occasion, the remark of an anonymous English Author, highly respectable for the soundness of his judgment, and for the strictness of his impartiality. "I passed," says he, "through Montreuil, Abbeville, Pequigni.——The "second of these cities has likewise its castle: its "indigent inhabitants greatly cry up their broad-"cloth manufacture: but it is less considerable than "those of many villages of the county of York."*

I could likewise oppose to the woollen manufactures of the villages of the county of York, those

* Voyage to France, Italy, and the Islands of the Archipelago, in 1750. Four small volumes in 12mo.

of

of handkerchiefs, cotton-stuffs, woollens, of the villages of the Païs de Caux, which are there in a very flourishing state, and where the peasantry are very rich, because there are no exclusive privileges in that part of the country. The privileged undertaker having no competitor in a country, settles the workman's wages at his own pleasure. They have a thousand devices besides to reduce the price of labour as low as it can go. They give them, for example, a trifle of money in advance, and having thereby inveigled them into a state of insolvency, which may be done by a loan of a few crowns, they have them thenceforward at their mercy. I know a considerable branch of the salt-water fishery almost totally destroyed, in one of our sea-ports, by means of this underhand species of monopoly. The tradesmen of that town, at first, bought the fish of the fishermen, to cure it for sale. They afterwards were at the expence of building vessels proper for the trade: they proceeded next to advance money to the fishermens' wives, during the absence of their husbands. These were reduced, on their return, to the necessity of becoming hired servants to the merchant in order to discharge the debt. The merchant having thus become master of the boats of the fishermen, and of the commodity, regulated the conditions of the trade just as he pleased. Most of the fishermen, disheartened by the smallness of their profits, quitted the employment; and the fishery which was formerly a mine of wealth to the place, is now dwindled to almost nothing.

On the other hand, if I object to a monopoly which would engross the means of subsistence be-

stowed by Nature on every order of Society, and on both sexes, much less would I consent to a monopoly that should grasp at those which she has assigned to every man in particular. For example, the Author of a book, of a machine, or of any invention, whether useful or agreeable, to which a man has devoted his time, his attention, in a word his genius, ought to be at least as well secured in a perpetual right over those who sell his book, or avail themselves of his invention, as a feudal Lord is to exact the rights of fines of alienation, from persons who build on his grounds, and even from those who re-sell the property of such houses. This claim would appear to me still better founded on the natural right, than that of fines of alienation. If the Public suddenly lays hold of a useful invention, the State becomes bound to indemnify the Author of it, to prevent the glory of his discovery from proving a pecuniary detriment to him. Did a law so equitable exist, we should not see a score of booksellers wallowing in affluence at the expence of an Author who did not know, sometimes, where to find a dinner. We should not have seen, for instance, in our own days, the posterity of *Corneille* and of *La Fontaine* reduced to subsist on alms, while the booksellers of Paris have been building palaces out of the sale of their Works.

Immense landed property is still more injurious than that of money and of employments, because it deprives the other citizens, at once, of the social and of the natural patriotism. Besides it comes in process of time into the possession of those who have the employments and the money; it reduces all

all the subjects of the State to dependence upon them, and leaves them no resource for subsistence but the cruel alternative of degrading themselves by a base flattery of the passions of those who have got all the power and wealth in their hands, or of going into exile. These three causes combined, the last especially, precipitated the ruin of the Roman Empire, from the reign of *Trajan*, as *Pliny* has very justly remarked. They have already banished from France more subjects than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did. When I was in Prussia, in the year 1765, of the hundred and fifty thousand regular troops which the King then maintained, a full third was computed to consist of French deserters. I by no means consider that number as exaggerated, for I myself remarked, that all the soldiers on guard, wherever I passed, were composed, to a third at least, of Frenchmen; and such guards are to be found at the gates of all the cities, and in all the villages on the great road, especially toward the frontier.

When I was in the Russian service, they reckoned near three thousand teachers of language of our nation in the city of Moscow, among whom I knew a great many persons of respectable families, advocates, young ecclesiastics, gentlemen, and even officers. Germany is filled with our wretched compatriots. In the Courts of the South and of the North, what is to be seen but French dancers and comedians? This we have in common at this day with the Italians, and this we had in common with the Greeks of the lower empire. In order to find the means of subsistence, we hunt after a country dif-

ferent from that to which we owe our birth. We do not find the other nations of Europe in this erratic state, except the Swiss, who trade in the human species, but who all return home after having made their fortune. Our compatriots never return; because the precarious employments which they pursue do not admit of their amassing the means of a reputable subsistence, one day in their native country.

Men of letters who were never out of their country, or who reflect superficially, are constantly exclaiming against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But if they imagine that the restoration of that Edict would bring back to France the posterity of the French Refugees, they are greatly mistaken. Those surely who are rich, and comfortably settled in foreign countries, will never think of resigning their establishments, and of returning to the country of their fathers: none but *poor* Protestants therefore would come back. But what should they do there, when so many national Catholics are under the necessity of emigrating for want of subsistence? I have been oftener than once astonished at hearing our pretended politicians loudly re-demanding so many citizens to religion, while, by their silence, they abandon such numbers of them to the insatiable avidity of our great proprietors. The truth ought to be told: they have written rather out of hatred to priests, than from love to men. The spirit of tolerance which they wish to establish, is a vain pretext, with which they conceal their real aim; for the Protestants whom they are disposed to recal, are just as intolerant as they accuse the Catholics of being; of which we had an instance a few years ago,

in

in the very Land of Liberty, in England, where a Roman Catholic Chapel was burnt down to the ground. Intolerance is a vice of European education, and which manifests itself in literature, in systems, and in puppet-shows. There is a farther reason to be assigned for these clamours: it is the same reason which sets them a-talking for the aggrandisement of commerce, and silences them on the subject of agriculture, which is from it's very nature the most noble of all occupations. It is, since we must speak out, because rich merchants and great proprietors give splendid suppers, which are attended by fine women, who build up and destroy reputations at their pleasure, whereas the tillers of the ground, and persons starved into exile, give none. The table is now-a-days the main-spring of the aristocracy of the opulent. By means of this engine it is that an opinion, which may sometimes involve the ruin of a State, acquires preponderancy. There too it is, that the honour of a soldier, of a bishop, of a magistrate, of a man of letters, is frequently blasted by a woman who has forfeited her own.

Modern politics have advanced another very gross error, in alleging that riches always find their level in a state. When the indigent are once multiplied in it to a certain point, a wretched emulation is produced among those poor people who shall give himself away the cheapest. Whilst on the one hand, the rich man teazed by his famished compatriots for employment, over-rates the value of his money, the poor, in order to obtain a preference, let down the price of their labour, till at length it becomes inadequate to their subsistence. And then

we

we behold in the best countries, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, all expire. Consult for this purpose, the accounts given us of different districts of Italy, and among others what Mr. *Brydone* has advanced in his very sensible Tour,* notwithstanding the severe strictures of a canon of Palermo, respecting the luxury and extreme opulence of the Sicilian nobility and clergy, and the abject misery of the peasantry; and you will perceive whether money has found its level in that island or not.

I have been in Malta, which is in no respect comparable, as to fertility of soil, with Sicily; for it consists entirely of one white rock; but that rock is extremely rich in foreign wealth, from the perpetual revenue of the commanderies of the Order of St. John, the capitals of which are deposited in all the Catholic States of Europe, and from the reversions, or spoils, of the Knights who die in foreign countries, and which find their way thither every year. It might be rendered still more opulent by the commodiousness of its harbour, which is situated the most advantageously of any in the Mediterranean: the peasant is there nevertheless in a most misera-

* I quote a great many books of travels, because, of all literary productions, I love and esteem them the most. I myself have travelled a great deal, and I can affirm with truth, that I have almost always found them agreed, respecting the productions, and the manners of every country, unless when warped by national or party spirit. We must however, except a small number, whose romantic tone strikes at first sight. They are run down by every body, yet every body consults them. They afford a constant supply of information to Geographers, Naturalists, Navigators, Traders, Political Writers, Philosophers, Compilers on all subjects, Historians of foreign Nations, and even those of our own Country, when they are desirous of knowing the truth.

ble

ble condition. His whole clothing consists of drawers, which descend no lower than his knees, and of a shirt without sleeves. He sometimes takes his stand in the great square, his breast, legs, and arms quite naked, and scorched with the heat of the Sun, waiting for a fare, at the rate of one shilling a day with a carriage capable of holding four persons drawn by a horse, from day-break till midnight; and thus equipped, to attend travellers to any part of the island they think proper, without any obligation on their part to give either him or his beast so much as a draught of water. He conducts his calash, running always bare-footed over the rocks before his horse, which he leads by the bridle, and before the lazy Knight, who hardly ever deigns to speak to him, unless it be to regale him with the appellation of scoundrel; whereas the guide never presumes to make a reply but with cap in hand, and with the address of, Your Most Illustrious Lordship. The treasury of the Republic is filled with gold and silver, and the common people are never paid but in a copper coin called a piece of four tarins, equivalent, in ideal value, to eightpence of our money, and intrinsically worth little more than two farthings. It is stamped with this device, *non æs, sed fides;* "not value, but confidence." What a difference to exclusive possessions, and gold, introduce between man and man! A grave porter in Holland demands of you in *gout geuldt*, that is, good money, for carrying your portmanteau the length of a street, as much as the humble Maltese Bastaze receives for carrying you and three of your friends, a whole day together around the island.

The

The Dutchman is well clothed, and has his pockets lined with good pieces of gold and silver. His coin presents a very different inscription from that of Malta: you read these words on it: *Concordia res parvæ crescunt*; "through concord small things "increase." There is in truth as great a difference between the power and the felicity of one State and another, as between the inscriptions and the substances of their coin.

In Nature it is that we are to look for the subsistence of a people, and in their liberty the channel in which it is to flow. The spirit of monopoly has destroyed many of the branches of it among us, which are pouring in tides of wealth upon our neighbours; such are, among others, the whale, cod, and herring fisheries. I admit at the same time on the present occasion, that there are enterprizes which require the concurrence of a great number of hands, as well for their preservation and protection, as in order to accelerate their operations, such as the salt-water fisheries: but it is the business of the state to see to the administration of them. No one of our companies has ever been actuated by the patriotic spirit; they have been associated, if I may be allowed the expression, only for the purpose of forming small particular States. It is not so with the Dutch. For example, as they carry on the herring-fishery to the northward of Scotland, for this fish is always better the farther North you go in quest of it, they have ships of war to protect the fishery. They have others of a very large burthen, called busses, employed night and day in catching them with the net: and others contrived to sail remarkably

kably fast, which take them on board, and carry them quite fresh to Holland. Besides all this, they have premiums proposed to the vessel which first brings her cargo of fish to market at Amsterdam. The fish of the first barrel is paid at the Stadthouse, at the rate of a golden ducat, or about nine shillings and sixpence a-piece, and those of the rest of the cargo at the rate of a florin, or one shilling and tenpence each.

This is a powerful inducement to the proprietors of the fishing vessels, to stretch out to the North as far as possible, in order to meet the fish, which are there of a size and of a delicacy of flavour far superior to those which are caught in the vicinity of our coasts. The Dutch erected a statue to the man who first discovered the method of smoking them, and of making what they call red-herring. They thought, and they thought justly, that the citizen who procures for his country a new source of subsistence, and a new branch of commerce, deserves to rank with those who enlighten, or who defend it. From such attentions as these we see with what vigilance they watch over every thing capable of contributing to public abundance. It is inconceivable to what good account they turn an infinite number of productions, which we suffer to run to waste, and this from a soil sandy, marshy, and naturally poor and ungrateful.

I never knew a country in which there was such plenty of every thing. They have no vines in the country, and there are more wines in their cellars than in those of Bourdeaux: they have no forests, and there is no ship-building timber in their dock-

yards than at the sources of the Meuse and of the Rhine, from which their oaks are transmitted. Holland contains little or no arable ground, and her granaries contain more Polish corn than that great kingdom reserves for the support of its own inhabitants. The same thing holds true as to articles of luxury; for though they observe extreme simplicity in dress, furniture, and domestic economy, there is more marble on sale in their magazines than lies cut in the quarries of Italy and of the Archipelago; more diamonds and pearls in their caskets than in those of the jewellers of Portugal; and more rose-wood, Acajou, Sandal, and India canes than there are in all Europe besides, though their own country produces nothing but willows and linden-trees.

The felicity of the inhabitants presents a spectacle still more interesting. I never saw all over the country so much as one beggar, nor a house in which there was a single brick or a single pane of glass deficient. But the 'Change of Amsterdam is the great object of admiration. It is a very large pile of building, of an architecture abundantly simple, the quadrangular court of which is surrounded by a colonade. Each of its pillars, and they are very numerous, has it's chapiter inscribed with the name of some one of the principal cities of the World, as Constantinople, Leghorn, Canton, Petersburg, Batavia, and so on; and is, in propriety of speech, the centre of its commerce in Europe. Of these are very few but what every day witnesses transactions to the amount of millions. Most of the good people who there assemble are dressed in brown, and without ruffles. This contrast appeared to me so much

much the more striking, that only five days before I happened to be upon the Palais Royal at Paris, at the same hour of the day, which was then crowded with people dressed in brilliant colours, with gold and silver laces, and prating about nothings, the opera, literature, kept mistresses, and such contemptible trifles, and who had not, the greatest part of them, at least, a single crown in their pocket which they could call their own.

We had with us a young tradesman of Nantes, whose affairs had been unfortunately deranged, and who had come to seek an asylum in Holland, where he did not know a single person. He disclosed his situation to my travelling companion, a gentleman of the name of *Le Breton*. This Mr. *Le Breton* was a Swiss officer in the Dutch service, half soldier, half merchant, one of the best men living, who first gave him encouragement, and recommended him immediately on his arrival to his own elder brother, a respectable trader, who boarded in the same house where he had fixed. Mr. *Le Breton* the elder carried this unfortunate refugee to the Exchange, and recommended him without ceremony, and without humiliation, to a commercial agent, who simply asked of the young Frenchman a specimen of his hand writing; he then took down his name and address in his pocket-book, and desired him to return next day to the same place at the same hour. I did not fail to observe the assignation in company with him and Mr. *Le Breton*. The agent appeared, and presented my compatriot with a list of seven or eight situations of clerk, in different counting-houses, some of which were worth

worth better than thirty guineas a-year, besides board and lodging; others about, sixty pounds without board. He was accordingly settled at once, without further solicitation. I asked the elder Mr. *Le Breton* whence came the active vigilence of this agent in favour of a stranger, and one entirely unknown to him: He replied; "It is his "trade; he receives as an acknowledgment, one "month's salary of the person for whom he provides. "Do not be surprised at this," added he, every "thing here is turned to a commercial account, "from an odd old shoe up to a squadron of ships."

We must not suffer ourselves to be dazzled, however, by the illusions of a prodigious commerce; and here it is that our politics have frequently misled us. Trade and manufactures, we are told, introduce millions into a State; but the fine wools, the dye-stuffs, the gold and silver, and the other preparatives imported from foreign countries, are tributes which must be paid back; the people would not have manufactured the less of the wools of the country on their own account; and if its cloths had been of the lowest quality, they would have been at least converted to their use. The unlimited commerce of a country is adapted to a people possessing an ungracious and contracted territory, such as the Dutch; they export, not their own superfluity, but that of other nations; and they run no risk of wanting necessaries, an evil which frequently befals many territorial powers. What does it avail a people to clothe all Europe with their woollens, if they themselves go naked; to collect the best wines in the World, if they drink nothing but

but water; and to export the finest of flour, if they eat only bread made of bran? Examples of such abuses might easily be adduced from Poland, from Spain, and from other countries, which pass for the most regularly governed.

It is in agriculture chiefly that France ought to look for the principal means of subsistence for her inhabitants. Besides agriculture is the great support of morals and religion. It renders marriages easy, necessary, and happy. It contributes toward raising a numerous progeny, which it employs, almost as soon as they are able to crawl, in collecting the fruits of the earth, or in tending the flocks and herds; but it bestows these advantages only on small landed properties. We have already said, and it cannot be repeated too frequently, that small possessions double and quadruple in a country both crops, and the hands which gather them. Great estates, on the contrary, in the hand of one man, transform a country into vast solitudes. They inspire the wealthy farmers with a relish for city pride and luxury, and with a dislike of country employments. Hence they place their daughters in convents, that they may be bred as ladies, and send their sons to academies, to prepare them for becoming advocates or abbés. They rob the children of the trades-people of their resources; for if the inhabitants of the country are always pressing toward an establishment in town, those of the great towns never look toward the plains, because they are blighted by tallages and imposts.

Great landed properties expose the State to another dangerous inconvenience, to which I do not

believe that much attention has hitherto been paid. The lands thus cultivated lie in fallow one year at least in three, and in many cases, once every other year. It must happen accordingly, as in every thing left to chance, that sometimes great quanties of such land lie fallow at once, and at other times very little. In those years undoubtedly when the greatest part of those lands is lying fallow, much less corn must be reaped over the kingdom at large than in other years. This source of distress, which has never, as far as I know, as yet engaged the attention of Government, is one of the causes of that dearth, or unforeseen scarcity of grain, which from time to time falls heavy not on France only, but on the different Nations of Europe.

Nature has parcelled out the administration of agriculture between Man and herself. To herself she has reserved the management of the winds, the rain, the Sun, the expansion of the plants; and she is wonderfully exact in adapting the elements conformably to the seasons: but she has left to Man, the adaption of vegetables, of soils, the proportions which their culture ought to have to the societies to be maintained by them, and all the other cares and occupations which their preservation, their distribution, and their police demand. I consider this remark as of sufficient importance to evince the necessity of appointing a particular Minister of agriculture.* If it should be found impossible for him

* There are many other reasons which militate in favour of the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture. The watering canals absorbed by the luxury of the great Lords, or by the commerce of the great Towns; the puddles and laystalls which poison the villages, and feed perpetual

him to prevent chance-combinations in the lands which might be in fallow all at once, he would have it at least in his power to prohibit the transportation of the grain of the country, in those years when the greatest part of the land was in full crop, for it is clear almost to a demonstration, that the following year, the general produce will be so much less, as a considerable proportion of the lands will then of course be in fallow.

Small farms are not subjected to such vicissitudes; they are every year productive, and almost at all seasons. Compare, as I have already suggested, the quantity of fruits, of roots, of pot-herbs, of grass, and of grain annually reaped, and without intermission, on a tract of ground in the vicinity of Paris, called the *Pré Saint-Gervais*, the extent of which is but moderate, situated besides on a declivity, and exposed to the North, with the productions of an equal portion of ground taken in the plains of the neighbourhood, and managed on the great scale of agriculture; and you will be sensible of a prodigious difference. There is likewise a difference equally striking in the number, and in the moral character of the labouring poor who cultivate them. I have heard a respectable

perpetual focuses of epidemic disease; the safety of the great roads, and the regulation of the inns upon them; the militia-draughts and imposts of the peasantry; the injustice to which they are in many cases subjected, without daring so much as to complain, these would present to him a multitude of useful establishments which might be made, or of abuses which might be corrected. I am aware that most of these functions are apportioned into divers departments; but it is impossible they should harmonize, and effectually co-operate, till the responsibility attaches to a single individual.

Ecclesiastic declare, that the former class went regularly to confession once a month, and that frequently their confession contained nothing which called for absolution.

I say nothing of the endless variety of delight which results from their labours; from their beds of pinks, of violets, of larks-heel; their fields of corn, of pease, of pulse; their edgings of lilach, of vines, by which the small possessions are subdivided: their stripes of meadow ground displaying alternately opening glades, clumps of willows and poplars discovering through their moving umbrage, at the distance of several leagues, either the mountains melting away into the horizon, or unknown castles, or the village-spires in the plain, whose rural chimes from time to time catch the ear. Here and there you fall in with a fountain of limpid water, the source of which is covered with an arch enclosed on every side with large slabs of stone, which give it the appearance of an antique monument. I have sometimes read the following innocent inscriptions traced on the stones with a bit of charcoal:

COLIN *and* COLETTE, *this 8th of March.*
ANTOINETTE *and* SEBASTIAN, *this 6th of May.*

And I have been infinitely more delighted with such inscriptions than with those of the Academy of Sciences. When the families which cultivate this enchanted spot are scattered about, parents and children, through it's glens, and along it's ridges, while the ear is struck with the distant voice of a country lass singing unperceived, or while the eye is caught by the figure of a lusty young

young swain, mounted on an apple-tree, with his basket and ladder, looking this way and that way, and listening to the song, like another *Vertumnus:* Where is the park with it's statues, it's marbles, and it's bronzes, once to be compared with it?

O ye rich! who wish to encompass yourselves with elysian scenery, let your park-walls enclose villages blest with rural felicity. What deserted tracks of land over the whole kingdom might present the same spectacle! I have seen Brittany, and other provinces, covered as far as the eye could reach with heath, and where nothing grew but a species of prickly furze, black and yellowish. Our agricultural companies, which there to no purpose employ their large ploughs of new construction, have pronounced those regions to be smitten with perpetual sterility; but these heaths discover, by the ancient divisions of the fields, and by the ruins of old huts and fences, that they have been formerly in a state of cultivation. They are at this day surrounded by farms in a thriving condition, on the self-same soil. How many others would be still more fruitful, such as those of Bourdeaux, which are covered over with great pines! A soil which produces a tall tree is surely capable of bearing an ear of corn.

In speaking of the vegetable order, we have indicated the means of distinguishing the natural analogies of plants with each latitude and each soil. There is actually no soil whatever, were it mere sand, or mud, on which, through a particular kindness of Providence, some one or other of our domestic plants may not thrive. But the first step to

be taken is to re-sow the woods which formerly sheltered those places, now exposed to the action of the winds, whereby the germ of every smaller plant is cankered as it shoots. These means however, and many others of a similar nature, belong not to the jurisdiction of insatiable companies, with their delineations on the great scale, neither are they consistent with provincial imposts and oppression; they depend on the local and patient assiduity of families enjoing liberty, possessing property which they can call their own, not subjected to petty tyrants, but holding immediately of the Sovereign. By such patriotic means as these the Dutch have forced oaks to grow at Schevelling, a village in the neighbourhood of the Hague, in pure sea-land, of which I have had the evidence from my own eyes. I repeat an assertion already hazarded: It is not on the face of vast domains, but into the basket of the vintager, and the apron of the reaper, that GOD pours down from Heaven the precious fruits of the Earth.

These extensive districts of land in the kingdom lying totally useless, have attracted the attention of sordid cupidity; but there is a still greater quantity which has escaped it, from the impossibility of forming such tracks into marquisates or seignories; and because likewise the great plough is not at all applicable to them. These are, among others, the stripes by the high-way side, which are innumerable. Our great roads are, I admit, for the most part rendered productive, being skirted with elms. The elm is undoubtedly a very useful tree: it's wood is proper for cart-wright's work. But we have

have a tree which is far preferable to it, because it's wood is never attacked by the insect; it is excellent for wainscotting, and it produces abundance of very nutrimental food: it is the chesnut-tree I mean. A judgment may be formed of the duration and of the beauty of it's wood, from the ancient wainscotting of the market St. Germain, before it was burnt down. The joists were of a prodigious length and thickness, and perfectly sound, though more than four hundred years old. The durable quality of this wood may still be ascertained, by examining the wainscotting of the ancient castle of Marcoussi, built in the time of *Charles* VI. about five leagues from Paris. We have of late entirely neglected this valuable tree, which is now allowed to grow only as coppice wood in our forests. It's port however is very majestic, it's foliage beautiful, and it bears such a quantity of fruit, in tiers multiplied one a-top of the other, that no spot of the same extent sown with corn, could produce a crop of subsistence so plentiful.

It must be admitted, as we have seen, in discussing the characters of vegetables, that this tree takes pleasure only in dry and elevated situations; but we have another adapted to the vallies and humid places, of not much inferior utility, whether we attend to the wood or to the fruit, and whose port is equally majestic: it is the walnut-tree. These beautiful trees would magnificently decorate our great roads. With them might likewise be intermixed other trees peculiar to each district. They would announce to travellers the various provinces of the kingdom: the vine, Burgundy; the apple-tree,

Normandy; the mulberry, Dauphiny; the olive, Provence. Their stems loaded with produce, would determine much better than stakes furnished with iron collars, and than the tremendous gibbets of criminal justice, the limits of each province, and the gently diversified seignories of Nature.

It may be objected, that the crops would be gathered by passengers; but they hardly ever touch the grapes in the vineyards which sometimes skirt the highway. Besides if they were to pick the fruit, what harm would be done? When the King of Prussia ordered the sides of many of the great roads through Pomerania to be planted with fruit-trees, it was insinuated to him that the fruit would be stolen: "The people," replied he, "at least, will "profit by it." Our cross-roads present perhaps still more lost ground than the great highways. If it is considered, that by means of them the communication it kept up between the smaller cities, towns, villages, hamlet, abbeys, castles, and even single country-houses; that several of them issue in the same place, and that every one must have at least the breadth of a chariot; we shall find the whole space which they occupy to be of incredible magnitude. It would be proper to begin with applying the line to them; for most of them proceed in a serpentine direction, which in many cases adds a full third to their length beyond what is necessary. I acknowledge at the same time, that these sinuosities are highly agreeable, especially along the declivity of a hill, over the ridge of a mountain, in rural situations, or through the midst of forests. But they might be rendered susceptible of another

kind

kind of beauty, by skirting them with fruit-trees, which do not rise to a great height, and which, flying off in perspective, would give a greater apparent extension to the landscape. These trees would likewise afford a shade to travellers. The husbandmen I know allege, that the shade so grateful to passengers, is injurious to their standing corn. They are undoubtedly in the right, as to several sorts of grain; but there are some which thrive better in places somewhat shaded than any where else, as may be seen in the *Pré Saint-Gervais*. Besides, the farmer would be amply indemnified by the wood of the fruit-trees, and by the crops of fruit. The interests even of the husbandman and of the traveller might farther be rendered compatible, by planting only the roads which go from North to South, and the south side of those which run East and West, so that the shade of their trees should scarcely fall on the arable lands.

It would be moreover necessary, in order to increase the national subsistence, to restore to the plough great quantities of land now in pasture. There is hardly such a thing as a meadow in all China, a country so extremely populous. The Chinese sow every where corn and rice, and feed their cattle with the straw. They say it is better that the beasts should live with Man than Man with the beasts. The cattle are not the less fat for this. The German horses, the most vigorous of animals, feed entirely on straw cut short, with a small mixture of barley or oats. Our farmers are every day adopting practices the directly contrary

trary of this economy. They turn, as I have observed in many provinces, a great deal of land which formerly produced corn into small grass farms, to save the expence of cultivation, and especially to escape the tithe, which their clergy do not receive from pasture-lands. I have seen in Lower Normandy immense quantities of land, thus forced out of it's natural state, greatly to the public detriment. The following anecdote was told me, on my taking notice of an ancient track of corn-land which had undergone a metamorphosis of this sort. The rector, vexed at losing part of his revenue, without having it in his power to complain, said to the owner of the land, by way of advice: "Master *Peter*, in my opinion, if you "would remove the stones from that ground, "dung it well, plough it thoroughly, and sow it "with corn, you might still raise very excellent "crops." The farmer, an arch, shrewd fellow, perceiving the drift of his tithing-man, replied: "You are in the right, good Mr. Rector; if you "will take the ground and do all this to it, I shall "ask no more of you than the tithe of the crop."

Our agriculture will never attain all the activity of which it is susceptible unless it is restored to it's native dignity. Means ought therefore to be employed to induce a multitude of easy and idle burghers, who vegetate in our small cities, to go and live in the country. In order to determine them to this, husbandmen ought to be exempted from the humiliating impositions of tallage, of seignorial exactions, and even of those of the militia-service,

to

to which they are at present subjected. The state must undoubtedly be served, when necessity requires; but wherefore affix characters of humiliation to the services which she imposes? Why not accept a commutation in money? It would require a great deal, our Politicians tell us. Yes, undoubtedly. But do not our Burgesses likewise pay many imposts in our towns, in lieu of these very services? Besides, the more inhabitants that there are scattered over the country, the lighter will fall the burthen on those who are assessable. A man properly brought up, would much rather be touched in his purse, than suffer in his self-love.

By what fatal contradiction have we subjected the greatest part of the lands of France to soccage-tenures, while we have ennobled those of the New World? The same husbandman who in France must pay tallage, and go with the pick-axe in his hand to labour on the high-road, may introduce his children into the King's Houshold, provided he is an inhabitant of one of the West India Islands. This injudicious dispensation of nobility has proved no less fatal to those foreign possessions, into which it has introduced slavery, than to the lands of the Mother country, the labourers of which it has drained of many of their resources. Nature invited into the wildernesses of America the overflowings of the European Nations; she had there disposed every thing, with an attention truly maternal, to indemnify the Europeans for the loss of their country. There is no necessity, in those regions, for a man to scorch himself in the Sun while he reaps his grain, nor to be benumbed with cold in tending his flocks

flocks as they feed, nor to cleave the stubborn earth with the clumsy plough to make it produce aliment for him, nor to rake into it's bowels to extract from thence iron, stone, clay, and the first materials of his house and furniture. Kind nature has there placed on trees, in the shade, and within the reach of the hand, all that is necessary and agreeable to human life. She has there deposited milk and butter in the nuts of the cocoa-tree; perfumed creams in the apples of the *atte*; table linen and provision in the large satiny leaves, and in the delicious figs, of the banana; loaves ready for the fire in the potatoes, and the roots of the manioc; down finer than the wool of the fleecy sheep in the shell of the cotton plant; dishes of every form in the gourds of the calabasse. She had there contrived habitations, impenetrable by the rain and by the rays of the Sun, under the thick branches of the Indian fig-tree, which rising toward heaven, and afterwards descending down to the ground where they take root, form by their continued arcades palaces of verdure. She had scattered about, for the purposes at once of delight and of commerce, along the rivers, in the bosom of the rocks, and in the very bed of torrents, the maze, the sugar-cane, the chocolate-nut, the tobacco-plant, with a multitude of other useful vegetables, and from the resemblance of the latitudes of this New World to that of the different countries of the Old, she promised it's future inhabitants to adopt, in their favour, the coffee-plant, the indigo, and the other most valuable vegetable productions of Africa and of Asia. Wherefore has the ambition of Europe inundated those happy

py climates with the tears of the human race? Ah! had liberty and virtue collected and united their first planters, how many charms would French industry have added to the natural fecundity of the soil, and to the happy temperature of the tropical regions!

No fogs or excessive heats are here to be dreaded; and though the Sun passes twice a year over their Zenith, he every day brings with him, as he rises above the Horizon, along the surface of the Sea, a cooling breeze which all day long refreshes the mountains, the forests, and the vallies. What delicious retreats might our poor soldiers and possessionless peasants find in those fortunate islands! What expense in garrisons might there have been spared! What petty seignories might there have become the recompense either of gallant officers, or of virtuous citizens! What nurseries of excellent seamen might be formed by the turtle-fishery, so abundant on the shallows surrounding the islands, or by the still more extensive and profitable cod-fishery on the banks of Newfoundland! It would not have cost Europe much more than the expence of the settlement of the first families. With what facility might they have been successively extended to the most remote distances, by forming them after the manner of the Caraïbs themselves, one after another, and at the expense of the community! Undoubtedly had this natural progression been adopted, our power would at this day have extended to the very centre of the American Continent, and could have bidden defiance to every attack.

Government has been taught to believe that the

independence of our colonies would be a necessary consequence of their prosperity, and the case of the Anglo-American colonies has been adduced in proof of this. But these colonies were not lost to Great Britain because she had rendered them too happy; it was on the contrary because she oppressed them. Britain was besides guilty of a great error, by introducing too great a mixture of strangers among her colonists. There is farther a remarkable difference between the genius of the English and ours. The Englishman carries his country with him wherever he goes: if he is making a fortune abroad, he embellishes his habitation in the place where he is settled, introduces the manufactures of his own Nation into it, there he lives, and there he dies; or if he returns to his country, he fixes his residence near the place of his birth. The Frenchman does not feel in the same manner: all those whom I have seen in the islands, always consider themselves as strangers there. During a twenty years residence in one habitation they will not plant a single tree before the door of the house, for the benefit of enjoying it's shade; to hear them talk, they are all on the wing to depart next year at farthest. If they actually happen to acquire a fortune away they go, nay frequently without having made any thing, and on their return home settle, not in their native province or village, but at Paris.

This is not the place to unfold the cause of that national aversion to the place of birth, and of that predilection in favour of the Capital; it is an effect of several moral causes, and among others of education.

tion. Be it as it may, this turn of mind is alone sufficient to prevent for ever the independence of our colonies. The enormous expense of preserving them, and the facility with which they are captured, ought to have cured us of this prejudice. They are all in such a state of weakness, that if their commerce with the mother-country were to be interrupted but for a few years, they would presently be distressed for want of many articles essentially necessary. It is even singularly remarkable, that they do not manufacture there a single production of the country. They raise cotton of the very finest quality, but make no cloth of it as in Europe; they do not so much as practise the art of spinning it, as the savages do; nor do they, like them, turn to any account the threads of *pitte*, of those of the banana, or of the leaves of the palmist. The cocoa-tree, which is a treasure to the East Indies, comes to great perfection in our islands, and scarcely any use is made of the fruit, or of the threaden husk that covers it. They cultivate indigo, but employ it in no process whatever of dying. Sugar then is the only article of produce which is there pursued through the several necessary processes, because it cannot be turned to commercial account till it is manufactured; and after all it must be refined in Europe before it attains a state of full perfection.

We have had, it must be admitted, some seditious insurrections in our Colonies; but these have been much more frequent in their state of weakness than in that of their opulence. It is the injudicious choice of the persons sent thither which has at all times rendered them the seat of discord. How could it

be expected that citizens who had disturbed the tranquillity of a long established state of Society, should concur in promoting the peace and prosperity of a rising community? The Greeks and Romans employed the flower of their youth, and their most virtuous citizens, in the plantation of their colonies: and they became themselves kingdoms and empires. Far different is the case with us; bachelor-soldiers, seamen, gownmen, and those of every rank; officers of the higher orders, so numerous and so useless, have filled ours with the passions of Europe, with a rage for fashion, with unprofitable luxury, with corruptive maxims and licentious manners. Nothing of this kind was to be apprehended from our undebauched peasantry. Bodily labour soothes to rest the solicitudes of the mind, fixes it's natural restlessness, and promotes among the people health, patriotism, religion and happiness. But admitting that in process of time these Colonies should be separated from France: Did Greece waste herself in tears when her flourishing colonies carried her laws and renown over the coasts of Asia, and along the shores of the Euxine Sea, and of the Mediterranean? Did she take the alarm when they became the stems out of which sprung powerful kingdoms and illustrious republics? Because they separated from her were they transformed into her enemies; and was she not, on the contrary, frequently protected by them? What harm would have ensued had shoots from the tree of France borne lilies in America, and shaded the New World with their majestic branches?

Let the truth be frankly acknowledged, few men admitted

admitted to the councils of Princes take a lively interest in the felicity of Mankind. When sight of this great object is lost, national prosperity and the glory of the Sovereign quickly disappear. Our Politicians by keeping the Colonies in a perpetual state of dependence, of agitation and penury, have discovered ignorance of the nature of Man, who attaches himself to the place which he inhabits only by the ties of the felicity which he enjoys. By introducing into them the slavery of the Negroes, they have formed a connection between them and Africa, and have broken asunder that which ought to have united them to their poor fellow-citizens. They have farther discovered ignorance of the European character, which is continually apprehensive, under a warm climate, of seeing it's blood degraded like that of it's slaves; and which sighs incessantly after new alliances with it's compatriots, for keeping up in the veins of those little one's the circulation of the clear, and lively colour of the European blood, and the sentiment of country still more interesting. By giving them perpetually new civil and military rulers, magistrates entire strangers to them, who keep them under a severe yoke; men, in a word, eager to accumulate fortune, they have betrayed ignorance of the French character, which had no need of such barriers to restrain it to the love of country, seeing it is universally regretting it's productions, it's honours, nay it's very disorders. They have accordingly succeeded neither in forming colonists for America, nor patriots for France; and they have mistaken at once the interests of their Nation, and of their Sovereigns, whom they meant to serve.

I have dwelt the longer on the subject of these abuses, that they are not yet beyond the power of remedy in various respects, and that there are still lands in the New World on which a change may be attempted in the nature of our establishments. But this is neither the time nor the place for unfolding the means of these. After having proposed some remedies for the physical disorders of the Nation, let us now proceed to the moral irregularity which is the source of them. The principle cause is the spirit of division which prevails between the different orders of the State. There are only two methods of cure; the first, to extinguish the motives to division, the second, to multiply and increase the motives to union.

The greatest part of our Writers make a boast of our national spirit of society; and foreigners in reality look upon it as the most sociable in Europe. Foreigners are in the right, for the truth is we receive and caress them with ardor; but our Writers are under a mistake. Shall I venture to expose it? We are thus fond of strangers because we do not love our compatriots. For my own part I have never met with this spirit of union either in families or in associations, or in natives of the same province; I except only the inhabitants of a single province which I must not name; who as soon as they are got a little from home, express the greatest ardor of affection for each other. But as all the truth must out, it is rather from antipathy to the other inhabitants of the kingdom than from love to their compatriots, for from time immemorial, that province has been celebrated for intestines divisions.

visions. In general, the real spirit of patriotism, which is the first sentiment of humanity, is very rare in Europe, and particularly among ourselves.

Without carrying this reasoning any farther, let us look for proofs of the fact which are level to every capacity. When we read certain relations of the customs and manners of the Nations of Asia, we are touched with the sentiment of humanity, which among them attracts men to each other, notwithstanding the phlegmatic taciturnity which reigns in their assemblies. If, for example, an Asiatic on a journey stops to enjoy his repast, his servants and camel-driver collect around him, and place themselves at his table. If a stranger happens to pass by, he too sits down with him, and after having made an inclination of the head to the master of the family, and given GOD thanks, he rises and goes on his way, without being interrogated by any one who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. This hospitable practice is common to the Armenians, to the Georgians, to the Turks, to the Persians, to the Siamese, to the Blacks of Madagascar, and to different Nations of Africa and of America. In those countries Man is still dear to Man.

At Paris, on the contrary, if you go into the dining-room of a Tavern, where there are a dozen tables spread, should twelve persons arrive one after another, you see each of them take his place apart at a separate table without uttering a syllable. If new guests did not successively come in, each of the first twelve would eat his morsel alone,

like a Carthusian monk. For some time a profound silence prevails, till some thoughtless fellow put into good humour by his dinner, and pressed by an inclination to talk, takes upon him to set the conversation a-going. Upon this the eyes of the whole company are drawn toward the orator, and he is measured in a twinkling from head to foot. If he has the air of a person of consequence, that is rich, they give him the hearing. Nay he finds persons disposed to flatter him, by confirming his intelligence, and applauding his literary opinion, or his loose maxim. But if his appearance displays no mark of extraordinary distinction, had he delivered sentiments worthy of a *Socrates*, scarce has he proceeded to the opening of his thesis when some one interrupts him with a flat contradiction. His opponents are contradicted in their turn by other wits who think proper to enter the lists; when the conversation becomes general and noisy. Sarcasms, harsh names, perfidious insinuations, gross abuse, usually conclude the sitting; and each of the guests retires perfectly well-pleased with himself, and with a hearty contempt for the rest.

You find the same scenes acted in our coffee-houses, and on our public walks. Men go thither expressly to hunt for admiration, and to play the critic. It is not the spirit of Society which allures us toward each other, but the spirit of division. In what is called good company matters are still worse managed. If you mean to be well received you must pay for your dinner at the expence of the family

mily with whom you supped the night before. Nay you may think yourself very well off if it costs you only a few scandalous anecdotes; and if, in order to be well with the husband, you are not obliged to bubble him, by making love to his wife!

The original source of these divisions is to be traced up to our mode of education. We are taught from earliest infancy to prefer ourselves to others, by continued suggestions to be the first among our school-companions. As this unprofitable emulation presents not to far the greatest part of the citizens, any career to be performed on the theatre of the World, each of them assumes a preference from his province, his birth, his rank, his figure, his dress, nay the tutelary saint of his parish. Hence proceed our social animosities, and all the insulting nicknames given by the Norman to the Gascogn, by the Parisian to the Champenois, by the man of family to the man of no family, by the Lawyer to the Ecclesiastic, by the Jansenist to the Molinist, and so on. The man asserts his pre eminence, especially, by opposing his own good qualities to the faults of his neighbour. This is the reason that slander is so easy, so agreeable, and that it is in general the master-spring of our conversations.

A person of high quality one day said to me, that there did not exist a man, however wretched, whom he did not find superior to himself in respect to some advantage, whereby he surpasses persons of our condition, whether it be as to youth, health, talents, figure, or in short some one good quality

quality or another, whatever our superiority in other respects may be. This is literally true; but this manner of viewing the members of a Society belongs to the province of virtue, and that is not ours. The contrary maxim being equally true, our pride lays hold of that, and finds a determination to it from the manners of the World, and from our very education, which from infancy suggests the necessity of this personal preference.

Our public spectacles farther concur toward the increase of the spirit of division among us. Our most celebrated comedies usually represent tutors cozened by their pupils, fathers by their children, husbands by their wives, masters by their servants. The shows of the populace exhibit nearly the same pictures; and as if they were not already sufficiently disposed to irregularity, they are presented with scenes of intoxication, of lewdness, of robbery, of constables drubbed; these instruct them to under-value at once morals and magistrates. Spectacles draw together the bodies of the citizens, and alienate their minds.

Comedy, we are told, cures vice by the power of ridicule; *castigat ridendo mores.* This adage is equally false with many others which are made the basis of our morality. Comedy teaches us to laugh at another, and nothing more. No one says, when the representation is over, the portrait of this miser has a strong resemblance of myself: but every one instantly discerns in it the image and likeness of his neighbour. It is long since *Horace* made this remark. But on the supposition that a man should perceive himself in the dramatic represen-

tation, I do not perceive how the reformation of vice would ensue. How could it be imagined that the way for a physician to cure his patient, would be to clap a mirror before his face, and then laugh at him? If my vice is held up as an object of ridicule, the laugh, so far from giving me a disgust at it, plunges me in the deeper. I employ every effort to conceal it; I become a hypocrite: without taking into the account, that the laugh is much more frequently levelled against virtue than against vice. It is not the faithless wife, or profligate son, who is held up to scorn, but the good-natured husband or the indulgent father. In justification of our own taste we refer to that of the Greeks; but we forget that their idle spectacles directed the public attention to the most frivolous objects; that their stage frequently turned into ridicule the virtue of the most illustrious citizens; and that their scenic exhibitions multiplied among them the aversions and the jealousies which accelerated their ruin.

Not that I would represent laughing as a crime, or that I believe, with *Hobbes*, it must proceed from pride. Children laugh, but most assuredly not from pride. They laugh at sight of a flower, at the sound of a rattle. There is a laugh of joy, of satisfaction, of composure. But ridicule differs widely from the smile of Nature. It is not, like this last, the effect of some agreeable harmony in our sensations, or in our sentiments: but it is the result of a harsh contrast between two objects, of which the one is great, the other little; of which the one is powerful

ful and the other feeble. It is remarkably singular that ridicule is produced by the very same oppositions which produce terror; with this difference, that in ridicule the mind makes a transition from an object that is formidable to one that is frivolous, and in terror from an object that is frivolous to one that is formidable. The aspic of *Cleopatra* in a basket of fruit; the fingers of the hand which wrote, amidst the madness of a festivity, the doom of *Belshazzar*; the sound of the bell which announces the death of *Clarissa*; the foot of a savage imprinted in a desart island upon the sand, scare the imagination infinitely more than all thehorrid apparatus of battles,executions, massacres, and death. Accordingly, in order to impress an awful terror, a frivolous and unimportant object ought to be first exhibited; and in order to excite excessive mirth, you ought to begin with a solemn idea. To this may be farther added some other contrast, such as that of surprize, and some one of those sentiments, which plunge us into infinity, such as that of mystery; in this case the soul, having lost it's equilibrium, precipitates itself into terror, or into mirth, according to the arrangement which has been made for it.

We frequently see these contrary effects produced by the same means. For example, if the nurse wants her child to laugh, she shrowds her head in her apron; upon this the infant becomes serious; then all at once she shews her face, and he bursts into a fit of laughter. If she means to terrify him, which is but too frequently the case, she first smiles upon the child, and he returns it:

then all at once she assumes a serious air, or conceals her face, and the child falls a-crying.

I shall not say a word more respecting these violent oppositions, but shall only adduce this consequence from them, that it is the most wretched part of Mankind which has the greatest propensity to ridicule. Terrified by political and moral phantoms, they endeavour first of all to drown respect for them; and it is no difficult matter to succeed in this: for Nature, always at hand to succour oppressed humanity, has blended in most things of human institution, the effusions of ridicule with those of terror. The only thing requisite is to invert the objects of their comparison. It was thus that *Aristophanes*, by the comedy of *The Clouds*, subverted the religion of his country. Attend to the behaviour of lads at college; the presence of the master at first sets them a-trembling: What contrivance do they employ to familiarize themselves to his idea? They try to turn him into ridicule, an effort in which they commonly succeed to admiration. The love of ridicule in a people is by no means therefore a proof of their happiness, but on the contrary, of their misery. This accounts for the gravity of the ancient Romans; they were serious, because they were happy: but their descendants, who are at this day very miserable, are likewise famous for their pasquinades, and supply all Europe with harlequins and buffoons.

I do not deny that spectacles, such as tragedies, may have a tendency to unite the citizens. The Greeks frequently employed them to this effect. But

But by adopting their dramas we deviate from their intention. Their theatrical representations did not exhibit the calamities of other Nations, but those which they themselves had endured, and events borrowed from the History of their own country. Our tragedies excite a compassion, whose object is foreign to us. We lament the distresses of the family of *Agamemnon*, and we behold without shedding one tear, those who are in the depth of misery at our very door. We do not so much as perceive their distresses, because they are not exhibited on a stage. Our own heroes nevertheless well represented in the theatre would be sufficient to carry the patriotism of the people to the very height of enthusiasm. What crowds of spectators have been attracted, and what bursts of applause excited by the heroism of *Eustace Saint Pierre*, in the Siege of Calais! The death of *Joan of Arc* would produce effects still more powerful, if a man of genius had the courage to efface the ridicule which has been lavished on that respectable and unfortunate young woman, to whose name Greece would have consecrated altar upon altar.

I will deliver my thoughts on the subject in a few words, if perhaps it may incite some virtuous man to undertake it. I could wish them without departing from the truth of History, to have her represented at the moment when she is honoured with the favour of her Sovereign, the acclamations of the army, and at the very pinnacle of glory, deliberating on her return to an obscure hamlet, there to resume the employments of a simple shepherdess, unnoticed and unknown. Solicited afterwards

wards by *Dunois*, she determines to brave new dangers in the service of her country. At last made prisoner in an engagement, she falls into the hands of the English. Interrogated by inhuman judges, among whom are the Bishops of her own Nation, the simplicity and innocence of her replies render her triumphant over the insidious questions of her enemies. She is adjudged by them to perpetual imprisonment. I would have a representation of the dungeon in which she is doomed to pass the remainder of her miserable days, with it's long spiracles, it's iron grates, it's massy arches, the wretched truckle-bed provided for her repose, the cruise of water and the black bread which are to serve her for food. I would draw from her own lips the touchingly plaintive reflections suggested by her condition, on the nothingness of human grandeur, her innocent expressions of regret for the loss of rural felicity; and then the gleams of hope of being relieved by her Prince, extinguished by despair at sight of the fearful abyss which has closed over her head.

I would then display the snare laid for her by her perfidious enemies while she was asleep, in placing by her side the arms with which she had combatted them. She perceives on awakening those monuments of her glory. Hurried away by the passion at once of a woman and of a hero, she covers her head with a helmet, the plume of which had shewn the dispirited French army the road to victory; she grasps with her feeble hands that sword so formidable to the English; and at the instant when the sentiment of her own glory is making her eyes to overflow with tears of exultation, her dastardly

tardly foes suddenly present themselves, and unanimously condemn her to the most horrible of deaths. Then it is we should behold a spectacle worthy of the attention of Heaven itself, virtue conflicting with extreme misery; we should hear her bitter complaints of the indifference of her Sovereign whom she had so nobly served; we should see her perturbation at the idea of the horrid punishment prepared for her, and still more at the apprehension of the calumny which is for ever to sully her reputation; we should hear her, amidst conflicts so tremendous, calling in question the existence of a Providence, the protector of the innocent.

To death at last however walk out she must. At that moment it is I could wish to see all her courage rekindle. I would have her represented on the funeral pile, where she is going to terminate her days, looking down on the empty hopes with which the World amuses those who serve it; exulting at the thought of the everlasting infamy with which her death will clothe her enemies, and of the immortal glory which will for ever crown the place of her birth, and even that of her execution. I could wish that her last words, animated by Religion, might be more sublime than those of *Dido*, when she exclaims on the fatal pile:—*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.* "Start up some "dire avenger from these bones."

I could wish, in a word, that this subject, treated by a man of genius, after the manner of *Shakespeare*,* which undoubtedly he would not have failed

* The compliment here paid to *Shakespeare* is justly merited: and how well he could have managed the story of the Maid of Orleans, had he

failed to do had *Joan of Arc* been an English-woman, might be wrought up into a patriotic Drama; in order that this illustrious shepherdess may become with us the patroness of War, as Saint *Genevieve* is that of Peace; I would have the representation of her tragedy reserved for the perilous situations

he taken the incidents as *St. Pierre* has stated them, and written with the partiality of a Frenchman, may be ascertained by the masterly touches which he actually has bestowed on this distinguished character, in his First Part of *Henry* VI. It may afford some amusement to compare the above prose sketch by our Author, with the poetical painting of our own immortal Bard, in the Drama now mentioned. I take the liberty to transcribe only the scene in which the audience is prepared for her entrance, and in that she actually makes her appearance. For the rest, the Reader is referred to the Play itself.—H. H.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS *to the* DAUPHIN, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in: But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou will do these wond'rous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind!
I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be

tuations in which the State might happen to be involved, and then exhibited to the people, as they display, in similar cases, to the people of Constan-

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to Sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blessed with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou can'st possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shall find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

— Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the English circle ends:
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now I am like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

tinople,

tinople, the standard of *Mahomet*; and I have no doubt that, at sight of her innocence, of her services, of her misfortunes, of the cruelty of her enemies and of the horrors of her execution, our people in a transport of fury would exclaim: "War, war with the English!"*

Such means as these, though more powerful than draughts for the militia, and than either pressing or tricking men into the service, are still insufficient to form real citizens. We are accustomed by them to love virtue and our country, only when our heroes are applauded on the theatre. Hence it comes to pass, that the greatest part even of persons of the better sort are incapable of appraising an action till they see it detailed in some journal, or moulded into a drama. They do not form a judgment of it after their own heart, but after the opinion of another; not as it is in reality, and in it's own place, but as clothed with imagery, and fitted to a frame. They delight in heroes when they are applauded, powdered and perfumed; but were they to meet with one pouring out his blood in some obscure corner, and perishing in unmerited ignominy, they would not acknowledge him to be a hero. Every one would wish to be the *Alexander* of the opera,

* God forbid I should mean to rouse a spirit of animosity in our people against the English, now so worthy of all our esteem. But as their Writers, and even their Government, have in more instances than one, descended to exhibit odious representations of us on their stage, I was willing to shew them how easily we could make reprisals. Rather, may the genius of *Fenelon* which they prize so highly that one of their most amiable fine writers, Lord *Littleton*, exalts it above that of *Plato*, one day unite our hearts and minds!

but

but no one the *Alexander* in the city of the Mallians.*

Patriotism ought not to be made too frequently the subject of scenic representation. A heroism ought to be supposed to exist which braves death, but which is never talked of. In order therefore to replace the people, in this respect, in the road of Nature and of Virtue, they should be made to serve as a spectacle to themselves. They ought to be presented with realities and not fictions; with soldiers and not comedians; and if it be impossible to exhibit to them the terrible spectacle of a real engagement, let them see at least a representation of the evolutions and the vicissitudes of one, in military festivals.

The soldiery ought to be united more intimately with the Nation, and their condition rendered more happy. They are but too frequently the subjects of contention in the provinces through which they pass. The spirit of corps animates them to such a degree, that when two regiments happen to meet in the same city, an infinite number of duels is generally the consequence. Such ferocious animosities are entirely unknown in Prussian and Russian regiments, which I consider as in many respects the best troops in Europe. The King of Prussia has contrived to inspire his soldiers, not with the spirit of corps which divides them, but with the spirit of country which unites them. This he has been enabled to accomplish by conferring on them most of the civil employments

* See *Plutarch's* Life of *Alexander*.

in

in his kingdom, as the recompense of military services. Such are the political ties by which he attaches them to their country. The Russians employ only one, but it is still more powerful, I mean Religion. A Russian soldier believes that to serve his Sovereign is to serve GOD. He marches into the field of battle like a neophyte to martyrdom, in the full persuasion that if he falls in it he goes directly to paradise.

I have heard M. *de Villebois*, Grand Master of the Russian artillery, relate, that the soldiers of his corps, who served in a battery in the affair of Zornedorff, having been mostly cut off, the few who remained, seeing the Prussians advance with bayonets fixed, unable to make any farther resistance, but determined not to fly, embraced their guns, and suffered themselves to be all massacred, in order to preserve inviolate the oath which they are called upon to take when received into the artillery, namely never to abandon their cannon. A resistance so pertinacious stripped the Prussians of the victory which they had gained, and made the King of Prussia acknowledge that it was easier to kill the Russians than to conquer them. This heroic intrepidity is the fruit of Religion.

It would be a very difficult matter to restore this power to its proper elasticity among the French soldiery, who are formed in part of the dissolute youth of our great towns. The Russian and Prussian soldiers are draughted from the class of the peasantry, and value themselves upon their condition. With us on the contrary a peasant is terrified

lest his son should be obliged to go for a soldier. Administration on its part contributes toward the increase of this apprehension. If there be a single blackguard in a village, the deputy takes care that the black ball shall fall upon him, as if a regiment were a galley for criminals.

I once composed on this subject a memorial which suggested proposals of a remedy for these disorders, and for the prevention of desertion among our soldiers; but like many other things of the same sort it came to nothing. The principal means of reform which I proposed, were a melioration of the condition of the soldiery, as in Prussia, by holding up the prospect of civil employments. These with us are infinite in number; and, in order to prevent the irregularities into which they are thrown by a life of celibacy, I proposed to grant them permission to marry, as most of the Russian and Prussian soldiers do.* This method, so much adapted to the re-

* I could likewise wish that the wives of sailors might be permitted to go to sea with their husbands; they would prevent on ship-board more than one species of irregularity. Besides they might be usefully engaged in a variety of employments suitable to their sex, such as dressing the victuals, washing the linen, mending the sails, and the like.....They might, in many cases, co-operate in the labours of the ship's crew. They are much less liable to be affected by the scurvy, and by various other disorders, than men are.

The project of embarking women will no doubt appear extravagant to persons who do not know that there are, at least, ten thousand women who navigate the coasting vessels of Holland; who assist on deck in working the ship, and manage the helm as dextrously as any man. A handsome woman would undoubtedly prove the occasion of much mischief on board a French ship; but women, such as I have been describing, hardy and laborious, are exceedingly proper on the contrary to prevent or remedy many kinds of mischief, which are already but too prevalent in a sea life.

This

formation of manners, would farther contribute toward conciliating our provinces to each other, by the marriages which regiments would contract in their continual progress from place to place. They would strengthen the bands of national affection from North to South; and our peasantry would cease to be afraid of them, if they saw them marching through the country as husbands and fathers. If the soldiery are sometimes guilty of irregularities, to our military institutions the blame must be imputed. I have seen others under better discipline, but I know of none more generous.

I was witness to a display of humanity on their part, of which I doubt whether any other soldiery in Europe would have been capable. It was in the year 1760, in a detachment of our army then in Germany, and an enemy's country, encamped hard by an inconsiderable city called Stadberg. I lodged in a miserable village occupied by the head-quarters. There were in the poor cottage where I and two of my comrades had our lodgings, five or six women, and as many children, who had taken refuge there, and who had nothing to eat, for our army had foraged their corn, and cut down their fruit-trees. We gave them some of our provisions; but what we could spare was a small matter indeed, considering both their numbers and their necessities. One of them was a young woman big with child, who had three or four children beside. I observed her go out every morning, and return some hours after, with her apron full of slices of brown bread. She strung them on packthreads, and dried them in the

chimney like mushrooms. I had her questioned one day by a servant of ours, who spoke German and French, where she found that provision, and why she put it through that process. She replied that she went into the camp to solicit alms among the soldiers; that each of them gave her a piece of his ammunition-bread, and that she dried the slices in order to preserve them; for she did not know where to look for a supply after we were gone, the country being utterly desolated.

A soldier's profession is a perpetual exercise of virtue, from the necessity to which it constantly subjects the man to submit to privations innumerable, and frequently to expose his life. It has Religion therefore for its principle support. The Russians keep up the spirit of it in their national troops, by admitting among them not so much as one foreign soldier. The King of Prussia on the contrary has accomplished the same purpose by receiving into his soldiers of every religion; but he obliges every one of them exactly to observe that which he has adopted. I have seen, both at Berlin and at Potsdam, every Sunday morning, the officers mustering their men on the parade about eleven o'clock, and then filing off with them in separate detachments, Calvinists, Lutherans, Catholics, every one to his own church, to worship GOD in his own way.

I could wish to have abolished among us the other causes of division, which lay one citizen under the temptation, that he may live himself, to wish the hurt or the death of another. Our politicians have multiplied without end these sources of hatred, nay

nay have rendered the State an accomplice in such ungracious sentiments, by the establishment of lotteries, of tontines, and of annuities. "So many "persons," say they, "have died this year; the State "has gained so much." Should a pestilence come, and sweep off one half of the people, the State would be wonderfully enriched! Man is nothing in their eyes; gold is all in all. Their art consists in reforming the vices of Society by violences offered to Nature: and, what is passing strange, they pretend to act after her example. "It is her inten-"tion," they gravely tell you, that "every species "of being should subsist only by the ruin of other "species. Particular evil is general good." By such barbarous and erroneous maxims are princes misled. These laws have no existence in Nature, except between species which are opposite and inimical. They exist not in the same species of animals, which live together in a state of Society. The death of a bee most assuredly never tended to promote the prosperity of the hive. Much less still can the calamity and death of a man be of advantage to his Nation, and to Mankind, the perfect happiness of which must consist in a complete harmony between its members. We have demonstrated in another place, that it is impossible the slightest evil should befal a simple individual, without communicating the impression of it to the whole body politic.

Our rich people entertain no doubt that the good things of the lower orders will reach them, as they enjoy the productions of the arts which the poor

cultivate; but they participate equally in the ills which the poor suffer, let them take what precautions they will to secure themselves. Not only do they become the victims of their epidemical maladies, and of their pillage, but of their moral opinions, which are ever in a progress of depravation in the breasts of the wretched. They start up like the plagues which issued from the box of *Pandora*, and in defiance of armed guards, force their way through fortresses and castle-walls, and fix their residence in the heart of tyrants. In vain do they dream of personal exemption from the ills of the vulgar; their neighbours catch the infection, their servants, their children, their wives, and impose the necessity of abstinence from every thing, in the very midst of their enjoyments.

But when, in a Society, particular bodies are constantly converting to their own profit the distresses of others, they perpetuate these very distresses, and multiply them to infinity. It is a fact easily ascertained, that wherever advocates and physicians peculiarly abound, law-suits and diseases there likewise are found in uncommon abundance. Though there be among them men of the best dispositions, and of the soundest intellect, they do not set their faces against irregularities which are beneficial to their corps.

These inconveniencies are by no means desperate; I am able to quote instances to this effect, which no sophistry can invalidate. On my entering into the service of Russia, the first month's revenue of my place was stopped, as a complete indemnification for the

the expence attending the treatment of every kind of malady with which I might be attacked; and this included, together with myself, my servants, and my family, if I should happen to marry; and extended to every possible expence of Physician, Surgeon and Apothecary. There was farther stopped for the same object, a small sum, amounting to one, or one and a half per cent. of my appointments: this was to have been paid annually; and every step higher I might have risen, I was to have given an additional month's pay of that superior rank. This is the complete amount of the tax upon officers, in consideration of which they and their families are entitled to every kind of medical advice and assistance under whatever indisposition.

The Physicians and Surgeons of every corps have at the same time a sufficiently ample revenue arising from these payments. I recollect that the Physician of the corps in which I served had an annual income of a thousand roubles, or five thousand livres (about two hundred guineas), and little or nothing to do for it; for as our maladies brought him nothing they were of very short duration. As to the soldiers, if my recollection is accurate, they are medically treated without any defalcation of their pay. The grand Dispensary belongs to the Emperor. It is in the city of Moscow, and consists of a magnificent pile of building. The medicines are deposited in vases of porcelain, and are always of the very best quality. They are thence distributed over the rest of the Empire at a moderate price, and the profit goes to the Crown. There is not the slightest ground to apprehend imposition in the conduct of this busi-

ness. The persons employed in the preparation and distribution are men of ability, who have no kind of interest in adulterating them, and who, as they rise in a regular progression of rank and salary, are actuated with no emulation but that of discharging their duty with fidelity.*

The example of *Peter* the Great challenges imitation; and the order which he has established among his troops, with respect to Physicians and Apothecaries, might be extended all over the kingdom, not only in the line of the medical profession, though even this would bring an immense increase of revenue to the State, but might also be usefully applied to the profession of the Law. It is greatly to be wished that Attornies, Advocates, and Judges were paid by the state, and scattered over the whole kingdom, not for the purpose of arguing causes, but of settling

* The insatiable thirst of gold and luxury might be allayed in the greatest part of our citizens, by presenting them with a great number of these political perspectives. They constitute the charm of petty conditions, by displaying to them the attractions of infinity, the sentiment of which, as we have seen, is so natural to the heart of Man. It is by means of these, that mechanics and small shop-keepers are much more powerfully attached, by moderate profits, to their contracted spheres, enlivened by hope, than the rich and great are to lofty situations, the term of which is before them. The process which passes in the head of the little, is something similar to the milk-maid's train of thought in the fable. With the price of this milk I will buy eggs; eggs will give me chicks; those chicks will grow up to hens; I will sell my poultry, and buy a lamb, and so on. The pleasure which they enjoy, in pursuing those endless progressions, is the sweet illusion that carries them through their labours; and it is so real, that when they happen to accumulate a fortune, and are able to live in ease and affluence, their health gradually declines, and most of them terminate their days in languor and melancholy. Modern Politicians, revert then to Nature! The sweetest music is not emitted from flutes made of gold and silver, but from those which are constructed of simple reeds.

them

them by reference. These arrangements might be extended to all descriptions of profession which subsist on the distress of the Public: then the whole body of the citizens, finding their repose and their fortune in the happiness of the State, would exert themselves to the uttermost to maintain it.

These causes, and many others, divide among us all the different classes of the Nation. There is not a single province, city, village, but what distinguishes the province, city, village next to it, by some injurious and insulting epithet. The same remark applies to the various ranks and conditions of Society. *Divide & impera*, Divide and govern, say our modern Politicians. This maxim has ruined Italy, the country from whence it came. The opposite maxim contains much more truth. The more united citizens are the more powerful and happy is the Nation which they compose. At Rome, at Sparta, at Athens, a citizen was at once advocate, senator, pontiff, edile, husbandman, warrior, and even seaman. Observe to what a height of power those republics advanced. Their citizens were however far inferior to us in respect of general knowledge, but they were instructed in two great Sciences of which we are ignorant, namely the love of the Gods, and of their Country. With these sublime sentiments they were prepared for every thing. Where they are wanting Man is good for nothing. With all our encyclopedic literature, a great man with us, even in point of talents, would be but the fourth part at most of a Greek or a Roman. He would distinguish himself much more in supporting the

the honour of his particular profession, but very little in maintaining the honour of his country.

It is our wretched political constitution which produces in the State so many different centres. There was a time when we talked of our being republicans. Verily, if we had not a King we should live in perpetual discord. Nay, how many Sovereigns do we make of one single and lawful Monarch! Every corps has its own, who is not the Sovereign of the Nation. How many projects are formed, and defeated, in the King's name! The King of the waters, and of the forests, is at variance with the King of the bridges and highways. The King of the colonies sanctions a plan of improvement, the King of the finances refuses to advance the money. Amidst these various conflicts of paramount authority, nothing is executed. The real King, the King of the People, is not served.

The same spirit of division prevails in the Religion of Europe. What mischief has not been practised in the name of GOD! All acknowledge the One Supreme Being, who created the Heavens and the Earth, and Man; but each kingdom has its own, who must be worshipped according to a certain ritual. To this God it is that each Nation in particular offers thanksgiving, on occasion of every battle. In his name it was that the poor Americans were exterminated. The God of Europe is clothed with terror, and devoutly adored. But where are the altars of the GOD of Peace, of the Father of Mankind, of Him who proclaims the glad tidings of the Gospel? Let our modern Politicians trumpet their own

own applause on the happy fruits of those divisions, and of an education dictated by ambition. Human life, so fleeting and so wretched, passes away in this unremitting strife; and while the Historians of every Nation, well paid for their trouble, are extolling to Heaven the victories of their Kings and of their Pontiffs, the People are addressing themselves, in tears, to the God of the Human Race, and asking of Him the way in which they ought to walk, in order to reach his habitation at length, and to live a life of virtue and happiness upon the earth.

The cause of the ills which we endure, I repeat it, is to be found in our vain-glorious Education; and in the wretchedness of the commonalty, which communicates a powerful influence to every new opinion, because they are ever expecting from novelty some mitigation of the pressure of inveterate woes. But as soon as they perceive that their opinions become tyrannical, in their turns, they presently renounce them: and this is the origin of their levity. Whenever they can find the means of living in ease and abundance, they will be no longer subject to these vicissitudes, as we have seen in the instance of the Dutch, who print and sell the theological, political, and literary controversies of all Europe, without being themselves in the least affected, as to their civil and religious opinions; and when our public education shall be reformed, the people will enjoy the happy and uninterrupted tranquillity of the Nations of Asia.

Before I proceed to suggest my ideas on this subject, I take the liberty to propose some other means of

of general union. I shall consider myself as amply recompensed for the labour which my researches have cost me, if so much as a single one of my hints of reform shall be adopted.

OF PARIS.

It has already been observed, that few Frenchmen are attached to the place of their birth. The greatest part of those who acquire fortune in foreign countries, on their return, settle at Paris. This upon the whole is no great injury to the State. The slighter their attachment to their Country, the easier it is to fix them at Paris. One single point of union is necessary to a great Nation. Every country which has acquired celebrity by its patriotism, has likewise fixed the centre of it in their Capital, and frequently in some particular monument of that Capital; the Jews had theirs at Jerusalem, and its Temple; the Romans, theirs at Rome, and the Capitol; the Lacedemonians, theirs at Sparta, and in citizenship.

I am fond of Paris. Next to a rural situation, and a rural situation such as I like, I give Paris the preference to any thing I have ever seen in the World. I love that city not only on account of its happy situation, because all the accommodations of human life are there collected, from its being the centre of all the powers of the kingdom, and for the other reasons which made *Michael Montaigne* delight in it, but because it is the asylum and the refuge of the miserable. There it is that the provincial ambitions, prejudices, aversions, and tyrannies, are lost and

and annihilated. There a man may live in obscurity and liberty. There it is possible to be poor without being despised. The afflicted person is there decoyed out of his misery by the public gaity; and the feeble there feels himself strong in the strength of the multitude. Time was when, on the faith of our political Writers, I looked upon that city as too great. But I am now far from thinking that it is of sufficient extent, and sufficiently majestic, to be the capital of a kingdom so flourishing.

I could wish that, our sea-ports excepted, there were no city in France but Paris; that our provinces were covered only with hamlets, and villages, and sub-divided into small farms; and that, as there is but one centre in the kingdom, there might likewise be but one Capital. Would to GOD it were that of all Europe, nay of the whole Earth; and that, as men of all nations bring thither their industry, their passions, their wants, and their misfortunes, it should give them back, in fortune, in enjoyment, in virtues, and in sublime consolations, the reward of that asylum which they resort thither to seek!

Of a truth our mind, illuminated as it is at this day with such various knowledge, wants the nobly comprehensive grasp which distinguished our forefathers. Amidst their simple and Gothic manners, they entertained the idea, I believe, of rendering it the Capital of Europe. The traces of this design are visible in the names which most of their establishments bear, such as the Scottish College, the Irish, that of the Four Nations; and in the foreign names of the Royal houshold troops. Behold that noble monument of antiquity, the church of Notre-Dame,

Dame, built more than six hundred years ago, at a time when Paris did not contain the fourth part of the inhabitants with which it is now peopled; it is more vast, and more majestic than any thing of the kind which has been since reared. I could wish that this spirit of *Philip* the august, a Prince too little known in our frivolous age, might still preside over its establishments, and extend the use of them to all Nations. Not that but men of every Nation are welcome there, for their money; our enemies themselves may live quietly in it, in the very midst of war, provided they are rich; but above all, I could wish to render her good and propitious to her own children. I do not know of any advantage which a Frenchman derives from having been born within her walls, unless it be, when reduced to beggary, that of having it in his power to die in one of her hospitals. Rome bestowed very different privileges on her citizens; the most wretched among them there enjoyed privileges and honours more ample than were communicated even to Kings in alliance with the Republic.

It is pleasure which attracts the greatest part of strangers to Paris; and if we trace those vain pleasures up to their source, we shall find that they proceed from the misery of the People, and from the easy rate at which it is there possible to procure girls of the town, spectacles, modish finery, and the other productions which minister to luxury. These means have been highly extolled by modern politicians. I do not deny that they occasion a considerable influx of money into a country; but at the long run, neighbouring nations imitate them; the money

money of strangers disappears, but their debauched morals remain. See what Venice has come to with her mirrors, her pomatums, her courtezans, her masquerades, and her carnival. The frivolous arts on which we now value ourselves have been imported from Italy, whose feebleness and misery they this day constitute.

The noblest spectacle which any Government can exhibit is that of a people laborious, industrious, and content. We are taught to be well-read in books, in pictures, in algebra, in heraldry, and not in men. Connoisseurs are rapt with admiration at sight of a Savoyard's head painted by *Greuze;* but the Savoyard himself is at the corner of the street, speaking, walking, almost frozen to death, and no one minds him. That mother with her children around her form a charming group; the picture is invaluable: the originals are in a neighbouring garret without a farthing whereupon to subsist. Philosophers! ye are transported with delight, and well you may, in contemplating the numerous families of birds, of fishes, and of quadrupeds, the instincts of which are so endlessly varied, and to which one and the same Sun communicates life. Examine the families of men of which the inhabitants of the Capital consist, and you would be disposed to say, that each of them had borrowed its manners, and its industry, from some species of animal; so varied are their employments.

Walk out to yonder plain at the entrance of the city; behold that general officer mounted on his prancing courser: he is reviewing a body of troops: see, the heads, the shoulders, and the feet of his soldiers,

soldiers, arranged in the same straight line; the whole embodied corps has but one look, one movement. He makes a sign, and in an instant a thousand bayonets gleam in the air; he makes another, and a thousand fires start from that rampart of iron. You would think, from their precision, that a single fire had issued from a single piece. He gallops round those smoke-covered regiments, at the sound of drums and fifes, and you have the image of *Jupiter*'s eagle armed with the thunder, and hovering round Etna. A hundred paces from thence, behold an insect among men. Look at that puny chimney-sweeper, of the colour of soot, with his lantern, his cymbal, and his leathern greaves: he resembles a black-beetle. Like the one which in Surinam is called the lantern-bearer, he shines in the night, and moves to the sound of a cymbal. This child, those soldiers, and that general, are equally men; and while birth, pride, and the demands of social life establish infinite differences among them, Religion places them on a level: she humbles the head of the mighty, by shewing them the vanity of their power; and she raises up the head of the unfortunate, by disclosing to them the prospects of immortality: she thus brings back all men to the equality which Nature had established at their birth, and which the order of Society had disturbed.

Our Sybarites imagine they have exhausted every possible mode of enjoyment. Our moping, melancholy old men consider themselves as useless to the World; they no longer perceive any other perspective before them but death. Ah! paradise and life

are

are still upon the earth for him who has the power of doing good.

Had I been blessed with but a moderate degree of fortune, I would have procured for myself an endless succession of new enjoyments. Paris should have become to me a second *Memphis*. It's immense population is far from being known to us. I would have had one small apartment in one of it's suburbs, adjoining to the great road; another at the opposite extremity on the banks of the Seine, in a house shaded with willows and poplars; another in one of it's most frequented streets; a fourth in the mansion of a gardener, surrounded with apricot trees, figs, coleworts, and lettuces; a fifth in the avenues of the city, in the heart of a vineyard, and so on.

It is an easy matter undoubtedly to find every where lodgings of this description, and at an easy rate; but it may not be so easy to find persons of probity for hosts and neighbours. There is, it must be admitted, much depravity among the lower orders; but there are various methods which may be employed to find out such as are good and honest; and with them I commence my researches after pleasure. A new *Diogenes*, I am set out in search of men. As I look only for the miserable, I have no occasion to use a lantern. I get up at day-break, and step to partake of a first mass, into a church still but half illumined by the day-light: there I find poor mechanics come to implore GOD's blessing on their day's labour. Piety, exalted above all respect to Man, is one assured proof of probity: cheerful submission to labour is another. I per-

ceive, in raw and rainy weather, a whole family squat on the ground, and weeding the plants of a garden:* here again are good people. The night itself cannot conceal virtue. Toward midnight the glimmering of a lamp announces to me, through the aperture of a garret, some poor widow prolonging her nocturnal industry, in order to bring up, by the fruits of it, her little ones who are sleeping around her. These shall be my neighbours and my hosts. I announce myself to them as a wayfaring man, as a stranger, who wishes to breathe a little in that vicinity. I beseech them to accommodate me with part of their habitation, or to look out for an apartment that will suit me in the neighbourhood. I offer a good price, and am domesticated presently.

I am carefully on my guard, in the view of securing the attachment of those honest people, against giving them money for nothing, or by way of alms; I know of means much more honourable to gain their friendship. I order a greater quantity of provision than is necessary for my own use, and the overplus turns to account in the family; I reward the children for any little services which they

* Persons employed in the culture of vegetables are in general a better sort of people. Plants have their theology impressed upon them. I one day however fell in with a husbandman who was an atheist. It is true he had not picked up his opinions in the fields, but from books. He seemed to be exceedingly well satisfied with his attainments in knowledge. I could not help saying to him at parting: "You have "really gained a mighty point, in employing the researches of your un- "derstanding to render yourself miserable!"

In the hypothetical examples hereafter adduced, there is scarcely any one article of invention merely, except the good which I did not do.

render

render me: I carry the whole household, of a holiday, into the country, and sit down with them to dinner upon the grass; the father and mother return to town in the evening well refreshed, and loaded with a supply for the rest of the week. On the approach of Winter, I clothe the children with good woollen stuffs, and their little warmed limbs bless their benefactor, because my haughty vainglorious bounty has not frozen their heart. It is the god-father of their little brother who has made them a present of the clothes. The less closely you twist the bands of gratitude, the more firmly do they contract of themselves.

I enjoy not only the pleasure of doing good, and of doing it in the best manner, I have the farther pleasure of amusing and instructing myself. We admire in books the labours of the artisan, but books rob us of half our pleasure, and of the gratitude which we owe them. They separate us from the People, and they impose upon us, by displaying the arts with excessive parade, and in false lights, as subjects for the theatre, and for the magic-lanthern. Besides, there is more knowledge in the head of an artisan than in his art, and more intelligence in his hands than in the language of the Writer who translates him. Objects carry their own expression upon them: *Rem verba sequuntur* (words follow things). The man of the commonalty has more than one way of observing and of feeling, which is not a matter of indifference. While the Philosopher rises as high into the clouds as he possibly can, the other keeps contentedly at the bottom of the valley, and beholds very different

perspectives in the World. Calamity forms him at the length as well as another man. His language purifies with years; and I have frequently remarked that there is very little difference, in point of accuracy, of perspicuity, and of simplicity, between the expressions of an aged peasant and of an old courtier. Time effaces from their several styles of language, and from their manners, the rusticity and the refinement which Society had introduced. Old-age, like infancy, reduces all men to a level, and gives them back to Nature.

In one of my encampments, I have a landlord who has made the tour of the Globe. He has been seaman, soldier, buccanier. He is sagacious as *Ulysses*, but more sincere. When I have placed him at table with me, and made him taste my wine, he gives me a relation of his adventures. He knows a multitude of anecdotes. How many times was he on the very point of making his fortune, but failed! He is a second *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*. The upshot of all is, he has got a good wife and lives contented.

My landlord, in another of my stations, has lived a very different life; he scarcely ever was beyond the walls of Paris, and but seldom beyond the precinct of his shop. But though he has not travelled over the World, he has not missed his share of calamity by staying at home. He was very much at his ease; he had laid up, by means of his honest savings, fifty good Louis d'or, when one night his wife and daughter thought proper to elope, carrying his treasure with them. He had almost died with vexation. Now, he says, he thinks no more about it; and cries as he tells me the story. I compose

pose his mind by talking kindly to him; I give him employment; he tries to dissipate his chagrin by labour; his industry is an amusement to me: I sometimes pass complete hours in looking at him, as he bores, and turns, pieces of oak as hard as ivory.

Now and then I stop in the middle of the city before the shop of a smith; and then I am transformed into the Lacedemonian *Liches*, at Tegeum, attending to the processes of forging and hammering iron. The moment that the man perceives me attentive to his work, I will soon acquire his confidence. I am not, as *Liches* was, looking for the tomb of *Orestes*;* but I have occasion to employ the art of a smith, if not for myself, for the benefit of some one else. I order this honest fellow to manufacture for me some solid articles of household furniture, which I intend to bestow as a monument to preserve my memory in some poor family. I wish besides to purchase the friendship of an artificer; I am perfectly sure that the attention which he sees I pay to this work, will induce him to exert his utmost skill in executing it. I thus hit two marks with one stone. A rich man, in similar circumstances, would give alms, and confer no obligation on any one.

J. J. Rousseau told me a little anecdote of himself, relative to the subject in hand. "One day," said he, "I happened to be at a village festival, in "a gentleman's country seat not far from Paris. "After dinner the company betook themselves to "walking up and down the fair, and amused them-"selves with throwing pieces of small money

* See *Herodotus*, book i.

" among the peasantry to have the pleasure of see-
" ing them scramble and fight in picking them up.
" For my own part, following the bent of my so-
" litary humour, I walked apart in another direc-
" tion. I observed a little girl selling apples, dis-
" played on a flat basket, which she carried before
" her. To no purpose did she extol the excellence
" of her goods; no customer appeared to cheapen
" them. How much do you ask for all your apples,
" said I to her?—All my apples? replied she, and
" at the same time began to reckon with herself.—
" Threepence, Sir, said she.—I take them at that
" price, returned I, on condition you will go and
" distribute them among those little Savoyards
" whom you see there below: this was instantly
" executed. The children were quite transported
" with delight at this unexpected regale, as was
" likewise the little merchant at bringing her wares
" to so good a market. I should have conferred
" much less pleasure on them had I given them the
" money. Every one was satisfied and no one
" humbled." The great art of doing good consists in doing it judiciously. Religion instructs us in this important secret, in recommending to us to do to others what we wish should be done to us.

I sometimes betake myself to the great road, like the ancient Patriarchs, to do the honours of the City to strangers who may happen to arrive. I recollect the time when I myself was a stranger in strange lands, and the kind reception which I met with when far from home. I have frequently heard the nobility of Poland and Germany complain of our grandees. They allege that French travellers

travellers of distinction are treated in these countries with unbounded hospitality and attention; but that they, on visiting France in their turn, are almost entirely neglected. They are invited to one dinner on their arrival, and to another when preparing to depart: and this is the whole amount of our hospitality. For my own part, incapable of acquitting the obligations of this kind which I lie under to the Great of foreign countries, I repay them to their commonalty.

I perceive a German travelling on foot; I accost him, I invite him to stop and take a little repose at my habitation. A good supper and a glass of good wine dispose him to communicate to me the occasion of his journey. He is an officer; he has served in Prussia and in Russia; he has been witness to the partition of Poland. I interrupt him to make my enquiries after Mareschal Count *Munich*, the Generals *de Villebois* and *de Bosquet*, the Count *de Munchio*, my friend M. *de Taubenheim*, Prince *Xatorinski*, Field Mareschal of the Polish Confederation, whose prisoner I once was. Most of them are dead, he tells me; the rest are superannuated, and retired from all public employment. Oh! how melancholy it is, I exclaim, to travel from one's country, and to make acquaintance with estimable men abroad whom we are never to see more! Oh! how rapid a career is human life! Happy the man who has it in his power to employ it in doing good! My guest favours me with a short detail of his adventures: to these I pay the closest attention, from their resemblance to my own. His leading object was to deserve well of his

fellow creatures, and he has been rewarded by them with calumny and persecution. He is under misfortunes; he has come to France to put himself under the Queen's protection: he hopes a great deal from her goodness. I confirm his hopes, by the idea which public opinion has conveyed to me of the character of that Princess, and by that which Nature has impressed on her physiognomy. I am pouring the balm of consolation, he tells me, into his heart. Full of emotion, he presses my hand. My cordial reception of him is a happy presage of the rest; he could have met with nothing so friendly even in his own country. Oh! what pungent sorrow may be soothed to rest by a single word, and by the feeblest mark of benevolence!

I remember that one day I found, not far from the iron gate de Calliot, at the entrance into the Elysian Fields, a young woman sitting with a child in her lap, on the brink of a ditch. She was handsome, if that epithet may be applied to a female overwhelmed in melancholy. I walked into the sequestered alley where she had taken her station; the moment that she perceived me she looked the other way: her timidity and modesty fixed my eyes on her. I remarked that she was very decently dressed, and wore very white linen; but her gown and neck handkerchief were so completely darned over, that you would have said the spiders had spun the threads. I approached her with the respect which is due to the miserable; I bowed to her, and she returned my salute with an air of gentility, but with reserve. I then endeavoured to engage her in conversation by talking of the wind

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and the weather: her replies consisted of monosyllables only. At length I ventured to ask if she had come abroad for the pleasure of enjoying a walk in the country: upon this she began to sob and weep without uttering a single word. I sat down by her, and insisted, with all possible circumspection, that she would disclose to me the cause of her distress. She said to me: "Sir, my husband "has just been involved in a bankruptcy at Paris, "to the amount of five thousand livres (208*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) "I have been giving him a convoy as far as "Neuilly: he is gone, on foot, a journey of sixty "leagues hence, to try to recover a little money "which is due to us. I have given him my rings "and all my other little trinkets, to defray the ex- "pence of his journey; and all that I have left in "the world, to support myself and my child, is a "single shilling piece."—"What parish do you be- "long to, Madam?" said I.—"St. Eustache," re- "plied she.—"The rector," I subjoined, "passes "for a very charitable, good man."—"Yes, Sir," "said she, "but you need not to be informed, "that there is no charity in parishes for us miser- "able Jews." At these words, her tears began to flow more copiously, and she arose to go on her way. I tendered her a small pittance toward her present relief, which I besought her to accept at least as a mark of my good-will. She received it, and returned me more reverences and thanks, and loaded me with more benedictions, than if I had re-established her husband's credit. How many delicious banquets might that man enjoy, who would this way lay out three or four hundred pounds a year!

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My different establishments, scattered over the Capital and the vicinity, variegate my life most innocently and most agreeably. In Winter, I take up my residence in that which is exposed completely to the noon-day Sun; in Summer, I remove to that which has a northern aspect, and hangs over the cooling stream. At another time, I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of the Rue d'Artois, among piles of hewn stone, where I see palaces rising around me, pediments decorated with sphynxes, domes, kiosques. I take care never to enquire to whom they belong. Ignorance is the mother of pleasure and of admiration. I am in Egypt, at Babylon, in China. To-day I sup under an acacia, and am in America: to-morrow I shall dine in the midst of a kitchen-garden, under an arbour shaded with lilach; and I shall be in France.

But, I shall be asked, Is there nothing to be feared in such a style of living! May I meet the final period of my days while engaged in the practice of virtue! I have heard many a history of persons who perished in hunting matches, in parties of pleasure, while travelling by land and water; but never in performing acts of beneficence. Gold is a powerful commander of respect with the commonalty. I display wealth sufficient to secure their attention, but not enough to tempt any one to plunder me. Besides the police of Paris is in excellent order. I am very circumspect in the choice of my hosts; and if I perceive that I have been mistaken in my selection, the rent of my lodging is paid beforehand, and I return no more.

On this plan of life I have not the least occasion

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for the encumbrances of furniture and servants. With what tender solicitude am I expected in each of my habitations! What satisfaction does my arrival inspire! What attention and zeal do my entertainers express to outrun my wishes! I enjoy among them the choicest blessings of Society, without feeling any of the incoveniences. No one sits down at my table to backbite his neighbour, and no one leaves it with a disposition to speak unkindly of me. I have no children; but those of my landlady are more eager to please me than their own parents. I have no wife: the most sublime charm of love is to devise and accomplish the felicity of another. I assist in the formation of happy marriages, or in promoting the happiness of those which are already formed. I thus dissipate my personal languor, I put my passions upon the right scent, by proposing to them the noblest attainments at which they can aim upon the earth. I have drawn nigh to the miserable with an intention to comfort them, and from them perhaps I shall derive consolation in my turn.

In this manner it is in your power to live, O ye great ones of the earth! and thus might you multiply your fleeting days in the land through which you are merely travellers. Thus it is that you may learn to know men; and form no longer, with your own Nation, a foreign race, a race of conquerors, living on the spoils of the country which you have subdued. Thus it is that, issuing from your palaces, encircled with a crowd of happy vassals, who are loading you with benedictions, you might present the image of the ancient Patricians,

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a name so dear to the Roman people. You are every day looking out for some new spectacle; there is no one which possesses so much the charm of novelty as the happiness of Mankind. You wish for objects that are interesting: there is no one more interesting than the sight of the families of the poor peasantry, diffusing fruitfulness over your vast and solitary domains, or superannuated soldiers, who have deserved well of their country, seeking refuge under the shadow of your wings. Your compatriots are surely much better than tragedy heroes, and more interesting than the shepherds of the comic opera.

The indigence of the commonalty is the first cause of the physical and moral maladies of the rich. It is the business of administration to provide a remedy. As to the maladies of the soul resulting from indigence, I could wish some palliatives at least might be found. For this purpose, I wish to have formed, at Paris, some establishment similar to those which humane Physicians and sage Lawyers have there instituted for remedying the ills of body and of fortune; I mean dispensaries of consolation, to which an unfortunate wretch, secure of secrecy, nay of remaining unknown, might resort to disclose the cause of his distress. We have, I grant, confessors and preachers, for whom the sublime function of comforting the miserable seems to be reserved. But confessors are not always of the same disposition with their penitents, especially when the penitent is poor and not much known to them. Nay, there are many confessors who have neither the talents nor the experience requisite to

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the comforter of the afflicted. The point is not to pronounce absolution to the man who confesses his sins, but to assist him in bearing up under those of another, which lie much heavier upon him.

As to preachers, their sermons are usually too vague, and too injudiciously applied to the various necessities of their hearers. It would be of much more importance to the Public, if they would announce the subject of their intended discourses, rather than display the titles of their ecclesiastical dignities. They will declaim against avarice to a prodigal, or against profusion to a miser. They will expatiate on the dangers of ambition to a young man in love; and on those of love to an ancient female devotee. They will inculcate the duty of giving alms on the persons who receive them; and the virtue of humility on a poor water-porter. There are some who preach repentance to the unfortunate, who promise the joys of paradise to voluptuous courts, and who denounce the flames of hell against starving villages. I have known, in the country, a poor female peasant driven to madness by a sermon of this cast. She believed herself to be in a state of damnation, and lay along speechless and motionless. We have no sermons calculated to cure languor, sorrow, scrupulousness of conscience, melancholy, chagrin, and so many other distempers which prey upon the soul. Besides, how many circumstances change, to every particular auditor, the nature of the pain which he endures, and render totally useless to him all the parade of a trim harangue. It is no easy matter to find out, in a soul wounded and oppressed with

timidity,

timidity, the precise point of it's grief, and to apply the balm and the hand of the good Samaritan to the sore. This is an art known only to minds endowed with sensibility, who have themselves suffered severely, and which is not always the attainment of those who are virtuous only.

The people feel the want of this consolation; and finding no man to whom they can make application for it, they address themselves to stones. I have sometimes read with an aching heart, in our churches, billets affixed by the wretched to the corner of a pillar, in some obscure chapel. They represented the cases of unhappy women abused by their husbands; of young people labouring under embarrassment: they solicited not the money of the compassionate, but their prayers. They were upon the point of sinking into despair. Their miseries were inconceivable. Ah! if men who have themselves been acquainted with grief, of all conditions, would unite in presenting to the sons and daughters of affliction their experience and their sensibility, more than one illustrious sufferer would come and draw from them those consolations, which all the preachers, and books, and philosophy in the World, are incapable to administer. All that the poor man needs in many cases, in order to soothe his woe, is a person into whose ear he can pour out his complaint.

A Society composed of men such as I have fondly imagined to myself, would undertake the important task of eradicating the vices and the prejudices of the populace. They would endeavour, for example, to apply a remedy to the barbarity which

which imposes such oppressive loads on the miserable horses, and which cruelly abuses them in other respects, while every street of the city rings with the horrible oaths of their drivers. They would likewise employ their influence with the rich, to take pity in their turn upon the human race. You see, in the midst of excessive heats, the hewers of stone exposed to the meridian Sun, and to the burning reverberation of the white substance on which they labour. Hence these poor people are frequently seized with ardent fevers, and with disorders in the eyes which issue in blindness. At other times they have to encounter the long rains and pinching cold of Winter, which bring on rheums and consumptions. Would it be a very costly precaution for a master-builder, possessed of humanity, to rear in his work-yard a moveable shed of matting or straw, supported by poles, to serve as a shelter to his labourers? By means of a frabric so simple they might be spared various maladies of body and of mind; for most of them, as I have observed, are in this respect actuated by a false point of honour; and have not the courage to employ a screen against the burning heat of the Sun, or against rainy weather, for fear of incurring the ridicule of their companions.

The people might farther be inspired with a relish for morality, without the use of much expensive cookery. Nay every appearance of disguise renders truth suspected by them. I have many a time seen plain mechanics shed tears at reading some of our good romances, or at the representation of a tragedy. They afterwards demanded if the story which

which had thus affected them was really true; and on being informed that it was imaginary, they valued it no longer; they were vexed to think that they had thrown away their tears. The rich must have fiction in order to render morality palatable, and morality is unable to render fiction palatable to the poor; because the poor man still expects his felicity from truth, and the rich hope for theirs only from illusion.

The rich however stand in no less need than the populace of moral affections. These are, as we have seen, the moving springs of all the human passions. To no purpose do they pretend to rerer the plan of their felicity to physical objects; they soon lose all taste for their castles, their pictures, their parks, when instead of sentiment they possess merely the sensations of them. This is so indubitably true, that if, under the pressure of their languor, a stranger happens to arrive to admire their luxury, all their powers of enjoyment are renovated. They seem to have consecrated their life to an indefinite voluptuousness; but present to them a single ray of glory, in the very bosom of death itself, and they are immediately on the wing to overtake it. Offer them regiments, and they post away after immortality. It is the moral principle therefore which must be purified and directed in Man. It is not in vain then that Religion prescribes to us the practice of virtue, which is the moral sentiment by way of excellence, seeing it is the road to happiness both in this World and that which is to come.

The society of which I have been suggesting the idea, would farther extend it's attentions into the retreats of virtue itself. I have remarked that about

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the age of forty-five, a striking revolution takes place in most men, and, to acknowledge the truth, that it is then they degenerate, and become destitute of principle. At this period it is that women transform themselves into men, according to the expression of a celebrated Writer, in other words, that they become completely depraved. This fatal revolution is the consequence of the vices of our education, and of the manners of Society. Both of these present the prospect of human happiness only toward the middle period of life, in the possession of fortune and of honours. When we have painfully scrambled up this steep mountain, and reached it's summit, about the middle of our course, we re-descend with our eyes turned back toward youth, because we have no perspective before us but death. Thus the career of life is divided into two parts, the one consisting of hopes, the other of recollections; and we have laid hold of nothing by the way but illusions.

The first, at least, support us by feeding desire; but the others overwhelm us by inspiring regret only. This is the reason that old men are less susceptible of virtue than young people though they talk much more about it, and that they are much more melancholy among us than among savage Nations. Had they been directed by Religion and Nature, they must have rejoiced at the approach of their latter end, as vessels just ready to enter the harbour. How much more wretched are those, who having devoted their youth to virtue, seduced by that treacherous commerce with the world, look backward, and regret the pleasures of youth

which they knew not how to prize! The empty glare which encompasses the wicked dazzles their eyes; they feel their faith staggering, and they are ready to exclaim with *Brutus*:—"O Virtue! thou art but an empty name." Where shall we find books and preachers capable of restoring confidence to them in tempests which have shaken even the Saints? They transfix the soul with secret wounds and torment it with gnawing ulcers, which shrink from discovery. They are beyond all possibility of relief, except from a society of virtuous men who have been themselves tried through all the combinations of human woe, and who, in default of the ineffectual arguments of reason, may bring them back to the sentiment of virtue, at least, by that of their friendship.

There is in China, if I am not mistaken, an establishment similar to that which I am proposing. At least certain Travellers, and among others *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, make mention of a house of Mercy, which takes up and pleads the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and which, in an infinite number of instances goes forth to meet the calls of the miserable, much farther than our charitable Ladies do. The Emperor has bestowed the most distinguished privileges on it's members; and the Courts of Justice pay the utmost deference to their requests. Such a society employed in acting well, would merit among us at least prerogatives as high as those whose attention is restricted to speaking well; and by drawing forward into view the virtues of our own obscure citizens, would deserve at the least highly of their Country, as those who do nothing but

but retail the sentences of the sages, or what is not less common, the brilliant crimes of Antiquity.

Scrupulous care ought to be taken not to give to such an Association the form of an Academy or Fraternity. Thanks to our mode of education, and to our manners, every thing that is reduced to form among us, corps, congregation, sect, party, is generally ambitious and intolerant. If the men which compose them draw nigh to a light which they themselves have not kindled, it is to extinguish it; if they touch upon the virtue of another, it is to blight it. Not that the greatest part of the members of those bodies are destitute of excellent qualities individually; but their incorporation is good for nothing, for this reason simply, that it presents to them centres different from the common centre of Country. What is it that has rendered a word so dear to humanity, theatrical and vain? What sense is now-a-days affixed to the term charity, the Greek name of which, χάρις, signifies attraction, grace, loveliness? Can any thing be more humiliating than our parochial charities, and than the humanity of our Philosophers?

I leave this project to be unfolded and matured by some good man, who loves God and his fellow-creatures, and who performs good actions in the way that Religion prescribes, without letting his left hand know what his right hand doth. Is it then a matter of so much difficulty to do good? Let us pursue the opposite scent to that which is followed by the ambitious and the malignant. They employ spies to furnish them with all the scandalous anecdotes of the day; let us employ ours in discovering,

vering, and bringing to light, good works performed in secret. They advance to meet men in elevated situations, to range themselves under their standards, or to level them with the ground; let us go forth in quest of virtuous men in obscurity, that we may make them our models. They are furnished with trumpets to proclaim their own actions, and to decry those of others; let us conceal our own, and be the heralds of other mens' goodness. There is such a thing as refinement in vice; let us carry virtue to perfection.

I am sensible that I may be apt to ramble a little too far. But should I have been so happy as to suggest a single good idea to one more enlightened than myself; should I have contributed to prevent, some day in time to come, one poor wretch in despair from going to drown himself, or in a fit of rage from knocking out his enemy's brains, or in the lethargy of languor from going to squander his money and his health away among loose women; I shall not have scribbled over a piece of paper in vain.

Paris presents many a retreat to the miserable, known by the name of hospitals. May Heaven reward the charity of those who have founded them, and the still greater virtue of those persons of both sexes who superintend them! But first, without adopting the exaggerated ideas of the populace, who are under the persuasion that these houses possess immense revenues, it is certain, that a person well known, and an adept in the science of public finance, having undertaken to furnish the plan of a receptacle for the sick, found on calculation that the expense of each of them would not exceed

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eight-pence half penny a day: that they might be much better provided on these terms, and at an easier rate, than in the hospitals. For my own part, I am clearly of opinion that these same pence, distributed day by day in the house of a poor sick man, would produce a still farther saving by contributing to the support of his wife and children. A sick person of the commonalty has hardly need of any thing more than good broths; his family might partly subsist on the meat of which they were made.

But hospitals are subject to many other inconveniences. Maladies of a particular character are there generated, frequently more dangerous than those which the sick carry in with them. They are sufficiently known, such especially as are denominated hospital-fevers. Besides these, evils of a much more serious nature, those which affect morals are there communicated. A person of extensive knowledge and experience has assured me, that most of the criminals who terminate their days on a gibbet, or in the galleys, are the spawn of hospitals. This amounts to what has been already asserted, that a corps of whatever description is always depraved, especially a corps of beggars. I could wish therefore, that so far from collecting and crowding together the miserable, they might be provided for, under the inspection of their own relations, or entrusted to poor families who would take care of them.

Public prisons are necessary; but it is surely desirable that the unhappy creatures there immured should be less miserable while under confinement. Justice undoubtedly in depriving them of liberty,

proposes not only to punish, but to reform their moral character. Excess of misery and evil communications can change it only from bad to worse. Experience farther demonstrates, that there it is the wicked acquire the perfection of depravity. One who went in only feeble and culpable, comes out an accomplished villain. As this subject has been treated profoundly by a celebrated Writer, I shall pursue it no farther. I shall only beg leave to observe, that there is no way but one to reform men, and that is to render them happier. How many who were living a life of criminality in Europe have recovered their character in the West India Islands, to which they were transported! They are become honest men there, because they have there found more liberty and more happiness than they enjoyed in their native country.

There is another class of Mankind still more worthy of compassion because they are innocent; I mean persons peprived of the use of reason. They are shut up, and they seldom fail of consequence to become more insane than they were before. I shall on this occasion remark, that I do not believe that there is through the whole extent of Asia, China however excepted, a single place of confinement for persons of this description. The Turks treat them with singular respect; whether it be that *Mahomet* himself was occasionally subject to mental derangement, or whether from a religious opinion they entertain, that as soon as a madman sets his foot into a house the blessing of God enters it with him. They delay not a moment to set food before him, and caress him in

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the tenderest manner. There is not an instance known of their having injured any one. Our madmen on the contrary are mischievous, because they are miserable. As soon as one appears in the streets, the children themselves already rendered miserable by their education, and delighted to find a human being on whom they can vent their malignity with safety, pelt him with stones and take pleasure in working him up into a rage. I must farther observe that there are no madmen among savages; and I could not wish for a better proof that their political constitution renders them more happy than polished Nations are, as mental derangement proceeds only from excessive chagrin.

The number of insane persons under confinement with us is enormously great. There is not a provincial town, of any considerable magnitude, but what contains an edifice destined to this use. Their treatment in these is surely an object of commiseration, and loudly calls for the attention of Government, considering that if after all they are no longer citizens, they are still men, and innocent men too. When I was pursuing my studies at Caen, I recollect having seen in the madmens' ward, some shut up in dungeons, where they had not seen the light for fifteen years. I one evening accompanied into some of those dismal caverns the good Curé de St. Martin, whose boarder I then was, and who had been called to perform the last duties of his office to one of those poor wretches, on the point of breathing his last. He was obliged, as well as I, to stop his nose all the time he was by the dying man; but the

vapour which exhaled from his dunghill was so infectious, that my clothes retained the smell for more than two months, nay my very linen, after having been repeatedly sent to the washing. I could quote traits of the mode of treatment of those miserable objects which would excite horror. I shall relate only one which is still fresh in my memory.

Some years ago, happening to pass through l'Aigle, a small town in Normandy, I strolled out about sun-set to enjoy a little fresh air. I perceived on a rising ground a convent most delightfully situated. A monk, who stood porter, invited me in to see the house. He conducted me through an immense court, in which the first thing that struck my eye was a man of about forty years old, with half a hat on his head, who advanced directly upon me, saying, "Be so good as stab me to the heart; be so "good as stab me to the heart." The monk who was my guide, said to me, "Sir, don't be alarmed; "he is a poor captain who lost his reason on ac- "count of an unmilitary preference that passed "upon him in his regiment."

"This house then," said I to him, "serves as a "receptacle for lunatics:" "Yes," replied he, "I "am Superior of it." He walked me from court to court, and conducted me into a small enclosure in which were several little cells of mason work, and where we heard persons talking with a good deal of earnestness. There we found a canon in his shirt, with his shoulders quite exposed, conversing with a man of a fine figure who was seated by a small table in front of one of those little cells. The monk went

went up to the poor canon, and with his full strength applied a blow of his fist to the wretch's naked shoulder, ordering him at the same time to turn out. His comrade instantly took up the monk, and emphatically said: "Man of blood, you are guilty of "a very cruel action. Do not you see that this poor "creature has lost his reason?" The monk, struck dumb for the moment, bit his lips, and threatened him with his eyes. But the other without being disconcerted, said to him: "I know I am your "victim; you may do with me whatever you "please." Then, addressing himself to me, he shewed me his two wrists galled to the quick by the iron manacles with which he had been confined.

"You see, Sir," said he to me, "in what manner "I am treated!" I turned to the monk with an expression of indignation at a conduct so barbarous. He coolly replied: "O! I can put an end to all "his fine reasoning in a moment." I addressed however a few words of consolation to the unfortunate man, who, looking at me with an air of confidence, said, "I think, Sir, I have seen you at S. "Hubert, at the house of M. the Mareschal *de Brog-* "*lio*." "You must be mistaken, Sir," replied I, "I never had the honour of being at the Mareschal "*de Broglio*'s." Upon that he instituted a process of recollection respecting the different places where he thought he had seen me, with circumstances so accurately detailed, and clothed with such appearances of probability, that the monk nettled at his well-merited reproaches, and at the good sense which he displayed, thought proper to interrupt his conversation, by introducing a discourse about marriage,

riage, the purchase of horses, and so on. The moment that the chord of his insanity was touched his head was gone. On going out the monk told me that this poor lunatic was a man of very considerable birth. Some time after I had the pleasure of being informed, that he had found means to escape from his prison, and had recovered the use of his reason.

A great many physical remedies are employed for the cure of madness; and it frequently proceeds from a moral cause, for it is produced by chagrin. Might there not be a possibility to employ, for the restoration of reason to those disordered beings, means directly opposed to those which occasioned the loss of reason; I mean mirth, pleasure, and above all the pleasures of music? We see from the instance of *Saul*, and many others of a similar nature, what influence music possesses for re-establishing the harmony of the soul. With this ought to be united treatment the most gentle, and care to place the unhappy patients, when visited with paroxysms of rage, not under the restraint of fetters, but in an apartment matted round, where they could do no mischief either to themselves or others. I am persuaded that by employing such humane precautions, numbers might be restored, especially if they were under the charge of persons who had no interest in perpetuating their derangement; as it is but too frequently the case, with respect to families who are enjoying their estates, and houses of restraint where a good board is paid for their detention. It would likewise be proper, in my opinion, to commit the care of men disordered in their understanding to females, and

that

that of females to men, on account of the mutual sympathy of the two sexes with each other.

I would not not wish that there should be in the kingdom any one art, craft or profession, but whose final retreat and recompense should be at Paris. Among the different classes of citizens who practise these, and of whom the greater part is little known in the capital, there is one, and that very numerous, which is not known at all there, though one of the most miserable, and that to which of all others the rich are under the strongest obligations, I mean the seamen. These hardy and unpolished beings are the men who go in quest of fuel to their voluptuousness to the very extremities of Asia, and who are continually exposing their lives upon our own coasts, in order to find a supply of delicacies for their tables. Their conversation is as least at sprightly as that of our peasantry, and incomparably more interesting, from their manner of viewing objects, and from the singularity of the countries which they have visited in the course of their voyages. At the recital of their many-formed disasters, and of the tempests which threatened them, while employed in conveying to you objects of enjoyment from every region of the Globe, ye happy ones of the earth! your own repose may be rendered more precious to you. By contrasts such as these your felicity will be heightened.

I know not whether it was for the purpose of procuring for himself a pleasure of this nature, or to give an enlivening sea air to the park of Versailles, that *Louis* XIV. planted a colony of Venetian gondoliers on the great canal which fronts

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the palace. Their descendants subsist there to this day. This establishment, under a better direction, might have furnished a very desirable and useful retreat to our own seamen. But that great King, frequently misled by evil counsellors, almost always carried the sentiment of his own glory beyond his own people. What a contrast would these hardy sons of the waves, bedaubed with pitch, their wind and weather-beaten faces resembling sea-calves, arrived from Greenland, others from the coast of Guinea, have presented, with the marble statues, and verdant bowers of the park of Versailles! *Louis* XIV. would oftener than once have derived from those blunt honest fellows, more useful information, and more important truth, than either books, or even his marine officers of the highest rank could have given him; and on the other hand, the novelty of their characteristic singularity, and that of their reflection on his own greatness, would have provided for him spectacles much more highly amusing than those which the wits of his Court devised for him, and at an enormous expense. Besides, what emulation would not the prospect of such preferments have kindled among our sailors?

I ascribe the perfection of the English Marine, in part at least, simply to the influence of their capital, and from it's being incessantly under the eye of the Court. Were Paris a sea-port as London is, how many ingenious inventions, thrown away upon modes and operas, would be applied to the improvement of navigation! Were sailors seen there even as currently as soldiers, a passion for the

marine

marine service would be more extensively diffused. The condition of the seamen, become more interesting to the nation and to its rulers, would be gradually meliorated; and at the same time this would have a happy tendency to mitigate the brutal despotism of those who frequently maintain their authority over them, merely by dint of swearing and blows. It is a good, and an easy practicable piece of policy, to enfeeble vice by bringing men nearer to each other, and by rendering them more happy. Our country gentlemen did not give over beating their hinds, till they saw that this useful part of mankind had become interesting objects in books, and on the theatre.

Not that I wish for our seamen an establishment similar to that of the *Hotel des Invalides*. I am charmed with the architecture of that monument, but I pity the condition of its inhabitants. Most of them are dissatisfied, and always murmuring, as any one may be convinced who will take the trouble to converse with them: I do not believe there is any foundation for this; but experience demonstrates that men formed into a corps sooner or later degenerate, and are always unhappy. It would be wiser to follow the laws of Nature, and to associate them by families. I could wish that the practice of the English were observed and copied, by settling our superannuated seamen on the ferries of rivers, on board all those little barges which traverse Paris, and by scattering them along the Seine, like tritons, to adorn the plains: we should see them stemming the tides of our rivers in wherries under smack-sails, luffing as they go; and there they would

would introduce methods of Navigation more prompt and commodious, than those hitherto known and practised.

As to those whom age or wounds may have totally disabled for service, they might be suitably accommodated and provided for, in an edifice similar to that which the English have reared at Greenwich for the reception of their decayed seamen. But to acknowledge the truth, the State, I am persuaded, would find it a much more economical plan to allow them pensions, and that these very seamen would be much better disposed of in the bosom of their several families. This, however, need not prevent the raising at Paris a majestic and commodious monument, to serve as a retreat for those brave veterans. The capital sets little value upon them, because it knows them not; but there are some among them who, by going over to the enemy, are capable of conducting a descent on our colonies, and even upon our own coasts. Desertion is as common among our mariners as among our soldiers, and their desertion is a much greater loss to the State, because it requires more time to form them, and because their local knowledge is of much higher importance to an enemy than that of our cavaliers, or of our foot-soldiers.

What I have now taken the liberty to suggest on the subject of our seamen, might be extended to all the other estates of the kingdom without exception. I could wish that there were not a single one but what had it's centre at Paris, and which might not find there a place of refuge, a retreat, a little chapel. All these monuments of the different classes of citizens, which communicate life to the body politic,

lific, decorated with the attributes peculiar to each particular craft and profession, would there figure with perfect propriety, and with most powerful effect.

After having rendered the Capital a resort of happiness and of improvement to our own Nation, I would allure to it the men of foreign nations from every corner of the Globe. O! ye women, who regulate our destiny, how much ought you to contribute towards uniting mankind, in a City where your empire is unbounded! In ministring to your pleasures do men employ themselves over the face of the whole Earth. While you are engrossed wholly in enjoyment, the Laplander issues forth in the midst of storm and tempest to pierce with his harpoon the enormous whale, whose beard is to serve for stuffing to your robes: a man of China puts into the oven the porcelain out of which you sip your coffee, while an Arabian of Moka is busied in gathering the berry for you: a young woman of Bengal on the banks of the Ganges is spinning your muslin, while a Russian, amidst the forests of Finland, is felling the tree which is to be converted into a mast for the vessel that is to bring it home to you.

The glory of a great Capital is to assemble within it's walls the men of all Nations who contribute to it's pleasures. I should like to see at Paris, the Samoïedes with their coats of sea-calf-skin and their boots of sturgeon's hide; and the black Iolofs dressed in their waist-attire, streaked with red and blue. I could wish to see there the beardless Indians of Peru dressed in feathers from head to foot, strolling about undismayed in our public squares, around

around the statues of our kings, mingled with stately Spaniards in whiskers and short cloaks. It would give me pleasure to see the Dutch making a settlement on the thirsty ridges of Montmartre, and following the bent of their hydraulic inclination like the beavers, find the means of there constructing canals filled with water; while the inhabitants of the banks of the Oroonoko should live comfortably dry, suspended over the lands inundated by the Seine, amidst the foliage of willows and alder-trees.

I could wish that Paris were as large, and of a population as much diversified, as those ancient cities of Asia, such as Nineveh and Suza, whose extent was so vast that it required three days to make the tour of them, and in which *Ahasuerus* beheld two hundred nations bending before his throne. I could wish that every people on the face of the Earth kept up a correspondence with that city, as the members with the heart in the human body. What secret did the Asiatics possess to raise cities so vast and so populous? They are in all respects our elder brothers. They permitted all Nations to settle among them. Present men with liberty and happiness and you will attract them from the ends of the Earth.

It would be much to the honour of his humanity if some great Prince would propose this question to the discussion of Europe: Whether the happiness of a people did not depend upon that of it's neighbours? The affirmative clearly demonstrated would level with the dust the contrary maxim, that of *Machiavel*, which has too long governed our European politics.

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It would be very easy to prove, in the first place, that a good understanding with her neighbours would enable her confidently to disband those land and naval forces which are so burdensome to a Nation. It might be demonstrated, secondly, that every people has been a partaker in the blessings and the calamities of their neighbours, from the example of the Spaniards, who made the discovery of America, and have scattered the advantages and the evils of it over all the rest of Europe. This truth may be farther confirmed from the prosperity and greatness attained by those Nations who were at pains to conciliate the good-will of their neighbours, as the Romans did, who extended farther and farther the privileges of citizenship, and thereby in process of time consolidated all the Nations of Italy into one single State. They would undoubtedly have formed but one single People of the whole Human Race, had not their barbarous custom of exacting the service of foreign slaves counteracted a policy so humane. It might finally be made apparent, how miserable those Governments were which, however well constituted internally, lived in a state of perpetual anxiety, always weak and divided, because they did not extend humanity beyond the bounds of their own territory. Such were the ancient Greeks: such is in modern times Persia, which is sunk into a state of extreme weakness, and into which it fell immediately after the brilliant reign of *Scha Abbas*, whose political maxim it was to surround himself with deserts; his own country has at length become one like those of his neighbours. Other examples to the same purpose

might be found among the powers of Asia, who receive the Law from handfuls of Europeans.

Henry IV. had formed the celestial project of engaging all Europe to live in peace; but his project was not sufficiently extensive to support itself: war must have fallen upon Europe from the other quarters of the World. Our particular destinies are connected with those of mankind. This is an homage which the Christian Religion justly challenges, and which it alone merits. Nature says to you, love thyself alone; domestic education says, love your family; the national, love your country; but Religion says, Love all Mankind without exception. She is better acquainted with our interests than our natural instinct is, or our parentage, or our politics. Human societies are not detached from each other like those of animals. The bees of France are not in the least affected by the destruction of the hives in America. But the tears of Mankind, shed in the New World, cause streams of blood to flow in the ancient Continent? and the war-hoop of a savage on the bank of a lake has oftener than once re-echoed through Europe, and disturbed the repose of her Potentates. The Religion which condemns love of ourselves, and which enjoins the love of Mankind, is not self-contradictory as certain sophists have alleged; she exacts the sacrifice of our passions only to direct them toward the general felicity; and by inculcating upon us the obligation of loving all men, she furnishes us with the only real means of loving ourselves.

I could wish therefore that our political relations with all the Nations of the World, might be directed

rected toward a gracious reception of their subjects in the Capital of the kingdom. Were we to expend only a part of what we lay out on foreign communications, we should be no great losers. The Nations of Asia send no Consuls nor Ministers, nor Ambassadors, out of the Country, unless in very extraordinary cases: and all the Nations of the Earth seek to them. It is not by sending Ambassadors in great state, and at a vast expence, to neighbouring Nations, that we conciliate or secure their friendship. In many cases our ostentatious magnificence becomes a secret source of hatred and jealousy among their grandees. The point is to give a kind reception to their subjects properly so called, the weak, the persecuted, the miserable. Our French refugees were the men who conveyed part of our skill, and of our power, to Prussia, and to Holland. How many unseen relations of commerce, and of national benevolence, have been formed upon the foundation of such graciousness of reception! An honest German who retires into Austria, after having made a little fortune in France, is the means of sending to us a hundred of his compatriots, and disposes the whole canton in which he settles to wish us well. By bonds like these national friendships are contracted, much better than by diplomatic treaties; for the opinion of a Nation always determines that of the Prince.

After having rendered the city of men wonderfully happy, I would direct my attention to the embellishment and commodiousness of the city of stones. I would rear in it a multitude of useful monuments; I would extend along the houses, ar-

cades as in Turin, and a raised pavement as in London, for the accommodation of foot-passengers; in the streets where it was practicable, trees and canals as in Holland, for the facility of carriage; in the suburbs, caravanseries as in the cities of the East, for the entertainment, at a moderate expence, of travellers from foreign lands; toward the centre of the city, markets of vast extent, and surrounded with houses six or seven stories high, for the reception of the poorer sort, who will soon be at a loss for a place where to lay their head. I would introduce a great deal of variety into their plans and decorations. In the circular surrounding space I would dispose temples, halls of justice, public fountains; the principal streets should terminate in them. These markets, shaded with trees, and divided into great compartiments, should display in the most beautiful order all the gifts of *Flora*, of *Ceres*, and of *Pomona*. I would erect in the centre the statue of a good king; for it is impossible to place it in a situation more honourable to his memory, than in the midst of the abundance enjoyed by his subjects.

I know of no one thing which conveys to me an idea more precise of the police of a city, and of the felicity of its inhabitants, than the sight of its markets. At Petersburg every market is parcelled out into sub-divisions destined to the sale of a single species of merchandise. This arrangement pleases at first glance, but soon fatigues the eye by its uniformity. *Peter* the first was fond of regular forms, because they are favourable to despotism. For my own part, I should like to see the most perfect

harmony prevailing among our merchants, and the most complete contrasts among their wares. By removing the rivalities which arise out of commerce in the same sort of goods, those jealousies which are productive of so many quarrels would be prevented. It would give me pleasure to behold Abundance there pouring out the treasure of all her horns pell-mell; pheasants, fresh-cod, heath-cocks, turbots, pot-herbs, piles of oysters, oranges, wild-ducks, flowers, and so on. Permission should be granted to expose to sale there every species of goods whatever; and this privilege alone would be sufficient to destroy various species of monopoly.

I would erect in the city but few temples; these few however should be august, immense, with galleries on the outside and within, and capable of containing on festival days the third part of the population of Paris. The more that temples are multiplied in a State, the more is Religion enfeebled. This has the appearance of a parodox; but look at Greece and Italy covered with church-towers, while Constantinople is crowed with Greek and Italian renegadoes. Independently of the political, and even religious causes which produce these national depravations, there is one which is founded in Nature, the effects of which we have already recognised in the weakness of the human mind. It is this, That affection diminishes in proportion as it is divided among a variety of objects. The Jews, so astonishingly attached to their religion, had but one single temple, the recollection of which excites their regret to this day.

I would have amphitheatres constructed at Paris like those at Rome, for the purpose of assembling the People and of treating them from time to time with days of festivity. What a superb site for such an edifice is presented in the rising ground at the entrance into the Elysium Fields! How easy would it have been to hollow it down to the level of the plain in form of an amphitheatre, disposed into ascending rows of seats covered with green turf simply, having its ridge crowned with great trees, exalted on an elevation of more than fourscore feet: What a magnificent spectacle would it have been to behold an immense people ranged round and round, like one great family, eating, drinking, and rejoicing in the contemplation of their own felicity!

All these edifices should be constructed of stone; not in petty-layers, according to our mode of building, but in huge blocks such as the Ancients employed,* and as becomes a city that is to last for ever.

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* And such as Savages employ. Travellers are astonished when they survey in Peru the monuments of the ancient Incas, formed of vast irregular stones perfectly fitted to each other. Their construction presents at first sight two great difficulties: How could the Indians have transported those huge masses of stone; and how did they contrive to adapt them so exactly to each other, notwithstanding their irregularity? Our men of science have first supposed a machinery proper for the transportation of them; as if there could be any machine more powerful than the arms of a whole people exerting themselves in concert. They next tell us, that the Indians gave them those irregular forms by dint of labour and industry. This is a downright insult to the common sense of Mankind. Was it not much easier to cut them into a regular than into an irregular shape? I myself was embarrassed in attempting a solution of this problem. At length having read in the Memoirs of Don *Ulloa*, and likewise in some other travellers,

The streets and the public squares should be planted with great trees of various sorts. Trees are the real monuments of Nations. Time, which speedily impairs the Works of Man, only increases the beauty of those of Nature. It is to the trees that our favourite walk the Boulevards is indebted for its principal charm. They delight the eye by their verdure; they elevate the soul to Heaven by the loftiness of their stems; they communicate respect to the monuments which they shade by the majesty of their forms. They contribute, more than we are aware of, to rivet our attachment to the places which we have inhabited. Our memory fixes on them as on points of union which have secret harmonies with the soul of Man. They possess a commanding influence over the events of our life, like those which rise by the

travellers, that there are found in many places of Peru beds of stone along the surface of the ground, separated by clefts and crevices, I presently comprehended the address of the ancient Peruvians. All they had to do was to remove, piece and piece, those horizontal layers of the quarries, and to place them in a perpendicular direction, by moving the detached pieces close to each other. Thus they had a wall ready made which cost them nothing in the hewing. The natural genius is possessed of resources exceedingly simple, but far superior to those of our arts. For example, the Savages of Canada had no cooking pots of metal previous to the arrival of the Europeans. They had however found means to supply this want by hollowing the trunk of a tree with fire. But how did they contrive to set it a boiling, so as to dress a whole ox, which they frequently did? I have applied to more than one pretended man of genius for a solution of this difficulty, but to no purpose. As to myself I was long puzzled, I acknowledge, in devising a method by which water might be made to boil in kettles made of wood, which were frequently large enough to contain several hundred gallons. Nothing however could be easier to Savages; they heated pebbles and flints till they were red hot, and cast them into the water in the pot till it boiled. Consult *Champlain*.

shore of the Sea, and which frequently serve as a direction to the pilot.

I never see the linden tree but I feel myself transported into Holland; nor the fir without representing to my imagination the forests of Russia. Trees frequently attach us to Country when the other ties which united us to it are torn asunder. I have known more than one exile, who in old-age was brought back to his native village, by the recollection of the elm under the shade of which he had danced when a boy. I have heard more than one inhabitant of the Isle of France sighing after his Country under the shade of the banana, and who said to me; "I should be perfectly tran-"quil where I am could I but see a viole. The trees of our natal soil have a farther and most powerful attraction, when they are blended, as was the case among the Ancients, with some religious idea, or with the recollection of some distinguished personage. Whole Nations have attached their patriotism to this object. With what veneration did the Greeks contemplate at Athens the olive tree which *Minerva* had there caused to spring up, and on Mount Olympus, the wild olive, with which *Hercules* had been crowned! *Plutarch* relates, that when at Rome the fig-tree under which *Romulus* and *Remus* had been suckled by a wolf, discovered signs of decay from a lack of moisture, the first person who perceived it exclaimed, Water! water! and all the people in consternation flew with pots and pails full

full of water to refresh it. For my part, I am persuaded that though we have already far degenerated from Nature, we could not without emotion behold the cherry-tree of the forest, into which our good King *Henry* IV. clambered up, when he perceived the army of the Duke of *Mayenne* filing off to the bottom of the adjoining valley.

A city were it built completely of marble, would have to me a melancholy appearance, unless I saw in it trees and verdure :* on the other hand a landscape, were it Arcadia, were it along the banks of the Alpheus, or did it present the swelling ridges of Mount Lyceum, would appear to me a wilderness, if I did not see in it at least one little cottage. The works of Nature and those of Man mutually embellish each other. The spirit of selfishness has

* Trees are from their duration the real monuments of Nations; and they are farther their calendar, from the different seasons at which they send forth their leaves, their flowers, and their fruits. Savages have no other, and our own peasantry make frequent use of it. I met one day, toward the end of Autumn, a country girl all in tears, looking about for a handkerchief which she had lost upon the great road: "Was your "handkerchief very pretty?" said I to her. "Sir," replied she, "it "was quite new; I bought it last bean-time." It has long been my opinion, that if our historical epochs, so loudly trumpeted, were dated by those of Nature, nothing more would be wanting to mark their injustice and expose them to ridicule. Were we to read, for example, in our books of History, that a Prince had caused part of his subjects to be massacred, to render heaven propitious to him, precisely at the season when his kingdom was clothed with the plenty of harvest; or were we to read the relations of bloody engagements, and of the bombardment of cities, dated with the flowering of the violet, the first cream-cheese making, the sheep-marking season; would any other contrast be necessary to render the perusal of such histories detestable? On the other hand, such dates communicate immortal graces to the actions of good Princes, and would confound the blessings which they bestowed, with those of Heaven.

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destroyed among us a taste for Nature. Our peasantry see no beauty in our plains but there where they see the return of their labour. I one day met in the vicinity of the Abbey de la Trappe, on the flinty road of Notre Dame d'Apre, a country woman walking along with two large loaves of bread under her arm. It was in the month of May; and the weather inexpressibly fine. "What a charming season it is!" said I to the good woman: "How beautiful are those apple-trees in "blossom! How sweetly these nightingales sing "in the woods!"—"Ah!" replied she, "I don't "mind nosegays, nor these little squallers! It is "bread that we want." Indigence hardens the heart of the country people, and shuts their eyes. But the good folks of the town have no greater relish for nature, because the love of gold regulates all their other appetites. If some of them set a value on the liberal arts, it is not because those arts imitate natural objects; it is from the price to which the hand of great masters raises their productions. That man gives a thousand crowns for a picture of the country painted by *Lorrain*, who would not take the trouble to put his head out of the window to look at the real landscape: and there is another who ostentatiously exhibits the bust of *Socrates* in his study, who would not receive that Philosopher into his house were he in life, and, who perhaps would not scruple to concur in adjudging him to death, were he under prosecution.

The taste of our Artists has been corrupted by that of our trades-people. As they know that it is not Nature but their own skill which is prized, their

their great aim is to display themselves. Hence it is that they introduce a profusion of rich accessories into most of our monuments, while they frequently omit altogether the principal object. They produce, for instance, as an embellishment for gardens, vases of marble, into which it is impossible to put any vegetable; for apartments, urns and pitchers into which you cannot pour any species of fluid; for our cities, colonades without palaces, gates in places where are no walls, public squares fenced with barriers, to prevent the people from assembling in them. It is they tell us that the grass may be permitted to shoot. A fine project truly! One of the heaviest curses which the Ancients pronounced against their enemies was, that they might see the grass grow in their public places. If they wish to see verdure in ours, why do they not plant trees in them, which would give the people at once shade and shelter? There are some who introduce into the trophies which ornament the town residences of our grandees bows, arrows, catapults; and who have carried the simplicity of the thing to such a height as to plant on them Roman standards, inscribed with these characters, S. P. Q. R. This may be seen in the Palais de Bourbon. Posterity will be taught to believe that the Romans were in the eighteenth century masters of our country. And in what estimation do we mean, vain as we are, that our memory should be held by them, if our monuments, our medals, our trophies, our dramas, our inscriptions, continually hold out to them strangers and antiquity.

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The Greeks and Romans were much more consistent. Never did they dream of constructing useless monuments. Their beautiful vases of alabaster and calcedony were employed in festivals, for holding wine or perfumes; their peristyles always announced a palace; their public places were destined only to the purpose of assembling the people. There they reared the statues of their great men, without enclosing them with rails of iron, in order that their images might still be within reach of the miserable, and be open to their invocation after death, as they themselves had been while they were alive. *Juvenal* speaks of a statue of Bronze at Rome, the hands of which had been worn away by the kisses of the people. What glory to the memory of the person whom it represented! Did it still exist, that mutilation would render it more precious than the *Venus de Medicis*, with its fine proportions.

Our populace we are told is destitute of patriotism. I can easily believe it, for every thing is done that can be done to destroy this principle in them. For example, on the pediment of the beautiful church which we are building in honour of Saint *Genevieve*, but which is too small, as all our modern monuments are, an adoration of the cross is represented. You see indeed the Patroness of Paris in bas-reliefs under the peristyle, in the midst of Cardinals; but would it not have been more in character to exhibit to the People their humble Patroness in her habit of shepherdess, in a little jacket and cornet, with her scrip, her

her crook, her dog, her sheep, her moulds for making cheese, and all the peculiarities of her age and of her condition, on the pediment of the church, dedicated to her memory? To these might have been added a view of Paris, such as it was in her time. From the whole would have resulted contrasts and objects of comparison of the most agreeable kind. Thepeople at sight of this rural scenery would have called to memory the days of old. They would have conceived esteem for the obscure virtues which are necessary to their happiness, and would have been stimulated to tread in the rough paths of glory which their lowly patroness trod before them, whom it is now impossible for them to distinguish in her Grecian robes, and surrounded by Prelates.

Our Artists in some cases deviate so completely from the principal object, that they leave it out altogether. There was exhibited some years ago, in one of the workshops of the Louvre, a monument in honour of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, designed for the cathedral of the city of Sens. Every body flocked to see it, and came away in raptures of admiration. I went with the rest; and the first thing I looked for was the resemblance of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, to whose memory the monument had been erected. There was no such thing there, not even in medallions. You saw *Time* with his scythe, *Hymen* with urns, and all the thread-bare ideas of allegory, which frequently is by the way the genius of those who have none. In order to complete the elucidation of the subject, there was on the pannels of a species of altar, placed in the midst

midst of this group of symbolical figures, long inscriptions in Latin, abundantly foreign to the memory of the great Prince who was the object of them. There, said I to myself, there is a fine national monument! Latin inscriptions for French readers, and pagan symbols for a cathedral! Had the Artist, whose chisel I in other respects admired, meant to display his own talents, he ought to have recommended to his successor, to leave imperfect a small part of the base of that monument, which death prevented himself from finishing, and to engrave these words upon it: COUSTOU *moriens faciebat.** This consonance of fortune would have united him to the royal monument, and would have given a deep impression to the reflections on the vanity of human things, which the sight of a tomb inspires.

Very few Artists catch the moral object; they aim only at the picturesque. "Oh, what a fine subject "for a *Belisarius*!" exclaim they, when the conversation happens to turn on one of our great men reduced to distress. Nevertheless, the liberal arts are destined only to revive the memory of Virtue and not Virtue to give employment to the fine Arts. I acknowledge that the celebrity which they produce is a powerful incentive to prompt men to great actions, though after all it is not the true one; but though it may not inspire the sentiment, it sometimes produces the acts. Now-a-days we go much farther. It is no longer the glory of virtue which associations and individuals endeavour to merit; it is the honour of distributing it to others at which they aim. Heaven knows the strange confusion which results from this? Women

* The work of *Coustou*, left unfinished by death.

of

of very suspicious virtue, and kept-mistresses establish Rose-feasts: they dispense premiums on virginity! Opera-girls crown our victorious General! The Mareschal *de Saxe*, our Historians tell us, was crowned with laurels on the national theatre: as if the nation had consisted of players, and as if its Senate were a theatre! For my own part I look on Virtue as so respectable, that nothing more would be wanting, but a single subject in which it was eminently conspicuous, to overwhelm with ridicule those who dared to dispense such vain and contemptible honours. What stage dancing girl, for example, durst have had the impudence to crown the august forehead of *Turenne* or that of *Fenelon!*

The French Academy would be much more successful, if it aimed at fixing, by the charms of eloquence, the attention of the Nation on our great men: did it attempt less, in the eulogiums which it pronounces to panegyrize the dead, than to satyrize the living. Besides, posterity will rely as little on the language of praise as on that of censure. For, first, the term eulogium is suspected of flattery; and farther, this species of eloquence, characterizes nothing. In order to paint virtue, it is necessary to bring forward defects, and vices, that conflict and triumph may be rendered conspicuous. The style employed in it is full of pomp and luxuriance. It is crowded with reflections and paintings, foreign very frequently to the principal object. It resembles a Spanish horse, it prances about wonderfully, but never gets forward. This kind of eloquence, vague and indecisive as it is, suits no one great man in particular, because it

may

may be applied in general to all those who have run the same career. If you only change a few proper names in the eulogium of a General, you may comprehend in it all Generals past and future. Besides its bombast tone is so little adapted to the simple language of truth and virtue, that when a Writer means to introduce characteristical traits of his hero, that we may know at least, of whom he is speaking, he is under the necessity of throwing them into notes, for fear of deranging his academical order.

Assuredly had *Plutarch* written the eulogium only of illustrious men, he would have had as few readers at this day as the Panegyric of *Trajan* has, which cost the younger *Pliny* so many years labour. You will never find an academical eulogium in the hands of one of the common People. You might see them perhaps turning those of *Fontenelle*, and a few others, if the persons celebrated in them had paid attention to the people while they lived. But the Nation takes pleasure in reading History.

As I was walking some time ago toward the quarter of the Military School, I perceived at some distance, near a sand-pit, a thick column of smoke. I bent my course that way to see what produced it. I found in a very solitary place, a good deal resembling that which *Shakespear* makes the scene where the three witches appear to *Macbeth*, a poor and aged woman sitting upon a stone. She was deeply engaged in reading in an old book, close by a great pile of herbage which she had set on fire. I first asked her for what purpose she was burning those herbs? She replied that it was for the sake of the ashes, which she

she gathered up and sold to the laundresses; that for this end she bought of the gardeners the refuse plants of their grounds, and was waiting till they were entirely consumed that she might carry off the ashes, because they were liable to be stolen in her absence. After having thus satisfied my curiosity, she returned to her book, and read on with deep attention. Eagerly desirous to know what book it was with which she filled up her hours of languor, I took the liberty to ask the title of it. "It is the life of M. *de Turenne*," she replied. "Well, what "do you think of him?" said I. "Ah!" replied she with emotion, "he was a brave man, who suf- "fered much uneasiness from a Minister of State, "while he was alive!" I withdrew, filled with increased veneration for the memory of M. *de Turenne*, who served to console a poor old woman in distress. It is thus that the virtues of the lower classes of society support themselves on those of great men, as the feeble plants, which to escape being trampled under foot cling to the trunk of the oak.

OF NOBILITY.

The ancient Nations of Europe imagined that the most powerful stimulus to the practice of virtus was to ennoble the descendants of their virtuous citizens. They involved themselves by this in very great inconveniences. For in rendering nobility hereditary, they precluded to the rest of the citizens the paths which lead to distinction. As it is the perpetual, exclusive possession of a certain number of families, it ceases to be a national recompense,

otherwise a whole Nation would consist of Nobles at length; which would produce a lethargy fatal to arts and handicrafts; and this is actually the case in Spain, and in part of Italy.

Many other mischiefs necessarily result from hereditary noblesse, the principal of which is the formation, in a State, of two several Nations which come at last to have nothing in common between them; patriotism is annihilated, and both the one and the other hastens to a state of subjection. Such has been, within our recollection, the fate of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Poland, and even part of the provinces of our own kingdom, such as Britanny, where a nobility insufferably lofty, and multiplied beyond all bounds, formed a class absolutely distinct from the rest of the citizens. It is well worthy of being remarked, that these countries, though republican, though so powerful, in the opinion of our political Writers, from the freedom of their constitution, have been very easily subjected by despotic Princes, who were the masters they tell us of slaves only. The reason is, that the People in every country prefer one Sovereign to a thousand tyrants, and that their fate always decides the fate of their lordly oppressors. The Romans softened the unjust and odious distinctions which existed between Patricians and Plebeians, by granting to these last privileges and employments of the highest respectability.

Means in my opinion still more effectual were employed by that People to bring the two classes of citizens to a state of closer approximation; particularly the practice of adoption. How many great men started up out of the mass of the People, to

merit this kind of recompense, as illustrious as those which Country bestows, and still more addressed to the heart! Thus did the *Catos* and the *Scipios* distinguish themselves, in hope of being ingrafted into Patrician families. Thus it was that the Plebeian *Agricola* obtained in marriage the daughter of *Augustus*. I do not know, but perhaps I am only betraying my own ignorance, that adoption ever was in use among us, unless it were between certain great Lords, who from the failure of heirs of blood were at a loss how to dispose of their vast possessions when they died. I consider adoption as much preferable to nobility conferred by the State. It might be the means of reviving illustrious families, the descendants of which are now languishing in the most abject poverty. It would endear the nobility to the People, and the People to the Nobility. It would be proper that the privilege of bestowing the rights of adoption should be rendered a species of recompense to the Noblesse themselves. Thus, for example, a poor man of family, who had distinguished himself, might be empowered to adopt one of the commonalty, who should acquire eminence. A man of birth would be on the look-out for virtue among the People: and a virtuous man of the commonalty would go in quest of a worthy nobleman as a patron. Such political bonds of union appear to me more powerful, and more honourable, than mercenary matrimonial alliances, which, by uniting two individual citizens of different classes, frequently alienate their families. Nobility thus acquired would appear to me far preferable to that

which public employments confer; for these, being entirely the purchase of so much money, from that very circumstance lose their respectability, and consequently degrade the nobility attached to them.

But taking it at the best, one disadvantage must ever adhere to hereditary nobility, namely, the eventual excessive multiplication of persons of that description. A remedy for this has been attempted among us, by adjudging nobility to various professions, such as maritime commerce. First of all, it may be made a question, Whether the spirit of commerce can be perfectly consistent with the honour of a gentleman? Besides, What commerce shall he carry on who has got nothing! Must not a premium be paid to the merchant for admitting a young man into his counting-house to learn the first principles of trade? And where should so many poor men of noble birth find the means, who have not wherewithal to clothe their children? I have seen some of them, in Britanny, the descendants of the most ancient families of the province, so reduced as to earn a livelihood by mowing down the hay of the peasantry for so much a day.

Would to God that all conditions were nobilitated, the profession of agriculture in particular! for it is that, above all others, of which every function is allied to virtue. In order to be an husbandman there is no need to deceive, to flatter, to degrade one's-self, to do violence to another. He is not indebted for the profits of his labour to the vices or the luxury of his age, but to the bounty of Heaven. He adheres to his Country, at least by the little corner of it which he

he cultivates. If the condition of the husbandman were ennobled, a multitude of benefits to the inhabitants of the kingdom would result from it. Nay, it would be sufficient if it were not considered as ignoble. But here is a resource which the State might employ for the relief of the decayed nobility. Most of the ancient seignories are purchased now-a-days by persons who possess no other merit but that of having money; so that the honour of those illustrious houses have fallen to the share of men who, to confess the truth, are hardly worthy of them. The king ought to purchase those lordships as often as they come to market; reserve to himself the seignorial rights, with part of the lands, and form of those small domains civil and military benefices, to be bestowed as rewards on good officers, useful citizens, and noble and poor families, nearly as the Timariots are in Turkey.

OF AN ELYSIUM.

The hereditary transmission of Nobility is subjected to a farther inconveniency; namely this, Here is a man, who sets out with the virtues of a *Marius*, and finishes the career, loaded with all his vices. I am going to propose a mode of distinguishing superior worth which shall not be liable to the dangers of inheritance, and of human inconstancy: it is to withhold the rewards of virtue till after death.

Death affixes the last seal to the memory of Man. It is well known of what weight the decisions were which the Egyptians pronounced upon their citizens after life was terminated. Then too it was

that the Romans sometimes exalted theirs to the rank of demi-gods, and sometimes threw them into the Tiber. The people in default of priests and magistrates, still exercises among us a part of this priesthood. I have oftener than once stood still of an evening, at sight of a magnificent funeral procession, not so much to admire the pomp of it, as to listen to the judgment pronounced by the populace on the high and puissant Prince whose obsequies were celebrating. I have frequently heard the question asked, Was he a good master? Was he fond of his wife and children? Was he a friend to the poor? The people insist particularly on this last question; because being continually influenced by the principal call of Nature, they distinguish in the rich hardly any other virtue than beneficence. I have often heard this reply given: "Oh! he never did good to any one: he was an "unkind relation, and a harsh master." I have heard them say, at the interment of a Farmer-General who left behind him more than twelve millions of livers, (half a million sterling): "He drove "away the country poor from the gate of his "castle with fork and flail." On such occasions, you hear the spectators fall a swearing and cursing the memory of the deceased. Such are usually the funeral orations of the rich, in the mouth of the populace. There is little doubt that their decisions would produce consequences of a certain kind, were the police of Paris less strict than it is.

Death alone can ensure reputation, and nothing short of religion can consecrate it. Our grandees are abundantly aware of this. Hence the sumptuousness

ousness of their monuments in our churches. It is not that the clergy make a point of their being interred there, as many imagine. The clergy would equally receive their perquisites were the interment in the country: they would take care, and very justly, to be well paid for such journeys; and they would be relieved from breathing all the year round in their stalls, the putrid exhalations of rotting carcases. The principal obstacle to this necessary reform in our police proceeds from the great and the rich, who, seldom disposed to crowd the church in their life time, are eager for admission after their death, that the people may admire their superb *mausolea*, and their virtues portrayed in brass and marble. But thanks to the allegorical representations of our Artists, and to the Latin inscriptions of our *Literati*, the people know nothing about the matter; and the only reflection which they make at sight of them is, that all this must have cost an enormous sum of money; and that such a vast quantity of copper might be converted to advantage into porridge-pots.

Religion alone has the power of consecrating, in a manner that shall last, the memory of Virtue. The King of Prussia, who was so well acquainted with the great moving spring of politics, did not overlook this. As the Protestant Religion, which is the general profession of his kingdom, excludes from the churches the images of the Saints, he supplied their place with the portraits of the most distinguished officers who had fallen in his service. The first time I looked into the churches at Berlin, I was not a little astonished to see the walls

adorned with the portraits of officers in their uniform. Beneath, there was an inscription indicating their names, their age, the place of their birth, and the battle in which they had been killed. There is likewise subjoined, if my recollection is accurate, a line or two of eulogium. The military enthusiasm kindled by this sight is inconceivable.

Among us, there is not a monkish order so mean as not to exhibit in their cloisters, and in their churches, the pictures of their great men, beyond all contradiction more respected, and better known, than those of the State. These subjects, always accompanied with picturesque and interesting circumstances, are the most powerful means which they employ for attracting novices. The Carthusians already perceive, that the number of their novices is diminished, now that they have no longer in their cloisters the melancholy history of *S. Bruno* painted in a style so masterly by *Le Sueur*. No one order of citizens prizes the portraits of men who have been useful only to the Nation, and to Mankind: printsellers alone sometimes display the images of them filed on a string, and illuminated with blue and red. Thither the People resort to look for them among those of players and opera-girls. We shall soon have, it is said, the exhibition of a museum at the Tuilleries; but that royal monument is consecrated rather to talents than to patriotism, and like so many others it will undoubtedly be locked up from the People.

First of all, I would have it made a rule that no citizen whatever should be interred in the church. *Xenophon* relates that *Cyrus*, the sovereign Lord of the

the greatest part of Asia, gave orders at his death, that his body should be buried in the open country, under the trees, to the end that, said this great Prince, the elements of it might be quickly united to those of Nature, and contribute a-new to the formation of her beautiful works. This sentiment was worthy of the sublime soul of *Cyrus*. But tombs in every country, especially the tombs of great Kings, are the most endeared of all monuments to the Nations. The savages consider those of their ancestors as titles to the possession of the lands which they inhabit. "This country is ours," say they, "the bones of our fathers are here laid "to rest." When they are forced to quit it, they dig them up with tears, and carry them off with every token of respect.

The Turks erect their tombs by the side of the highways, as the Romans did. The Chinese make theirs enchanted spots. They place them in the vicinity of their cities, in grottos dug out of the side of hills; they decorate the entrance into them with pieces of architecture, and plant before them, and all around, groves of cypress, and of firs, intermingled with trees which bear flowers and fruits. These spots inspire a profound and a delicious melancholy; not only from the natural effect of their decoration, but from the moral sentiment excited in us by tombs, which are, as we have said in another place, monuments erected on the confines of two worlds.

Our great ones then would lose nothing of the respect which they wish to attach to their memory, were they to be interred in public receptacles of the dead, adjoining to the Capital. A magnificent sepulchral chapel might be constructed in the midst of the

the burying-ground, devoted solely to funeral obsequies, a celebration of which frequently disturbs the worship of God in parish-churches. Artists might give full scope to their imagination in the decoration of such a mausoleum; and the temple of humility and truth would no longer be profaned by the vanity and falsehood of monumental epitaphs.

While each citizen should be left at liberty to lodge himself agreeably to his own fancy, in this last and lasting abode, I would have a large space selected, not far from Paris, to be consecrated by every solemnity of Religion, to be a general receptacle of the ashes of such as may have deserved well of their country.

The services which may be rendered to our country are infinite in number, and very various in their Nature. We hardly acknowledge any but what are of one and the same kind, derived from formidable qualities, such as valour. We revere that only which terrifies us. The tokens of our esteem are frequently testimonies of our weakness. We are brought up to sense of fear only, and not of gratitude. There is no modern nation so insignificant as not to have it's *Alexander* and it's *Cesar* to commemorate, but no one it's *Bacchus* and it's *Ceres*. The Ancients, as valiant at least as we are, thought incomparably better. *Plutarch* observes somewhere, that *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, who were mortals, attained the supreme rank of Gods, on account of the pure, universal, and lasting blessings which they had procured for Mankind; but that *Hercules*, *Theseus*, and other Heroes, were raised only to the subordinate rank of demi-gods, because the services which they rendered to men were transient, circumscribed,

cumscribed, and contained a great mixture of evil.

I have often felt astonishment at our indifference about the memory of those of our Ancestors who introduced useful trees into the country, the fruits and shade of which are to this day so delicious. The names of those benefactors are most of them entirely unknown; their benefits are however perpetuated to us from age to age. The Romans did not act in this manner. *Pliny* tells us, with no small degree of self-complacency, that of the eight species of cherry known at Rome in his time, one was called the *Plinian*, after the name of one of his relations, to whom Italy was indebted for it. The other species of this very fruit bore, at Rome, the names of the most illustrious families, being denominated the Apronian, the Actian, the Cæcilian, the Julian. He informs us that it was *Lucullus* who, after the defeat of *Mithridates*, transplanted from the Kingdom of Pontus the first cherry-trees into Italy, from whence they were propagated in less than a hundred and twenty years all over Europe, England not excepted, which was then peopled with barbarians. They were perhaps the first means of the civilization of that island, for the first laws always spring up out of Agriculture: and for this very reason it is that the Greeks gave to *Ceres* the name of Legislatrix.

Pliny, in another place, congratulates *Pompey* and *Vespasian* on having displayed at Rome the ebony-tree, and that of the balm of Judea, in the midst of their triumphal processions, as if they had then triumphed not only over the Nations, but over the very

very Nature of their countries. Assuredly, if I entertained a wish to have my name perpetuated, I would much rather have it affixed to a fruit in France than to an island in America. The people in the seasons of that fruit would recal my memory with tokens of respect. My name, preserved in the baskets of the peasantry, would endure longer than if it were engraved on columns of marble. I know of no monument in the noble family of *Montmorenci* more durable, and more endeared to the People, than the cherry which bears it's name. The Good-Henry, otherwise *lapathum*, which grows without culture in the midst of our plains, will confer a more lasting duration on the memory of *Henry* IV. than the statue of bronze placed on the Pont-Neuf, though protected by an iron rail and a guard of soldiers. If the seeds and the heifers which *Louis* XV. by a natural movement of humanity, sent to the Island of Otaheité, should happen to multiply there, they will preserve his memory much longer, and render it much dearer among the Nations of the South Sea, than the pitiful pyramids of bricks which the fawning Academicians attempted to rear in honour of him at Quito, and perhaps than the statutes erected to him in the heart of his own kingdom.

The benefit of a useful plant is, in my opinion, one of the most important services which a citizen can render to his Country. Foreign plants unite us to the Nations from whence they come; they convey to us a portion of their happiness, and of their genial Suns. The olive-tree represents to me the happy climate of Greece much better than the

book

book of *Pausanias;* and I find the gifts of *Minerva* more powerfully expressed in it than upon medallions. Under a great chesnut in blossom I feel myself laid to rest amidst the rich umbrage of America; the perfume of a citron transports me to Arabia; and I am an inhabitant of voluptuous Peru whenever I inhale the emanations of the heliotrope.

I would begin then with erecting the first monuments of the public gratitude to those who have introduced among us the useful plants; for this purpose I would select one of the islands of the Seine, in the vicinity of Paris, to be converted into an Elysium. I would take for example that one which is below the majestic bridge of Neuilly, and which in a few years more will actually be joined to the suburbs of Paris. I would extend my field of operation, by taking in that branch of the Seine which is not adapted to the purposes of navigation, and a large portion of the adjoining Continent. I would plant this extensive district with the trees, the shrubbery, and the herbage, with which France has been enriched for several ages past. There should be assembled the great Indian-chesnut, the tulip tree, the mulberry, the acacia of America and of Asia; the pines of Virginia and Siberia; the bear's-ear of the Alps; the tulips of Calcedonia, and so on. The service-tree of Canada, with it's scarlet clusters, should have a place; the *magnolia grandiflora* of America, which produces the largest and most odoriferous of flowers; the evergreen thuia of China, which puts forth no apparent flower, should interlace their boughs, and form here and there enchanted groves.

Under

Under their shade, and amidst carpets of variegated verdure, should be reared the monuments of those who transplanted them into France. We should behold around the magnificent tomb of *Nicot*, Ambassador from France to the Court of Portugal, which is at present in the church of St. Paul, the famous tobacco plant spring up, called at first after his name *Nicotiana*, because he was the man who first diffused the knowledge of it over Europe. There is not a European Prince but what owes him a statue for that service, for there is not a vegetable in the world which has poured such sums in their treasuries, and so many agreeable illusions into the minds of their subjects. The *nepenthes* of *Homer* is not once to be compared to it. There might be engraved on a tablet of marble adjoining to it, the name of the Flemish *Auger de Busbequius*, Ambassador from *Ferdinand* the First King of the Romans to the Porte, in other respects so estimable from the charms of his epistolary correspondence; and this small monument might be placed under the shade of the lilach, which he transported from Constantinople, and of which he made a present to Europe* in 1562. The lucern of Media should there surround with it's shoots the monument dedicated to the memory of the unknown husbandman, who first sowed it on our flinty hillocks, and who presented us with an article of pasture, in parched situations, which renovates itself at least four times a year. At sight of the solanum of America, which produces at it's root the potatoe, the poorer part of the community would bless the

* See *Matthiola* on *Dioscorides*.

name

name of the man who secured to them a species of aliment which is not liable, like corn, to suffer by the inconstancy of the elements, and the granaries of monopolizers. There too should be displayed, not without a lively interest, the urn of the unknown traveller who adorned to endless generations, the humble window of his obscure habitation with the brilliant colours of *Aurora*, by transplanting thither the nun of Peru.*

On advancing into this delicious spot, we should behold under domes and porticos the ashes and the busts of those who, by the invention of useful arts, have taught us to avail ourselves of the productions of Nature, and who by their genius have spared us the necessity of long and painful labours. There would be no occasion for epitaphs. The figures of the implements employed in weaving of stockings; of those used in twisting of silk, and in the construction of the windmill, would be monumental inscriptions as august, and as expressive, on the tombs of their inventors, as the sphere inscribed in the cylinder on that of *Archimedes*. There might one day be traced the aërostatic globe, on the tomb of *Mongolfier*; but it would be proper to know beforehand, whether that strange machine which elevates men into the air by means of fire or gas, shall contribute to the happiness of mankind; for the name of the

* For my own part, I would contemplate the monument of that man, were it but a simple tile, with more respect than the superb mausolea which have been reared in many places of Europe, and of America, in honour of the inhuman conquerors of Mexico and Peru. More Historians than one have given us their eulogium: but divine Providence has done them justice. They all died a violent death, and most of them by the hand of the executioner.

inventor

inventor of gunpowder himself, were we capable of tracing it, could not be admitted into the retreats of the benefactors of Humanity.

On approaching toward the centre of this Elysium we should meet with monuments still more venerable, of those who by their virtue have transmitted to posterity fruits far more delicious than those of the vegetables of Asia, and who have called into exercise the most sublime of all talents. There should be placed the monuments and the statues of the generous *Duquesne*, who himself fitted out a squadron, at his sole expense, in the defence of his Country: of the sage *Catinat*, equally tranquil in the mountains of Savoy, and in the humble retreat of St. Gratian; and of the heroic Chevalier *d'Asass*, sacrificing himself by night for the preservation of the French army in the woods of Klosterkam.

There should be the illustrious Writers, who inflamed their compatriots with the ardor of performing great actions. There we should see *Amyot* leaning on the bust of *Plutarch*; and Thou, who hast given at once the theory and the example of virtue, divine Author of *Telemachus!* we should revere thy ashes and thy image, in an image of those elysian fields which thy pencil has delineated in such glowing colours.

I would likewise give a place to the monuments of eminent women, for virtue knows no distinction of sex. There should be reared the statues of those who with all the charms of beauty preferred a laborious and obscure life, to the vain delights of the World;

of

of matrons who re-established order in a deranged family, who, faithful to the memory of a husband frequently chargeable with infidelity, preserved inviolate the conjugal vow, even after death had cancelled the obligation, and devoted youth to the education of the dear pledges of an union now no more: and finally the venerable effigies of those who attained the highest pinnacle of distinction by the very obscurity of their virtues. Thither should be transported the tomb of a Lady of Lamoignon, from the poor church of Saint Giles where it remains unnoticed: it's affecting epitaph would render it still more worthy of occupying this honourable station than the chisel of *Girardon*, whose master-piece it is: in it we read that a design had been entertained to bury her body in another place; but the poor of the parish, to whom she was a mother all her life long, carried it off by force, and deposited it in their church: they themselves would undoubtedly transport the remains of their benefactress, and resort to this hallowed spot to display them to the public veneration.

Hic manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
Quique Sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, et *Phœbo* digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes:
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

ÆNEID, Book vi.

* Thus imitated:
Here Patriot-bands who for their country bled;
Priests, who a life of purest virtue led:

"Here inhabit the heroic bands who bled "in fighting the battles of their Country; the "sacred ministers of religion, whose life ex- "hibited unsullied purity; venerable bards, "who uttered strains not unworthy of *Apollo* "himself;

Here bards sublime, fraught with ethereal fire,
Whose heavenly strains outvied *Apollo*'s lyre:
Divine inventors of the useful Arts:
All those whose generous and expansive hearts,
By goodness sought to purchase honest fame;
And dying left behind a deathless name.

Had *St. Pierre*, in the course of his travels, come over to this Island, and visited *Stowe*, he would have found his idea of an Elysium anticipated, and upon no mean scale, by the great Lord COBHAM, who has rendered every spot of that terrestrial Paradise sacred to the memory of departed excellence. What would have given our Author peculiar satisfaction, the Parish Church stands in the centre of the Garden: hence the People have unrestrained access to it; the monuments are for the most part patriotic, without regard to the distinction of rank and fortune, except as allied to virtue; and the best inscriptions are in plain English, and humble prose. In a beautifully solemn valley, watered by a silent stream, and shaded by the trees of the Country, stands the Temple of the British Worthies. The decorations and the arrangements are simple; only that there is a mythological *Mercury* peeping over in the centre, to contemplate the immortal shades whom he has conducted to the Elysian Fields. Were I Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, the wing-heeled God, with his caduceus and Latin motto, should no longer disfigure the uniformity and simplicity of that enchanting scene; and if *Charon*'s old crazy barge too were sunk to the bottom, the place and idea would be greatly improved.

To those who have never been at *Stowe*, it may not be unacceptable to read the Names, and the characteristic inscriptions of this lovely retreat, consecrated to Patriot worth, exalted genius, and the love of the Human Race.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM,

Who, by the honourable profession of a Merchant, having enriched himself, and his Country, for carrying on the Commerce of the World, built the Royal Exchange.

IGNATIUS

" himself; and those who, by the invention
" of useful arts, contributed to the comfort
" of human life; all those, in a word, who
" by deserving well of Mankind have pur-
" chased for themselves a deathless name."

There

IGNATIUS JONES,

Who, to adorn his Country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman Architecture.

JOHN MILTON,

Whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the World.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

Whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of Man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of Nature, and gave him power, beyond all other Writers, to move, astonish, and delight Mankind.

JOHN LOCKE,

Who, best of all Philosophers, understood the powers of the Human Mind, the nature, end, and bounds of Civil Government: and, with equal courage and sagacity, refuted the slavish systems of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or the reason of Mankind.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

Whom the GOD of Nature made to comprehend his Works; and, from simple principles, to discover the Laws never known before, and to explain the appearances never understood, of this stupendous Universe.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, (LORD VERULAM)

Who, by the strength and light of a superior genius, rejecting vain speculation, and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve Philosophy by the certain method of experiment.

KING ALFRED,

The mildest justest, most beneficent of Kings; who drove out the Danes, secured the Seas, protected Learning, established Juries, crushed Corporation, guarded Liberty, and was the Founder of the English Constitution.

There I would have, scattered about, monuments of every kind, and apportioned to the various degrees of merit: obelisks, columns, pyramids, urns, bas-reliefs, medallions, statues, tablets, peristyles, domes; I would not have them crowded together as in a repository, but disposed with taste; neither would I have them all of white marble, as if they came out of the

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,

The terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preserved unaltered in the height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleness and Modesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Who confounded the projects and destroyed the Power that threatened to oppress the liberties of Europe; shook off the yoke of Ecclesiastical Tyranny; restored Religion from the Corruptions of Popery; and by a wise, a moderate, and a popular Government, gave Wealth, Security, and respect to England.

KING WILLIAM III.

Who by his Virtue and Constancy, having saved his country from a foreign Master, by a bold and generous enterprize, preserved the Liberty and Religion of Great Britain.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

A valiant Soldier and an able Statesman; who endeavouring to rouze the spirit of his Master, for the honour of his Country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he opposed.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

Who, through many perils, was the first of Britons that adventured to sail round the Globe; and carried into unknown Seas and Nations, the knowledge and glory of the English name.

JOHN HAMPDEN,

Who with great spirit, and consummate abilities, begun a noble opposition to an arbitrary Court, in defence of the Liberties of his Country; supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the Field.

same

same quarry; but of marbles and stones of every colour. There would be no occasion, through the whole extent of this vast enclosure, which I suppose to be at least a mile and a half in diameter, for the application of the line, nor for digging up the ground, nor for grass-plots, nor for trees cut into shape and fantastically trimmed, nor of any thing resembling what is to be seen in our gardens. For a similar reason I would have no Latin inscriptions, nor mythological expressions, nor any thing that savoured of the Academy. Still less would I admit of dignities, or of honours, which call to remembrance the vain ideas of the World; I would retrench from them all the qualities which are destroyed by death; no importance should be there assigned but to good actions, which survive the man and the citizen, and which are the only titles that posterity cares for, and that GOD recommences. The inscriptions upon them should be simply and naturally suggested by each particular subject. I would not set the living a-talking uselessly to the dead, and to inanimate objects, as is the case in our epitaphs; but the dead, and inanimate objects, should speak to the living for their instruction as among the ancients. These correspondencies of an invisible to a visible nature, of a time remote to the time present, convey to the soul the celestial extension of infinity, and are the source of the delight which ancient inscriptions inspire.

Thus for example, on a rock placed amidst a tuft of strawberry-plants of Chili, these words might be inscribed:

I was unknown to Europe; but, in such a Year, such a Person, born in such a Place, transplanted me from the lofty Mountains of Chili, and now I bear Flowers and Fruit in the happy Climate of France.

Underneath a bas-relief of coloured marble, which should represent little children eating, drinking, and playing, the following inscription might appear:

We were exposed in the Streets to the Dogs, to Famine and Cold; such a compassionate Female, of such a Place, lodged us, clothed us, and fed us with the Milk which our own Mothers had denied.

At the foot of a statue of white marble, of a young and beautiful woman, sitting and wiping her eyes, with symptoms of grief and joy:

I was odious in the Sight of GOD and Man; but, melted into Penitence, I have made my Peace with Heaven by Contrition, and have repaired the Mischief which I had done to Men, by befriending the Miserable.

Near this might be inscribed, under that of a young girl in mean attire, employed with her distaff and spindle, and looking up to Heaven with rapture:

I have learned to despise the vain Delights of the World,
and now I enjoy Happiness.

Of those monuments, some should exhibit no other eulogium but the name simply: such should be, for example, the tomb which contained the ashes of the Author of *Telemachus*; or at most I would engrave on it the following words, so expressive of his affectionate and sublime character:

He fulfilled the Two Great Precepts of the Law:
He loved GOD and Man.

I have

I have no need to suggest, that these inscriptions might be conceived in a much happier style than mine; but I would insist upon this, that in the figures introduced there should be displayed no air of insolence; no dishevelled locks flying about in the wind, like those of the Angel sounding the resurrection-trumpet, no theatrical grief, and no violent tossing of the robes, like the Magdalene of the Carmelites; no mythological attributes, which convey nothing instructive to the People. Every personage should there appear with his appropriate badge of distinction: there should be exhibited the sea-cap of the sailor, the cornet of the nun, the stool of the Savoyard, pots for milk, and pots for soup.

These statues of virtuous citizens ought to be fully as respectable as those of the Gods of Paganism, and unquestionable more interesting than that of the antique grinder or gladiator. But it would be necessary that our Artists should study to convey, as the Ancients did, the characters of the soul in the attitudes of the body, and in the traits of the countenance, such as penitence, hope, joy, sensibility, innocence. These are the peculiarities of Nature which never vary, and which always please, whatever be the drapery. Nay the more contemptible that the occupations and the garb of such personages are, the more sublime will appear the expression of charity, of humanity, of innocence, and of all their virtues. A young and beautiful female, labouring like *Penelope* at her web, and modestly dressed in a Grecian robe, with long plaits, would there no doubt present an object pleasing to every one: but I should think her a

thousand times more interesting than the figure of *Penelope* herself, employed in the same labour, under the tatters of misfortune and misery.

There should be on those tombs no skeletons, no bats-wings, no Time with his scythe, no one of those terrifying attributes whereby our slavish education endeavours to inspire us with horror at the thought of death, that last benefit of Nature: but we should contemplate on them symbols which announce a happy and immortal life; vessels shattered by the tempest, arriving safe in port; doves taking their flight toward Heaven, and the like.

The sacred effigies of virtuous citizens, crowned with flowers, with the characters of felicity, of peace, and of consolation in their faces, should be arranged toward the centre of the island, around a vast mossy down, under the trees of the Country, such as stately beech-trees, majestic pines, chestnut trees loaded with fruit. There, likewise, should be seen the vine wedded to the elm, and the apple-tree of Normandy clothed with fruit of all the variety of colours which flowers display. From the middle of that down should ascend a magnificent temple in form of a rotundo. It should be surrounded with a peristyle of majestic columns, as was formerly at Rome the *Moles Adriani.* But I could wish it to be much more spacious. On the frize these words might appear:

To the Love of the Human Race.

In the centre I would have an altar simple and unornamented, at which, on certain days of the year, divine service might be celebrated. No production of sculpture nor of painting, no gold nor jewels, should

should be deemed worthy of decorating the interior of this temple; but sacred inscriptions should announce the kind of merit which there received the crown. All those who might repose within the precincts undoubtedly would not be saints. But over the principal gate, in a tablet of white marble, these divine words might meet the eye:

Her Sins, which were many, are forgiven; for she loved much.

On another part of the frize, the following inscription, which unfolds the nature of our duties, might be displayed:

Virtue is an Effort made upon Ourselves, for the Good of Men, in the View of pleasing GOD only.

To this might be subjoined the following, very much calculated to repress our ambitious emulation:

The smallest Act of Virtue is of more Value than the Exercise of the greatest Talents.

On other tablets might be inscribed maxims of trust in the Divine Providence, extracted from the Philosophers of all Nations; such as the following, borrowed from the modern Persians:

When Affliction is at the Height, then we are the most encouraged to look for Consolation. The narrowest Part of the Defile is at the Entrance of the Plain.*

And that other of the same country:

Whoever has cordially devoted his Soul to GOD, has effectually secured himself against all the Ills which can befal Him, both in this World, and in the next.

* *Chardin*'s Palace of Ispahan.

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There might be inserted some of a philosophic cast, on the vanity of human things, such as the following:

Estimate each of your Days by Pleasures, by Loves, by Treasures, and by Grandeurs; the Last will accuse them all of Vanity.

Or that other, which opens to us a perspective of the life to come:

He who has provided Light for the Eye of Man, Sounds for his Ear, Perfumes for his Smell, and Fruits for his Palate, will find the Means of one Day replenishing his Heart, which nothing here below can satisfy.

And that other, which inculcates charity toward men from the motives of self-interest:

When a Man studies the World, he prizes those only who possess Sagacity; but, when he studies Himself, he esteems only those who exercise Indulgence.

I would have the following inscribed round the cupola, in letters of antique bronze:

Mandatum novum do vobis, ut diligatis invicem; sicut dilexi vos, ut et vos diligatis invicem.

JOAN, cap. xiii. v. 34.

A new Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

In order to decorate this temple externally with a becoming dignity, no ornaments would be necessary except those of Nature. The first rays of the rising, and the last of the setting Sun, would gild it's cupola, towering above the forests: in the day-time the fires of the South, and by night the lustre of the Moon, would trace it's majestic shadow on the spreading down: the Seine would repeat the reflexes of it in it's

it's flowing stream. In vain would the tempest rage around it's enormous vault; and when the hand of Time should have bronzed it with moss, the oaks of the country should issue from it's antique cornices, and the eagles of Heaven, hovering round and round, would resort thither to build their nests.

Neither talents, nor birth, nor gold, should constitute a title for claiming the honour of a monument in this patriotic and holy ground. But it will be asked, who is to judge, and to decide, the merits of the persons whose ashes are to be there deposited? The King alone should have the power of decision, and the people the privilege of reporting the cause. It should not be sufficient for a citizen, in order to his obtaining this sort of distinction, that he had cultivated a new plant in a hot-house, or even in his garden; but it should be requisite to have it naturalized in the open field, and the fruit of it carried for sale to the public market. It ought not to be deemed sufficient that the model of an ingenious machine was preserved in the collection of an Artist, and approved by the Academy of Sciences; it should be required to have the machine itself in the hands of the people and converted to their use. It ought by no means to suffice, in order to establish the claim of a literary work, that the prize had been adjudged to it by the French Academy; but that it should be read by that class of men for whose use it was designed. Thus, for example, a patriotic *Ode* should be accounted good for nothing, unless it were sung about the streets by the common people. The merit of a naval or military Commander should be ascertained, not by the report

port of Gazettes, but by the suffrages of the sailors or soldiery.

The people in truth distinguish hardly any other virtue in the citizen except beneficence; they consult only their own leading want; but their instinct on this article is conformable to the divine Law; for all the virtues terminate in that, even those which appear the most remote from it; and supposing there were rich men who meant to captivate their affections by doing them good, that is precisely the feeling with which we propose to inspire them. They would fulfil their duties, and the lofty and the low conditions of humanity would be reduced to a state of approximation.

From an institution of this kind would result the re-establishment of one of the Laws of Nature, of all others the most important to a Nation; I mean an inexhaustible perspective of infinity, as necessary to the happiness of a whole Nation as to that of an individual. Such is, as we have caught a glimpse in another place, the nature of the human mind; if it perceives not infinity in it's prospects, it falls back upon itself, and destroys itself by the exertion of it's own powers. Rome presented to the patriotism of her citizens the conquest of the World: but that object was too limited. Her last victory would have proved the commencement of her ruin. The establishment which I am now proposing is not subjected to this inconveniency. No object can possibly be proposed to Man more unbounded, and more profound, than that of his own latter end. There are no monuments more varied and more agreeable than those of virtue. Were there

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to be reared annually in this Elysium, but a single tablet of the marble of Britanny, or of the granite of Auvergne, there would always be the means of keeping the people awake, by the spectacle of novelty. The provinces of the kingdom would dispute with the Capital the privilege of introducing the monuments of their virtuous inhabitants.

What an august Tribunal might be formed of Bishops eminent for their piety, of upright Magistrates, of celebrated Commanders of Armies, to examine their several pretensions! What memoirs might one day appear, proper to create an interest in the minds of the People, who see nothing in their library but the sentences of death pronounced on illustrious criminals, or the lives of Saints, which are far above their sphere. How many new subjects for our men of letters, who have nothing for it but to trudge eternally over the beaten ground of the age of *Louis* XIV. or to prop up the reputation of the Greeks and Romans! What curious anecdotes for our wealthy voluptuaries! They pay a very high price for the History of an American insect, engraved in every possible manner, and studied through the microscope minute by minute, in all the phases of it's existence. They would not have less pleasure in studying the manners of a poor collier, bringing up his family virtuously in the forests, in the midst of smugglers and banditti; or of those of a wretched fisherman, who, in finding delicacies for their tables, is obliged to live like a heron in the midst of tempests.

I have no doubt that these monuments, executed with the taste which we are capable of dis-

playing, would attract crowds of rich strangers to Paris. They resort hither already to live in it, they would then flock hither to die among us. They would endeavour to deserve well of a nation become the arbiter of the virtues of Europe, and to acquire a last asylum in the holy land of this Elysium; where all virtuous and beneficient men would be reputed citizens. This establishment, which might be formed undoubtedly in a manner very superior to the feeble sketch which I have presented of it, would serve to bring the higher conditions of life into contact with the lower, much better than our churches themselves, into which avarice and ambition frequently introduce among the citizens distinctions more humiliating than are to be met with even in Society. It would allure foreigners to the Capital, by holding out to them the rights of a citizenship illustrious and immortal. It would unite, in a word, Religion and Patriotism, and Patriotism to Religion, the mutual bonds of which are on the point of being torn asunder.

It is not necessary for me to subjoin, that this establishment would be attended with no expense to the State. It might be reared and kept up, by the revenue of some rich abbey, as it would be consecrated to Religion and to the rewards of virtue. There is no reason why it should become, like the monuments of modern Rome, and even like many of our own royal monuments, an object of filthy lucre to individuals, who sell the sight of them to the curious. Particular care would be taken not to exclude the people, because they are meanly habited; nor to hunt out of it, as we do from our public

public gardens, poor and honest artisans in jackets, while well-dressed courtezans flaunt about with effrontery in their great alleys. The lowest of the commonality should have it in their power to enter at all seasons. It is to you, O ye miserable of all conditions, that the sight of the friends of Humanity should of right appertain: and your patrons are henceforth no where but among the statues of virtuous men! There, a soldier at sight of *Catinat* would learn to endure calumny. There, a girl of the town, sick of her imfamous profession, would with a sigh cast her eyes down to the ground, on beholding the statue of modesty approached with honour and respect: but a sight of that of a female of her own condition, reclaimed to the paths of virtue, she should raise them toward Him who preferred repentance to innocence.

It may be objected to me, that our poorer sort would very soon spread destruction over all those monuments; and it must indeed be admitted, that they seldom fail to treat in this manner those which do not interest them. There should undoubtedly be a police in this place; but the people respect monuments which are destined to their use. They commit ravages in a park, but do not wantonly destroy any thing in the open country. They would soon take the Elysium of their country under their own protection, and watch over it with zeal much more ardent than that of Swiss and military guards.

Besides more than one method might be devised to render that spot respectable and dear to them. It ought to be rendered an inviolable asylum to the unfortunate

unfortunate of every description; for example, to fathers who have incurred the debt of the month's nursing of a child; and to those who have committed venial and inconsiderable faults; it would be proper to prohibit any arrest taking place there upon any one's person, except by an express warrant from the King under his own signature. This likewise should be the place to which laborious families out of employment might be directed to address themselves. There ought to be a strict prohibition to make it a place of alms-giving, but an unbounded permission to do good in it. Persons of virtue, who understand how to distinguish, and to employ men, would resort thither in quest of proper objects in whose behalf they might employ their credit; others, in the view of putting respect on the memory of some illustrious personage, would give a repast at the foot of his statue to a family of poor people. The State would set the example of this at certain favourite epochs, such as a festival in honour of the King's birth-day. Provisions might then be distributed among the populace, not by tossing loaves at their heads, as in our public rejoicings; but they might be classed, and made to sit down on the grass in professional assemblies, round the statues of those who invented, improved, or perfected the several arts. Such repasts would have no resemblance to those which the rich sometimes give to the wretched, out of ceremony, and in which they respectfully wait upon their humble guests with napkins under their arm. The persons who gave the entertainment should be obliged to sit down at table with their company, and to eat and drink with them. It would

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be needless to impose on them the task of washing the feet of the poor; but they might be admonished of rendering to them a service of much more real importance, that of supplying them with shoes and stockings.

There the man of wealth would be instructed really to practise virtue, and the People to know it. The Nation would there learn their great duties, and be assisted in forming a just idea of true greatness. They would behold the homage presented to the memory of virtuous men, and the offerings tendered to the Deity, ultimately applied to the relief of the miserable.

Such repasts would recal to our remembrance the love-feasts of the primitive christians, and the Saturnalia of death, toward which every day is carrying us forward, and which, by speedily reducing us all of us to an estate of equality, will efface every other difference among us, except that of the good which we shall have done in life.

In the days of other times, in order to do honour to the memory of virtuous men, the faithful assembled in places consecrated by their actions, or by their sepulchres, on the brink of a fountain, or under the shade of a forest. Thither they had provisions carried, and invited those who had none to come and partake with them. The same customs have been common to all religions. They still subsist in those of Asia. You find them prevailing among the ancient Greeks. When *Xenophon* had accomplished that famous retreat by which he saved ten thousand of his compatriots, ravaging, as he went, the territory of Persia, he destined part

of the booty thus obtained, to the founding of a chapel in Greece to the honour of *Diana*. He attached to it a certain revenue, which should annually supply with the amusement of the chace, and with a plentiful repast, all persons who should repair to it on a particular day.

OF THE CLERGY.

If our poor are sometimes partakers of some wretched ecclesiastical distribution, the relief which they thence derive, so far from delivering them out of their misery, only serves to continue them in it. What landed property however has been bequeathed to the church expressly for their benefit? Why then are not the revenues distributed, in sums sufficiently large to rescue annually from indigence at least a certain number of families? The clergy allege that they are the administrators of the goods of the poor: but the poor are neither ideots nor madmen to stand in need of administrators; besides it is impossible to prove by any one passage of either the Old or New Testament, that this charge pertained to the priesthood: if they really are the administrators of the poor, they have then no less than seven millions of persons in the kingdom under their temporal administration. I shall push this reflection no farther. It is a matter of unchangeable obligation to render to every one his due: the priests are by divine right the agents of the poor, but the King alone is the natural administrator.

As indigence is the principal cause of the vices of the People, opulence may, like it, produce in it's turn

turn irregularities in the clergy. I shall not avail myself here of the reprehensions of St. *Jerome*, of St. *Bernard*, of St. *Augustin*, and of the other Fathers of the church, to the clergy of their times, and of the countries in which they lived; wherein they predicted to them the total destruction of religion, as a necessary consequence of their manners and of their riches. The prediction of several of them was speedily verified in Africa, in Asia, in Judea, and in the Grecian Empire, in which not only the religion, but the very civil government of those nations, totally disappeared. The avidity of most ecclesiastics soon renders the functions of the church suspicious: this is an argument which strikes all men. I believe witnesses, said *Pascal*, who brave death. This reasoning however must be admitted with many grains of allowance; but no objection can be offered to this: I distrust witnesses who are enriching themselves by their testimony. Religion in truth has proofs natural and supernatural, far superior to those which men are capable of furnishing it with. She is independent of our regularity and of our irregularity; but our country depends on these.

The world at this day looks on most priests with an eye of envy; shall I say of hatred? But they are the children of their age, just like other men. The vices which are laid to their charge belong partly to their nation, partly to the times in which they live, to the political constitution of the State, and to their education. Ours are Frenchmen like ourselves; they are our kinsmen, frequently sacrificed to our own fortune, through the ambition of our

fathers. Were we charged with the performance of their duties, we should frequently acquit ourselves worse than they do. I know of none so painful, none so worthy of respect, as those of a good ecclesiastic.

I do not speak of those of a Bishop, who exercises a vigilant care over his diocese, who institutes judicious seminaries of instruction, who maintains regularity and peace in communities, who resists the wicked and supports the weak, who is always ready to succour the miserable, and who in this age of error, refutes the objections of the enemies of the faith by his own virtues. He has his reward in the public esteem. It is possible to purchase by painful labours the glory of being a *Fenelon* or a *Juigné*. I say nothing of those of a parish-minister, which, from their importance, sometimes attract the attention of Kings; nor of those of a missionary advancing to the crown of martyrdom. The conflicts of this last frequently endure but for a single day, and his glory is immortal. But I speak of those of a simple and obscure parish-drudge, to whom no one pays any manner of attention. He is under the necessity, in the first place, of sacrificing the pleasures and the liberty of his juvenile days, to irksone and painful studies. He is obliged to support all the days of his life the exercise of continency, like a cumbersome cuirass on a thousand occasions which endanger the loss of it. The world honours theatrical virtues only, and the victories of a single moment. But to combat every day after day an enemy lodged within the fortress, and who makes his approaches under the disguise

disguise of a friend; to repel incessantly, without a witness, without glory, without applause, the most impetuous of passions and the gentlest of propensities—this is not easy.

Conflicts of another kind await him from without. He is every day called upon to expose his life to the attack of epidemical distempers. He is obliged to confess, with his head on the same pillow, persons attacked with the small-pox, with the putrid and purple fever. This obscure fortitude appears to me very far superior to the courage of a soldier. The military man combats in the view of armies, animated with the noise of cannon and drums; he presents himself to the stroke of death as a hero. But the priest devotes himself to it as a victim. What fortune can this last promise himself from his labours? In many cases, a precarious subsistence at most! Besides, supposing him to have acquired wealth, he cannot transmit it to his descendants. He beholds all his temporal hopes ready to expire with him. What indemnification does he receive from men? To be called upon many a time to administer the consolations of Religion to persons who do not believe it; to be the refuge of the poor, with nothing to give them; to be sometimes persecuted for his very virtues; to see his conflicts treated with contempt, his best-intentioned actions mis-interpreted into artifice, his virtues transformed into vices, his religion turned into ridicule. Such are the duties imposed, and such the recompense which the world bestows on the men whose lot it envies.

This is what I have assumed the courage to pro-

pose for the happiness of the People, and of the principal orders of the State, in so far as I have been permitted to submit my ideas to the public eye. Many philosophers and politicians have declaimed against the disorders of Society without troubling themselves to enquire into their causes, and still less into the remedies which might be applied. Those of the greatest ability have viewed our evils only in detail, and have recommended palliatives merely. Some have proscribed luxury; others give no quarter to celibacy, and would load with the charge of a family persons who have not the means of supplying their personal necessities. Some are for incarcerating all the beggars; others would prohibit the wretched women of pleasure to appear in the streets. They would act in the manner which that physician does, who, in order to cure the pimples on the body of a person out of order, uses all his skill to force back the humours. Politicians, you apply the remedy to the head, because the pain is in the forehead; but the mischief is in the nerves; it is for the heart you must provide a cure: it is the people whose health you must endeavour to restore.

Should some great minister, animated with a noble ambition to procure for us internal happiness, and to extend our power externally, have the courage to undertake a re-establishment of things, he must in his course of procedure imitate that of Nature. She acts in every case slowly, and by means of reactions. I repeat it, the cause of the prodigious power of gold, which has robbed the people at once of their

morality

morality and of their subsistence, is in the venality of public employments. That of the beggary, which at this day extends to seven millions of subjects, consists in the enormous accumulation of landed and official property. That of female prostitution is to be imputed, on the one hand, to extreme indigence; and on the other to the celibacy of two millions of men. The unprofitable superabundance of the idle and censorious burghers in our second and third rate cities, arises from the imposts which degrade the inhabitants of the country. The prejudices of the nobility are kept alive by the resentments of those who want the advantage of birth; and all these evils, and others innumerable, physical and intellectual, spring up out of the misery of the People. It is the indigence of the People which produces such swarms of players, courtezans, highwaymen, incendiaries, licentious scholars, calumniators, flatterers, hypocrites, mendicants, kept-mistresses, quacks of all conditions, and that infinite multitude of corrupted wretches, who, incapable of coming to any thing by their virtues, endeavour to procure bread and consideration by their vices. In vain will you oppose to these plans of finance, projects of equalization, of taxes and tithes, of ordinances of Police, of arrets of Parliaments; all your efforts will be fruitless. The indigence of the People is a mighty river, which is every year collecting an increase of strength, which is sweeping away before it every opposing mound, and which will issue in a total subversion of order and government.

To this physical cause of our distresses must be added another purely moral! I mean our education. I shall venture to suggest a few reflections on this subject, though it far exceeds my highest powers: but if it be the most important of our abuses, it appears to me, on the other hand, the most easily susceptible of reformation; and this reform appears to me so absolutely necessary, that without it all the rest goes for nothing.

STUDY

STUDY FOURTEENTH.

OF EDUCATION.

"TO what higher object," says *Plutarch*,* "could "*Numa* have directed his attention, than to the "culture of early infancy, and to uniformity in "the treatment of young persons; in the view of "preventing the collision of different manners, and "turbulency of spirit, arising from diversity of na- "ture? Thus he proposed to harmonize the minds "of men, in a state of maturity, from their having "been, in childhood, trained in the same habits of "order, and cast into the same moulds of virtue. "This, independent of other advantages, greatly "contributed likewise to the support of the Laws "of *Lycurgus*; for respect to the oath, by which "the Spartans had bound themselves, must have "produced a much more powerful effect, from "his having by early instruction and nurture *dyed* "*in the wool*, if I may use the expression, the mo- "rals of the young, and made them suck in with "the milk from their nurse's breast the love of his "Laws and Institutions."

Here is a decision which completely condemns our mode of education, by pronouncing the eulogium of that of Sparta. I do not hesitate a single moment to ascribe to our modern education, the

* Comparison of *Numa* and *Lycurgus*.

restless,

restless, ambitious, spiteful, pragmatical, and intolerant spirit of most Europeans. The effects of it are visible in the miseries of the Nations. It is remarkable, that those which have been most agitated internally and externally, are precisely the Nations, among which our boasted style of education has flourished the most. The truth of this may be ascertained by stepping from country to country, from age to age. Politicians have imagined, that they could discern the cause of public misfortunes in the different forms of Government. But Turkey is quiet, and England is frequently in a state of agitation. All political forms are indifferent to the happiness of a State, as has been said, provided the people are happy. We might have added, and provided the children are so likewise.

The Philosopher *Laloubere*, Envoy from *Louis* XIV. to Siam, says, in the account which he gives of his mission, that the Asiatics laugh us to scorn, when we boast to them of the excellence of the Christian Religion, as contributing to the happiness of States. They ask, on reading our Histories, How is it possible that our Religion should be so humane, while we wage war ten times more frequently than they do? What would they say then did they see among us our perpetual law-suits, the malicious censoriousness and calumny of our societies, the jealousy of corps, the quarrels of the populace, the duels of the better sort, and our animosities of every kind, nothing similar to which is to be seen in Asia, in Africa, among the Tartars, or among Savages, on the testimony of missionaries themselves? For my own part, I discern the

cause

cause of all these particular and general disorders in our ambitious education. When a man has drunk from infancy upward, into the cup of ambition, the thirst of it cleaves to him all his life long, and it degenerates into a burning fever at the very feet of the altars.

It is not Religion assuredly that occasions this. I cannot explain how it comes to pass that kingdoms calling themselves Christian should have adopted ambition as the basis of public education. Independently of their political constitution, which forbids it to all those of their subjects who have not money, that is to the greatest part of them, there is no passion so uniformly condemned by Religion. We have observed, that there are but two passions in the heart of Man, love and ambition. Civil Laws denounce the severest punishment against the excesses of the first: they repress as far as their power extends, the more violent emotions of it. Prostitution is branded with infamous penalties; and in some countries adultery is punished even with death. But these same Laws meet the second more than half way; they every where propose to it prizes, rewards, and honours. These opinions force their way, and exercise dominion, in cloisters themselves. It is a grievous scandal to a convent if the amorous intrigues of a monk happen to take air; but what eulogiums are bestowed on those that procure for him a cardinal's hat! What raillery, imprecation, and malediction, are the portion of imprudent weakness! What gentle and honourable epithets are applied to audacious craft! Noble emulation, love of glory, spirit,

rit, intelligence, merit rewarded. With how many glorious appellations do we palliate intrigue, flattery, simony, perfidy, and all the vices which walk, in all States, in the train of the ambitious.

This is the way in which the world forms it's judgments; but Religion, ever conformable to Nature, pronounces a very different decision on the characters of these two passions. JESUS invites the communications of the frail Samaritan woman, he pardons the adultress, he absolves the female offender who bathed his feet with her tears; but hear how he inveighs against the ambitious:— "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, for ye love "the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and the "chief places at feasts, and greetings in the mar-"kets, and to be called of men, Rabbi! Wo unto "you, also, ye Lawyers; for ye lade men with "burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves "touch not the burdens with one of your fingers! "Wo unto you, Lawyers, for ye have taken away "the key of knowledge: ye entered not in your-"selves, and them that were entering in ye hin-"dered;" and so on.* He declares to them, that notwithstanding their empty honours in this World, harlots should go before them into the kingdom of GOD. He cautions us in many places, to be on our guard against them; and intimates that we should know them by their fruits. In pronouncing decisions so different from ours, He judges our passions according to their natural adaptations. He pardons prostitution, which is in itself a vice, but which after all is a frailty only, relative to the or-

* Luke xi. 43. &c

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der of Society; and He condemns, without mercy, the sin of ambition, as a crime which is contrary at once to the order of Society, and to that of Nature. The first involves the distress of only two guilty persons, but the second effects the happiness of Mankind.

To this our Doctors reply, that the only object pursued in the education of children, is the inspiring them with a virtuous emulation. I do not believe there is such a thing in our Colleges as exercises of virtue, unless it be to prescribe to the students, on this subject, certain themes or amplifications. But a real ambition is taught, by engaging them to dispute the first place in their several classes, and to adopt a thousand intolerant systems. Accordingly, when they have once got the key of knowledge in their pocket, they resolutely determine, like their masters, to let no one enter but by their door.

Virtue and ambition are absolutely incompatible. The glory of ambition is to mount, and that of virtue is to descend. Observe how Jesus Christ reprimands his Disciples when they asked him who should be the first among them. He takes a little child, and places him in the midst: not, surely, a child from our schools. Ah! when he recommends to us the humility so suitable to our frail and miserable condition, it is because he did not consider that power, even supreme, was capable of constituting our happiness in this World; and it is worthy of being remarked, that he did not confer the superiority over the rest on the disciple whom he loved the most; but as a reward to the love of him who

had been faithful unto death, He bequeathed to him with his dying breath, his own mother as a legacy.

This pretended emulation, instilled into children, renders them for life intolerant, vain-glorious, tremblingly alive to the slightest censure, or to the meanest token of applause from an unknown person. They are trained to ambition, we are told, for their good, in order to their prospering in the World; but the cupidity natural to the human mind is more than sufficient for the attainment of that object. Have merchants, mechanics, and all the lucrative professions, in other words, all the conditions of Society; have they need of any other stimulus? Were ambition to be instilled into the mind of only one child, destined at length to fill a station of high importance, this education which is by no means exempted from inconveniences, would be adapted at least to the career which the young man had in prospect. But by infusing it into all, you give each individual as many opponents as he has got companions; you render the whole unhappy, by means of each other. Those who are incapable of rising by their talents, endeavour to insinuate themselves into the good graces of their masters by flattery, and to supplant their equals by calumny. If these means succeed not, they conceive an aversion for the objects of their emulation, which to their comrades, has all the value of applause, and becomes to themselves a perpetual source of depression, of chastisement, and of tears.

This is the reason that so many grown men, endeavour to banish from their memory the times and the objects of their early studies, though it be natural

tural to the heart of Man to recollect with delight the epochs of infancy. How many behold in the maturity of life, the bowers of osiers and the rustic canopies which served for their infant sleeping and dining apartments, who could not look without abhorrence upon a *Turselin*, or a *Despauter!* I have no doubt that those disgusts of early education extend a most bainful influence to that love with which we ought to be animated toward Religion, because it's elements, in like manner, are displayed only through the medium of gloom, pride, and inhumanity.

The plan of most masters consists above all in composing the exterior of their pupils. They form on the same model, a multitude of characters which Nature had rendered essentially different. One will have his disciples to be grave and stately, as if they were so many little presidents; others, and they are the most numerous, wish to make theirs, alert and lively. One of the great burdens of the lesson is an incessant fillip of: "Come on, make haste, don't be lazy." To this impulsion simply I ascribe the general giddiness of our youth, and of which the Nation is accused. It is the impatience of the master which in the first instance produces the precipitancy of the scholars. It afterwards requires strength in the commerce of the World, from the impatience of the women. But through the progress of human life, Is not reflection of much higher importance than promptitude? How many children are destined to fill situations which require seriousness and solemnity? Is not reflection the basis of prudence, of temperance, of wisdom, and of most of the other moral qualities? For my own part, I have always

always seen honest people abundantly tranquil, and rogues always alert.

There is in this respect a very perceptible difference between two children, the one of whom has been educated in his Father's house, and the other at a public school. The first is beyond all contradiction more polite, more ingenuous, less jealously disposed; and from this single circumstance, that he has been brought up without the desire of excelling any one, and still less of surpassing himself, according to our great fashionable phraseology, but which is as destitute of common sense as many others of the kind. Is not a child influenced by the emulation of the schools, under the necessity of renouncing it, from the very first step he makes in the World, if he means to be supportable to his equals, and to himself? If he proposes to himself no other object but his own advancement, Will he not be afflicted at the prosperity of another? Will he not, in the course of his progress, be liable to have his mind torn with the aversions, the jealousies, and the desires which must deprave it, both physically and morally? Do not Philosophy and Religion impose on him the necessity of exerting himself every day of his life, to eradicate those faults of education? The world itself obliges him to mask their hideous aspect. Here is a fine perspective opened to human life, in which we are constrained to employ the half of our days in destroying, with a thousand painful efforts, what had been raised up in the other with so many tears and so much parade.

We have borrowed those vices from the Greeks, without

without being aware that they had contributed to their perpetual divisions, and to their final ruin. The greatest part at least of their exercises, had the good of their Country as the leading object. If there were proposed among the Greeks prizes for superiority in wrestling, in boxing, in throwing the quoit, in foot and chariot races, it was because such exercises had a reference to the art of war. If they had others established for the reward of superior eloquence, it was because that art served to maintain the interests of Country, from city to city, or in the general Assemblies of Greece. But to what purpose do we employ the tedious and painful study of dead languages, and of customs foreign to our Country? Most of our institutions, with relation to the Ancients, have a striking resemblance to the paradise of the Savages of America. Those good people imagine that after death the souls of their compatriots migrate to a certain country, where they hunt down the souls of beavers with the souls of arrows walking over the soul of snow with the soul of rackets, and that they dress the soul of their game in the soul of pots. We have in like manner the images of a Coliseum, where no spectacles are exhibited; images of peristyles and public squares in which we are not permitted to walk; images of antique vases in which it is impossible to put any liquor, but which contribute largely to our images of grandeur and patriotism. The real Greeks, and the real Romans, would believe themselves among us to be in the land of their shades. Happy would it have been for us had we borrowed from them vain images

only, and not naturalized in our own Country their real evils, by transplanting thither the jealousies, the hatreds, and the vain emulations which rendered them miserable.

It was *Charlemagne*, we are told, who instituted our course of studies; and some say it was in the view of dividing his subjects, and of giving them employment. He has succeeded in this to a miracle. Seven years devoted to *humanity* or *classical learning*, two to *Philosophy*, three to *Theology:* twelve years of languor, of ambition, and of self-conceit; without taking into the account the years which well-meaning parents double upon their children, to make sure work of it as they allege. I ask whether on emerging thence a student is, according to the denomination of those respective branches of study, more *humane*, more of a *philosopher*, and *believes* more in GOD, than an honest peasant who has not been taught to read? What good purpose then does all this answer to the greatest part of mankind? What benefit do the majority derive from this irksome course, on mixing with the world, toward perfecting their own intelligence, and even toward purity of diction. We have seen, that the classical Authors themselves have borrowed their illumination only from Nature, and that those of our own Nation who have distinguished themselves the most in literature and in the sciences, such as *Descartes*, *Michael Montaigne*, *J. J. Rousseau*, and others, have succeeded only by deviating from the track which their models pursued, and frequently by pursuing the directly opposite path. Thus it was *Descartes* attacked

attacked and subverted the philosophy of *Aristotle:* you would be tempted to say, that Eloquence and the Sciences are completely out of the province of our Gothic Institutions.

I acknowledge at the same time that it is a fortunate circumstance for many children, those who have wicked parents, that there are colleges; they are less miserable there than in the father's house. The faults of masters being exposed to view, are in part repressed by the fear of public censure; but it is not so as to those of their parents. For example, the pride of a man of letters is loquacious, and sometimes instructive; that of an ecclesiastic is clothed with dissimulation, but flattering; that of a man of family is lofty, but frank; that of a clown is insolent, but natural: but the pride of a warm tradesman is sullen and stupid; it is pride at it's ease, pride in a night-gown. As the cit is never contradicted, except it be by his wife, they unite their efforts to render their children unhappy, without so much as suspecting that they do so. Is it credible that in a society, the men of which all moralists allow to be corrupted, in which the citizens maintain their ground only by the terror of the Laws, or by the fear which they have of each other, feeble and defenceless children should not be abandoned to the discretion of tyranny? Nothing can be conceived so ignorant, and so conceited, as the greatest part of tradesmen; among them it is that folly shoots out spreading and profound roots. You see a great many of this class, both men and women, dying of apoplectic fits, from a too sedentary mode of life; from

eating beef, and swallowing strong broths, when they are out of order, without suspecting for a moment that such a regimen was pernicious. Nothing can be more wholesome say they; they have always seen their Aunts do so. Hence it is that a multitude of false remedies and of ridiculous superstitions, maintain a reputation among them, long after they have been exploded in the world. In their cup-boards is still carefully treasured up the *cassis*, a species of poison, as if it were an universal panacea. The regimen of their unfortunate children resembles that which they employ where their own health is concerned; they form them to melancholy habits; all that they make them learn, up to the Gospel itself, is with the rod over their head; they fix them in a sedentary posture all the day long, at an age when Nature is prompting them to stir about, for the purpose of expanding their form. Be good children, is the perpetual injunction; and this goodness consists in never moving a limb. A woman of spirit who was fond of children, took notice one day, at the house of a shop-keeper in St. Denis-street, of a little boy and girl who had a very serious air. "Your children are very grave," said she to the mother—"Ah! Madam," replied the sagacious shop-dame, "it is not for want of whip-"ping if they are not so."

Children rendered miserable in their sports, and in their studies, become hypocritical and reserved before their fathers and mothers. At length however they acquire stature. One night the daughter puts on her cloak, under pretence of going to evening-

evening-prayers, but it is to give her lover the meeting: by and by her shapes divulge the secret; she is driven from her father's house, and comes upon the town. Some fine morning the son enlists for a soldier. The father and mother are ready to go distracted. We spared nothing, say they, to procure them the best of education: they had masters of every kind: Fools! you forgot the essential point; you forgot to teach them to love you.

They justify their tyranny by that cruel adage: *Children must be corrected; human nature is corrupted.* They do not perceive that they themselves, by their excessive severity, stand chargeable with the corruption,* and that in every country where fathers are good, the children resemble them.

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* To certain species of chastisement I ascribe the physical and moral corruption not only of children, and of several orders of monks, but of the Nation itself. You cannot move a step through the streets without hearing nurses and mothers menacing their little charge with, *I shall give you a flogging.* I have never been in England, but I am persuaded, that the ferocity imputed to the English must proceed from some such cause. I have indeed heard it affirmed, that punishment by the rod was more cruel, and more frequent, among them, than with us. See what is said on this subject by the illustrious Authors of the *Spectator*, a Work which has beyond contradiction greatly contributed to soften both their manners and ours. They reproach the English Nobility for permitting this character of infamy to be impressed on their children. Consult, particularly, No. CLVII. of that Collection, which concludes thus: "I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of "either robe, who have been whipped at school, are not still men of "noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so "than they are, had they never suffered that infamy."

Government ought to proscribe this kind of chastisement, not only in the public schools, as Russia has done, but in convents, on ship-board, in private families, in boarding-houses: it corrupts at once fathers, mothers, preceptors, and children. I could quote terrible re-actions of it,

I could demonstrate, by a multitude of examples, that the depravation of our most notorious criminals began with the cruelty of their education, from *Guillery* down to *Desrues*. But, to take leave once for all of this horrid perspective, I conclude with a single reflection: namely, if human nature were

did modesty permit. Is it not very astonishing, that men in other respects of a staid and serious exterior, should lay down as the basis of a Christian education, the observance of gentleness, humanity, chastity; and punish timid and innocent children with the most barbarous, and the most obscure of all chastisements? Our men of letters who have been employed in reforming abuses for more than a century past, have not attacked this with the severity which it deserves. They do not pay sufficient attention to the miseries of the rising generation. It would be a question of right, the discussion of which were highly interesting and important, namely, Whether the State could permit the right of inflicting infamous punishment, to persons who have not the power of life and death? It is certain that the infamy of a citizen produces re-actions more dangerous to Society, than his own death merely. It is nothing at all, we are told, they are but children; but for this very reason, because they are children, every generous spirit is bound to protect them, and because every miserable child becomes a bad man.

At the same time, it is far from being my intention, in what I have said respecting masters in general, to render the profession odious. I only mean to suggest to them, that those chastisements, the practice of which they have borrowed from the corrupted Greeks of the Lower Empire, exercise an influence much more powerful than they are aware of, on the hatred which is borne to them, as well as to the other ministers of Religion, monks as well as the regular clergy, by a people more enlightened than in former times. After all, it must be granted, that masters treat their pupils as they themselves were treated. One set of miserable beings are employed in forming a new set, frequently without suspecting what they are doing. All I aim at present to establish is, That man has been committed to his own foresight; that all the ill which he does to his fellow-creatures recoils sooner or later upon himself. This re-action is the only counterpoise capable of bringing him back to humanity. All the sciences are still in a state of infancy; but that of rendering men happy has not as yet so much as seen the light, not even in China, whose politics are so far superior to ours.

corrupted,

corrupted, as is alleged by those who arrogate to themselves the power of reforming it, children could not fail to add a new corruption to that which they find already introduced into the World, upon their arrival in it. Human Society would accordingly speedily reach the term of it's dissolution. But children, on the contrary, protract and put off that fatal period, by the introduction of new and untainted souls. It requires a long apprenticeship to inspire them with a taste for our passions and extravagancies. New generations resemble the dews and the rains of Heaven, which refresh the waters of rivers slackened in their course, and tending to corruption: change the sources of a river, and you will change it in the stream; change the education of a People, and you will change their character and their manners.

We shall hazard a few ideas on a subject of so much importance, and shall look for the indications of them in Nature. On examining the nest of a bird, we find in it not only the nutriments which are most agreeable to the young, but from the softness of the downs with which it is lined; from it's situation, whereby it is sheltered from the cold, from the rain, and from the wind; and from a multitude of other precautions, it is easy to discern that those who constructed it, collected around their brood, all the intelligence, and all the benevolence of which they were capable. The father too sings at a little distance from their cradle, prompted rather, as I suppose, by the solicitudes of paternal affection, than by those of conjugal love; for this last sentiment

expires in most, as soon as the process of hatching begins. If we were to examine, under the same aspect, the schools of the young of the human species, we should have a very indifferent idea of the affection of their parents. Rods, whips, stripes, cries, tears, are the first lessons given to human life: we have here and there, it is true, a glimpse of reward, amidst so many chastisements; but, symbol of what awaits them in Society, the pain is real and the pleasure only imaginary.

It is worthy of being remarked, that of all the species of sensible beings, the human species is the only one whose young are brought up, and instructed, by dint of blows. I would not wish for any other proof of an original depravation of Mankind. The European brood, in this respect, surpasses all the Nations of the Globe; as they likwise do in wickedness. We have already observed, on the testimony of missionaries themselves, with what gentleness Savages rear their children, and what affection the children bear to their parents in return.

The Arabs extend their humanity to the very horses; they never beat them; they manage them by means of kindness and caresses, and render them so docile, that there are no animals of the kind in the whole World once to be compared with them in beauty and in goodness. They do not fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitation, to which they come running the moment that they hear the sound of the master's voice. Those tractable animals resort at night to their

their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting them in the slightest degree. If the rider happens to fall while a coursing, his horse stands still instantly, and never stirs till he has mounted again. These people, by means of the irresistible influence of a mild education, have acquired the art of rendering their horses the first coursers of the universe.

It impossible to read without being melted into tears, what is related on this subject by the virtuous Consul *d'Hervieux*, in his journey to Mount Lebanon. The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the Desert consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French Consul at Said offered to purchase her, with an intention to send her to his master *Louis* XIV. The Arab pressed by want hesitated a long time; but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum which he named. The Consul, not daring, without instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. *Louis* XIV. gave orders to pay the money. The Consul immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold which he had demanded was paid down to him. The Arab, covered with a miserable rug, dismounts, looks at the money; then, turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her: "To whom am I going to yield thee up? "To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will "beat thee, who will render thee miserable: re- "turn with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! "and

" and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced these words, he sprung upon her back, and scampered off toward the Desert.

If, with us, fathers beat their children, it is because they love them not; if they send them abroad to nurse as soon as they come into the World, it is because they love them not; if they place them as soon as they have acquired a little growth, in boarding-schools and colleges, it is because they love them not; if they procure for them situations out of their State, out of their Province, it is because they love them not: if they keep them at a distance from themselves at every epoch of life, it must undoubtedly be, because they look upon them as their heirs.

I have been long enquiring into the cause of this unnatural sentiment, but not in our books; for the Authors of these, in the view of paying court to fathers who buy their Works, insist only on the duties of children; and if sometimes they bring forward those of fathers, the discipline which they recommend to them, respecting their children, is so gloomy and severe, that it looks as if they were furnishing parents with new means of rendering themselves hateful to their offspring.

This parental apathy is to be imputed to the disorderly state of our manners, which has stifled among us all the sentiments of Nature. Among the Ancients, and even among Savages, the perspective of social life presented to them a series of employments, from infancy up to old age, which among them was the era of the higher magistracies, and of the priesthood. The hopes of their religion, at

at that period, interposed to terminate an honourable career, and concluded with rendering the plan of their life conformable to that of Nature. Thus it was that they always kept up in the soul of their citizens that perspective of infinity which is so natural to the heart of Man. But venality and debauched manners having subverted, among us, the order of Nature, the only age of human existence which has preserved it's rights is that of youth and love. This is the epoch to which all the citizens direct their thoughts. Among the Ancients the aged bare rule; but with us the young people assume the government. The old are constrained to retire from all public employment. Their dear children then pay them back the fruits of the education which they had received from them.

Hence therefore it comes to pass, that a father and mother restricting with us, the epoch of their felicity to the middle period of life, cannot without uneasiness behold their children approaching toward it, just in proportion as they themselves are withdrawing from it. As their faith is almost, or altogether, extinguished, Religion administers to them no consolation. They behold nothing but death closing their perspective. This point of view renders them sullen, harsh, and frequently cruel. This is the reason that, with us, parents do not love their children, and that our old people affect so many frivolous tastes, to bring themselves nearer to a generation which is repelling them.

Another consequence of the same state of manners is, that we have nothing of the spirit of patriotism

patriotism among us. The Ancients, on the contrary, had a great deal of it. They proposed to themselves a noble recompense in the present, but one still much more noble in the future. The Romans, for example, had oracles which promised to their City that she should become the Capital of the World, and she actually became so. Each citizen in particular flattered himself with the hope of exercising an influence over her destiny, and of presiding one day as a tutelar deity over that of his own posterity. Their highest ambition was to see their own age honoured and distinguished above every other age of the Republic. Those among us who have any ambition that regards futurity, restrict it to the being themselves distinguished by the age in which they live, for their knowledge or their philosophy. In this nearly terminates our natural ambition, directed as it is by our mode of education.

The Ancients employed their thoughts in prognosticating the character and condition of their posterity; and we revolve what our Ancestors were. They looked forward, and we look backward. We are in the State, like passengers embarked against their will on board a vessel; we look toward the poop and not to the prow; to the land from which we are taking our departure, and not to that on which we hope to arrive. We collect with avidity Gothic manuscripts, monuments of chivalry, the medallions of *Childeric;* we pick up with ardour all the worn out fragments of the ancient fabric of our State vessel. We pursue them in a backward direction as far as the eye can carry us. Nay we extend

extend this solicitude about Antiquity to monuments which are foreign to us; to those of the Greeks and Romans. They are like our own the wrecks of their vessels, which have perished on the vast Ocean of Time, without being able to get forward to us. They would have been accompanying us, nay they would have been out-sailing us, had skilful pilots always stood at the helm. It is still possible to distinguish them from their shattered fragments. From the simplicity of her construction, and the lightness of her frame, that must have been the Spartan frigate. She was made to swim eternally; but she had no bottom; she was overtaken by a dreadful tempest; and the Helots were incapable of restoring the equilibrium. From the loftiness of her quarter-galleries, you there distinguish the remains of the mighty first-rate of proud Rome. She was unable to support the weight of her unwieldy turrets; her cumbersome and ponderous upper-works overset her. The following inscriptions might be engraved on the different rocks against which they have made shipwreck:

Love of Conquest. Accumulation of Property. Venality of Employments. And, above All: Contempt of the People.

The billows of Time still roar over their enormous wrecks, and separate them from detached planks, which they scatter among modern Nations for their instruction. Those ruins seem to address them thus: "We are the remains of the ancient "government of the Tuscans, of Dardanus, and "of

" of the grand-children of Numitor. The States " which they have transmitted to their descendants " still support Nations of Mankind; but they no " longer have the same languages, nor the same re- " ligions, nor the same civil dynasties. Divine " Providence, in order to save men from shipwreck, " has drowned the pilots, and dashed the ship to " pieces."

We admire, on the contrary, in our frivolous Sciences, their conquests, their vast and useless buildings, and all the monuments of their luxury, which are the very rocks on which they perished. See, to what our studies, and our patriotism, are leading us. If posterity is taken up with the Ancients, it is because the Ancients laboured for posterity: but if we do nothing for ours, assuredly they will pay no attention to us. They will talk incessantly as we do, about the Greeks and Romans, without wasting a single thought upon their fathers.

Instead of falling into raptures over Greek and Roman medallions, half devoured by the teeth of Time, would it not be fully as agreeable, and much more useful, to direct our views and employ our conjectures, on the subject of our fresh, lively, plump children, and to try to discover in their several inclinations, who are to be the future co-operators in the service of their Country? Those who in their childish sports are fond of building, will one day rear her monuments. Among those who take delight in managing their boyish skirmishes, will be formed the *Epaminondases* and the *Scipios* of future times. Those who are seated upon the grass, the calm

spectators of the sports of their companions, will in due time become excellent Magistrates and Philosophers, the complete masters of their own passions. Those who in their restless course love to withdraw from the rest, will be noted travellers and founders of colonies, who shall carry the manners and the language of France, to the Savages of America, or into the interior of Africa itself.

If we are kind to our children they will bless our memory; they will transmit, unaltered, our customs, our fashions, our education, our government, and every thing that awakens the recollection of us, to the very latest posterity. We shall be to them beneficent deities, who have wrought their deliverance from Gothic barbarism. We should gratify the innate taste of infinity still better, by launching our thoughts into a futurity of two thousand years, than into a retrospect of the same distance. This manner of viewing, more conformable to our divine nature, would fix our benevolence on sensible objects which do exist, and which still are to exist.* We should secure

* There is a sublime character in the Works of the DIVINITY. They are not only perfect in themselves, but they are always in a progressive state toward perfection. We have suggested some thoughts respecting this Law, in speaking of the harmonies of plants. A young plant is of more value than the seed which produced it; a tree bearing flowers and fruits is more valuable than the young plant; finally, a tree is never more beautiful than when, declined into years, it is surrounded with a forest of young trees, sprouted up out of it's seeds. The same thing holds good as to Man. The state of an embryon is superior to that of a non-entity; that of infancy to the embryon; adolescence is preferable to infancy; and youth, the season of loves, more important than adolescence. Man in a state of maturity, the head of a family, is preferable to a young man. The old age which encircles him with a numerous posterity; which, from it's experience, introduces him into the counsels of Nations; which

secure to ourselves, as a support to an old age of sadness and neglect, the gratitude of the generation which is advancing to replace us? and, by providing for their happiness and our own, we should combine all the means in our power toward promoting the good of our Country.

In order to contribute my little mite toward so blessed a revolution, I shall hazard a few more hasty ideas. I proceed on the supposition then, that I am empowered to employ usefully a part of the twelve years which our young people waste at schools and colleges. I reduce the whole time of their education to three epochs, consisting of three years each. The first should commence at the age of seven years, as among the Lacedemonians, and even earlier: a child is susceptible of a patriotic education as soon as he is able to speak and to walk. The second shall begin with the period of adolescence; and the third end with it, toward the age of sixteen, an age when a young man may begin to be useful to his Country, and to assume a profession.

I would begin with disposing, in a central situation in Paris, a magnificent edifice, constructed internally in form of a circular amphitheatre, divided into ascending rows. The masters, to be entrusted with the charge of the national education, should be stationed below in the centre; and above, I would

which suspends in him the dominion of the passions, only to give more energy to that of reason: the old age which seems to rank him among superior beings, from the multiplied hopes which the practice of virtue and the Laws of Providence have bestowed upon him, is of more value than all the other ages of life put together. I could wish it were so with the maturity of France, and that the age of *Louis* XVI. might surpass all that have proceded it.

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have several rows of galleries in order to multiply places for the auditors. On the outside, and quite round the building, I would have wide porticos, story above story, for the reception and accommodation of the people. On a pediment over the grand entrance these words might be inscribed:

NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

I have no need to mention, that as the children pass three years in each epoch of their education, one of these edifices would be requisite for the instruction of the generation of the year, which restricts to nine the number of monuments destined to the general education of the Capital.

Round each of these amphitheatres there should be a great park, stored with the plants and trees of the country scattered about without artificial arrangement, as in the fields and the woods. We should there behold the primrose and the violet shining round the root of the oak; the apple and pear-tree blended with the elm and the beech. The bowers of innocence should be no less interesting than the tombs of virtue.

If I have expressed a wish to have monuments raised to the glory of those by whom our climate has been enriched with exotic plants, it is not that I prefer these to the plants of our own country, but it is in the view of rendering to the memory of those citizens, a part of the gratitude which we owe to Nature. Besides the most common plants in our plains, independent of their utility, are those which recal to us the most agreeable sensations: they do not transport us beyond seas as foreign

plants do; but recal us home, and restore us to ourselves. The feathered sphere of the dandelion brings to my recollection the places where, seated on the grass with children of my own age, we endeavoured to sweep off by one whiff of breath, all it's plumage, without leaving a single tuft behind. Fortune in like manner has blown upon us, and has scattered abroad our downy-pinioned circles over the face of the whole earth. I call to remembrance, on seeing certain gramineous plants in the ear, the happy age when we conjugated on their alternate ramifications, the different tenses and moods of the verb *aimer* (to love). We trembled at hearing our companions finish, after all the various inflections, with *je ne vous aime plus* (I no longer love you). The finest flowers are not always those for which we conceive the highest affection. The moral sentiment determines at the long run all our physical tastes. The plants which seem to me the most unfortunate, are at this day those which awaken in me the most lively interest. I frequently fix my attention on a blade of grass, at the top of an old wall, or in a scabious tossed about by the winds in the middle of a plain. Oftener than once, at sight (in a foreign land,) of an apple-tree without flowers, and without fruit, have I exclaimed: "Ah! why "has Fortune denied to thee, as she has done to me, "little earth in thy native land?"

The plants of our country recal the idea of it to us, wherever we may be, in a manner still more affecting than it's monuments. I would spare no cost therefore to collect them around the children of the Nation. I would make their school

school a spot charming as their tender age, that when the injustice of their patrons, of their friends, of their relations, of fortune, may have crushed to pieces in their hearts all the ties of Country, the place in which their childhood had enjoyed felicity might be still their Capital.

I would decorate it with pictures. Children as well as the vulgar prefer painting to sculpture, because this last presents to them too many beauties of convention. They do not love figures completely white, but with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, like their images in plaister. They are more struck with colours than with forms. I could wish to exhibit to them the portraits of our infant Kings. *Cyrus*, brought up with the children of his own age, formed them into heroes; ours should be educated at least with the images of our Sovereigns. They would assume, at sight of them, the first sentiments of the attachment which they owe to the Fathers of their Country.

I would present them with pictures after religious subjects; not such as are terrifying, and which are calculated to excite Man to repentance; but those which have a tendency to encourage innocence. Such would be that of the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Such would be that of Jesus himself in the midst of children, displaying in their attitudes, and in their features, the simplicity and the confidence of their age, and such as *Le Sueur* would have painted them. Beneath there might be inscribed these words of Jesus Christ himself:

Sinite parvulos ad me venire.
Suffer little children to come to Me.

Were it necessary to represent in this school any act of justice, there might be a painting of the fruitless fig-tree withering away at his command. It would exhibit the leaves of that tree curling up, its branches twisting, it's back cracking, and the whole plant struck with terror, perishing under the malediction of the Author of Nature.

There might be inserted some simple and short nscription from the Gospel, such as this:

Love one another.

Or this:

Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy Laden,
and will give you Rest.

And that maxim already necessary to the infant mind:

Virtue consists in preferring the Public Good to our Own.

And that other;

In order to be Virtuous, a Man must resist his Propensities, his Inclinations, his Tastes, and maintain an incessant Conflict with Himself.

But there are inscriptions to which hardly any attention is paid, and the meaning of which is of much higher importance to children; these are their own names. Their names are inscriptions which they carry with them wherever they go. It is impossible to conceive the influence which they have upon their natural character. Our name is the first and the last possession which is at our disposal; it determines, from the days of infancy, our inclinations; it employs our attention through life, nay transports us beyond the grave. I have still a name left, is the reflection. It is a name that ennobles, or dishonours the earth. The rocks of Greece

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and of Italy, are neither more ancient, nor more beautiful than those of the other parts of the world but we esteem them more, because they are dignified by more beautiful names. A medal is nothing but a bit of copper, frequently eaten with rust, but it acquires value from being decorated by an illustrious name.

I could wish therefore to have children distinguished by interesting names. A lad fathers himself upon his name. If it inclines toward any vice, or if it furnishes matter for ridicule, as many of ours do, his mind takes a bias from it. *Bayle* remarks, that a certain Inquisitor, named TORRE-CREMADA, or the burnt Tower, had in his life-time condemned I know not how many heretics to the flames. A Cordelier of the name of FEU-ARDENT (Ardent-Flame) is said to have done as much. There is a farther absurdity in giving to children, destined to peaceful occupations, turbulent and ambitious names, such as those of *Alexander* and *Cesar*. It is still more dangerous to give them ridiculous names. I have seen poor boys so tormented on this account by their companions, and even by their own parents, from the silly circumstance of a baptismal name, which implied some idea of simplicity and good-nature, that they insensibly acquired from it an opposite character of malignity and ferociousness. Instances of this are numerous. Two of our most satyrical Writers, in Theology and Poesy, were named, the one BLAISE *Pascal*, and the other COLIN *Boileau*. *Colin* implies nothing sarcastic, said his father. That one word infused the spirit of sarcasm into him. The

audacious villainy of *James* CLEMENT, took it's birth perhaps from some jest that passed upon his name.

Government therefore ought to interpose in the business of giving names to children, as they have an influence so tremendous on the characters of the citizens. I could wish likewise that to their baptismal name might be added a surname of some family rendered illustrious by virtue, as the Romans did; this species of adoption would attach the little to the great, and the great to the little. There were at Rome *Scipios* without number in Plebeian families. We might revive, in like manner, among our commonalty, the names of our illustrious families, such as the *Fenelons*, the *Catinats*, the *Montausiers*, and the like.

I would not make use in this school of noisy bells, to announce the different exercises, but of the sound of flutes, of hautboys, and of bag-pipes. Every thing they learned should be versified and set to music. The influence of these two arts united is beyond all conception. I shall produce some examples of it, taken from the Legislation of a people whose police was the best perhaps in the world; I mean that of Sparta. Hear what *Plutarch* says on the subject, in his life of *Lycurgus*. "*Ly-*
"*curgus*, then having taken leave of his Country,"
(to escape the calumnies which were the reward of his virtues) "directed his course first towards
"Candia, where he studied the Cretan laws
"and Government, and made an acquaint-
"ance with the principal men of the Country.
"Some of their laws he much approved, and re-
"solved

" solved to make use of them in his own Country:
" others he rejected. Amongst the persons there,
" the most renowned for ability and wisdom in po-
" litical affairs, was *Thales*, whom *Lycurgus* by re-
" peated importunities and assurances of friendship,
" at last persuaded to go over to Lacedemon. When
" he came thither, though he professed only to be
" a lyric poet, in reality he performed the part of
" the ablest legislator. The very songs which he
" composed were pathetic exhortations to obedience
" and concord; and the sweetness of the music,
" and the cadence of the verse, had so powerful
" and so pleasing an effect upon the hearers, that
" they were insensibly softened and civilized; and,
" at last, renouncing their mutual feuds and animo-
" sities, united in the love of humanity and good
" order. So that it may truly be said, that *Thales*
" prepared the way for *Lycurgus*, by disposing the
" people to receive his institutions."

Lycurgus farther introduced among them the use of music, in various species of exercise, and among others into the art of war.* " When their army was
" drawn up, and the enemy near, the King sacri-
" ficed a goat, commanded the soldiers to set their
" garlands upon their heads, and the musicians to
" play the tune of the Hymn to *Castor*, and he him-
" self advancing forward began the Pæan, which
" served for a signal to fall on. It was at once a
" solemn and a terrible sight, to see them march on
" to the combat cheerfully and sedately, without
" any disorder in their ranks, or discomposure in

* *Plutarch*'s Life of *Lycurgus*.

" their minds, measuring their steps by the music of " their flutes. Men in this temper were not likely " to be possessed with fear, or transported with " fury; but they proceeded with a deliberate valour " and confidence of success, as if some divinity " had sensibly assisted them."

Thus, considering the difference of modern Nations, music would serve to repress their courage, rather than to excite it; and they had no occasion, for that purpose, of bears-skin caps, nor of brandy, nor of drums.

If music and poetry had so much power at Sparta, to recal corrupted men to the practice of virtue, and afterwards to govern them; What influence would they not have over our children in the age of innocence? Who could ever forget the sacred Laws of morality, were they set to music, and in verses as enchanting as those of the *Devin du Village*? From similar institutions there might be produced among us Poets as sublime as the sage *Thales*, or as *Tyrtæus* who composed the Hymn of *Castor*.

These arrangements being made for our children, the first branch of their education should be Religion. I would begin with talking to them about GOD, in the view of engaging them to fear and love Him, but to fear Him, without making Him an object of terror to them. Terrifying views of GOD generate superstition, and inspire horrible apprehensions of priests and of death. The first precept of Religion is to love GOD. *Love, and do what you will*, was the saying of a Saint. We are enjoined by Religion to love Him above all things. We are encouraged to address ourselves

selves to Him as to a Father. If we are commanded to fear Him, it is only with a relation to the love which we owe Him; because we ought to be afraid of offending the person whom we are bound to love. Besides, I am very far from thinking that a child is incapable of having any idea of God before fourteen years of age, as has been advanced by a writer whom in other respects I love. Do we not convey to the youngest children sentiments of fear and aversion, for metaphysical objects which have no existence? Wherefore should they not be inspired with confidence and love for the Being who fills universal Nature with his beneficence? Children have not the ideas of God such as are taught by systems of Theology and Philosophy; but they are perfectly capable of having the sentiment of him which, as we have seen, is the reason of Nature. This very sentiment has been exalted among them, during the time of the Crusades, to such a height of fervour, as to induce multitudes of them to assume the Cross for the conquest of the Holy Land. Would to God I had preserved the sentiment of the existence of the Supreme Being, and of his principal attributes, as pure as I had it in my earliest years! It is the heart, still more than the understanding, that Religion demands. And which heart, I beseech you, is most filled with the DEITY, and the most agreeable in his sight; that of the child who, elevated with the sentiment of Him, raises his innocent hands to heaven as he stammers out his prayer, or of the schoolman who pretends to explain His Nature?

It is very easy to communicate to children ideas of GOD

God and of virtue. The daisies springing up among the grass, and fruits suspended on the trees of their enclosure, should be their first lessons in Theology, and their first lessons of abstinence and of obedience to the Laws. Their minds might be fixed on the principal object of religion, by the pure and simple recitation of the life of Jesus Christ in the Gospel. They would learn in their creed all that they can know of the nature of God, and in the *Pater-noster* every thing that they can ask of Him.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the Sacred Books there is no one which children take in with so much facility as the Gospel. It would be proper to habituate them betimes, in a particular manner, to perform the actions which are there enjoined, without vain-glory, and without any respect to human observation or applause. They ought to be trained up therefore in the habit of preventing each other in acts of friendship, in mutual deference, and in good offices of every kind.

All the children of citizens should be admitted into this National School, without making a single exception. I would insist only on the most perfect cleanliness, were they in other respects dressed but in patches sewed together. There you might see the child of a man of quality attended by his governor, arrive in an equipage, and take his place by the side of a peasant's child leaning on his little stick, dressed in canvas in the very middle of winter, and carrying in his satchel his little books, and his slice of brown bread for the provision of the whole day. Thus they would both learn to know each other before they came to be separated for ever. The child of the rich

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man would be instructed to impart of his superfluity, to whom he is frequently destined to support the affluent out of his own necessary pittance. These children of all ranks crowned with flowers, and distributed into choirs would assist in our public processions. Their age, their order, their songs, and their innocence, would present in these, a spectacle more august than the lackeys of the great bearing the coats of arms of their masters pasted to wax-tapers, and beyond all contradiction much more affecting than the hedges of soldiers and bayonets with which, on such occasions, a God of Peace is encompassed.

In this school, children might be taught to read and to cypher. Ingenious men have for this effect contrived boards, and methods simple, prompt and agreeable; but schoolmasters have been at great pains to render them useless, because they destroyed their empire, and made education proceed faster than was consistent with their emolument. If you wish children to learn quickly to read, put a sugar-plumb over each of their letters: they will soon have their alphabet by heart; and if you multiply or diminish the number of them, they will soon become arithmeticians. However that may be, they shall have profited wonderfully in this school of their country, should they leave it without having learned to read, write, and cypher; but deeply penetrated with this one truth, that to read write, and cypher, and all the Sciences in the World, are mere nothings; but that to be sincere, good, obliging; to love God and Man, is the only Science worthy of the human heart.

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At the second era of education, which I suppose to be about the age of from ten to twelve, when their intellectual powers restlessly stir and press forward to the imitation of every thing that they see done by others, I would have them instructed in the means which men employ in making provision for the wants of Society. I would not pretend to teach them the five hundred and thirty arts and handicrafts which are carried on at Paris, but those only which are subservient to the first necessities of human life, such as agriculture, the different processes employed in making bread, the arts, which in the pride of our hearts, we denominate mechanical, such as those of spinning flax and hemp, of weaving these into cloth, and that of building houses. To these I would join the elements of the natural Sciences, in which those various handicrafts originated, the elements of Geometry, and the experiments of Natural Philosophy, which have invented nothing in this respect, but which explain their processes with much pomp and parade.

I would likewise have them made acquainted with the liberal arts, such as those of drawing, of architecture, of fortification, not in the view of making painters of them, or architects, or engineers, but to shew them in what manner their habitation is constructed, and how their Country is defended. I would make them observe, as an antidote to the vanity which the Sciences inspire, that Man, amidst such a variety of arts and operations, has imagined no one thing; that he has imitated in all his productions, either the skill of the animal creation, or the operations of Nature; that his

his industry is a testimony of the misery to which he is condemned, whereby he is laid under the necessity of maintaining an incessant conflict against the elements, against hunger and thirst, against his fellow men, and what is most difficult of all, against himself. I would make them sensible of these relations of the truths of Religion, to those of Nature; and I would thus dispose them to love the class of useful men, who are continually providing for their wants.

I would always endeavour, in the course of this education, to make the exercises of the body go hand in hand with those of the mind. Accordingly while they were acquiring the knowledge of the useful arts I would have them taught Latin. I would not teach it them metaphysically and grammatically, as in our colleges, and which is forgotten much faster than it was attained, but they should learn it practically. Thus it is that the Polish peasantry acquire it, who speak it fluently all their life-time, though they have never been at college. They speak it in a very intelligible manner, as I know by experience, having travelled through their Country. The use of that language has been, I imagine, propagated among them by certain exiles from ancient Rome, perhaps *Ovid*, who was sent into banishment among the Sarmatians, their Ancestors, and for the memory of which Poet they still preserve the highest veneration. It is not, say our *Literati*, the Latin of *Cicero*. But what is that to the purpose? It is not because those peasants have not a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue, that they are incapable of speaking

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the language of *Cicero*; but because, being slaves, they do not understand the language of liberty. Our French peasants, would not comprehend the best translations which could be made of that author, were they the production even of the University. But a Savage of Canada wouldt ake them in perfectly, and better than many professors of eloquence. It is the tone of soul of the person who listens which gives the comprehension of the language of him who speaks. A project was once formed, I think under *Louis* XIV. of building a city in which no language but Latin was to have been spoken. This must have inconceivably facilitated the study of that tongue; but the University undoubtedly would not have found it's account in it. Whatever may be in this, I am well assured that two years at most are sufficient for the children of the National School to learn the Latin by practice, especially if in the lectures which they attended, extracts were given from the lives of great men, French and Roman, written in good Latin, and afterwards well explained.

In the third period of education, nearly about the age when the passions begin to take flight, I would shew to ingenuous youth, the pure and gentle language of them, in the Eclogues and Georgics of *Virgil*; the philosophy of them in some of the Odes of *Horace*; and pictures of their corruption taken from *Tacitus* and *Suetonius*. I would finish the painting of the hideous excesses into which they plunge Mankind, by exhibiting passages from some Historian of the Lower Empire. I would make them remark how talents, taste, knowledge,

ledge and eloquence, sunk at once among the Ancients, together with manners and virtue. I would be very careful not to fatigue my pupils with reading of this sort; I would point out to them only the more poignant passages, in order to excite in them a desire to know the rest. My aim should be not to lead them through a course of *Virgil*, of *Horace*, and of *Tacitus*, but a real course of classical learning, by uniting in their studies whatever men of genius have considered as best adapted to the perfecting of human nature.

I would likewise have them practically instructed in the knowledge of the Greek tongue, which is on the point of going into total disuse among us. I would make them acquainted with *Homer*, *principium sapientiæ & fons* (the original source of wisdom) as *Horace* with perfect propriety calls him; with *Herodotus*, the father of History; with some maxims from the sublime book of *Marcus Aurelius*. I would endeavour to make them sensible how at all times, talents, virtues, great men, and States flourished together with confidence in the Divine Providence. But, in order, to communicate greater weight to these eternal truths, I would intermingle with them the enchanting studies of Nature, of which they had hitherto seen only some faint sketches in the greatest Writers.

I would make them remark the disposition of this Globe, suspended in a most incomprehensible manner upon nothing, with an infinite number of different Nations in motion over it's solid and over it's liquid surface. I would point out to them, in each climate, the principal plants which are useful to human life; the animals which stand related to those

those plants, and to their soil, without extending farther. I would then shew them the human race, who alone of all sensible beings are universally dispersed, mutually to assist each other, and to gather at once all the productions of Nature. I would let them see that the interests of Princes are not different from those of other men; and that those of every Nation are the same with the interests of their Princes. I would speak of the different Laws by which the Nations are governed; I would lead them to an acquaintancewith those of their own Country, of which most of our citizens are entirely ignorant. I would give them an idea of the principle religions which divide the Earth; and I would demonstrate to them, how highly preferable Christianity is to all the political Laws, and to all the religions of the World, because it alone aims at the felicity of the whole human race. I would make them sensible, that it is the Christian religion which prevents the different ranks of Society from dashing themselves to pieces by mutual collision, and which gives them equal powers of bearing up under the pressure of unequal weights. From these sublime considerations, the Love of their Country would be kindled in those youthful hearts, and would acquire increasing ardor from the spectacle of her very calamities.

I would intermix these affecting speculations with exercises, useful, agreeable, and adapted to the vivacity of their time of life. I would have them taught to swim, not so much by way of security from danger in the event of suffering shipwreck, as in the view of assisting

assisting persons who may happen to be in that dreadful situation. Whatever particular advantage they might derive from their studies, I would never propose to them any other end but the good of their fellow-creature. They would make a most wonderful progress in these, did they reap no other fruit except that of concord, and the love of Country.

In the beautiful season of the year, when the corn is reaped, about the beginning of September, I would lead them out into the country, embodied under various standards. I would present them with the image of war. I would make them lie on the grass under the shade of forests: there they should themselves prepare their own victuals; they should learn to attack and to defend a post, to cross a river by swimming; they should learn the use of fire-arms, and at the same time to practise the evolutions borrowed from the tactics of the Greeks, who are our masters in every branch of knowledge. I would bring into disrepute, by means of these military exercises, the taste for fencing, which renders the soldiery formidable only to citizens, an art useless and even hurtful in war, reprobated by all great Commanders, and derogatory to courage, as *Philopœmen* alleged. "In my younger days," says *Michael* "*Montaigne*, "the nobility disclaimed the praise "of being skilful fencers as injurious to their cha- "racter, and learned that art by stealth, as a mat- "ter of trick, inconsistent with real native va- "lour." * This art generated in the same society of the hatred of the lower classes to the higher, who oppress them, is an importation from Italy, where

* Essays of *Michael Montaigne*. Book ii. chap. 27.

the military art exists no longer. It is this which keeps up the spirit of duelling among us. We have not derived that spirit from the Nations of the North, as so many Writers have taken upon them to assert. Duels are hardly known in Russia and in Prussia; and altogether unknown to the Savages of the North. Italy is their native soil, as may be gathered from the most celebrated treatises on fencing and from the terms of that art, which are Italian, as *tierce, quarte.* It has been naturalized among us through the weakness and corruption of many women, who are far from being displeased with having a bully for a lover. To those moral causes no doubt we must ascribe that strange contradiction in our government, which prohibits duelling, and at the same time permits the public exercise of an art which pretends to teach nothing else but how to fight duels.* The pupils trained in the National Schools should be taught to entertain a very different idea of courage; and in the course of their studies, they should perform a course of human life, in which they should be instructed in what manner they ought one day to demean themselves toward a fellow-citizen, and toward an enemy.

The season of youth would glide away agreeably

* Fencing-masters tell us that their art expands the body, and teaches to walk gracefully. Dancing-masters say the same thing of theirs. As a proof that they are mistaken, both these classes of gentlemen are readily distinguished by their affected manner of walking. A citizen ought neither to have the attitude nor the movements of a gladiator. But if the art of fencing be necessary, duelling ought to be permitted by public authority, in order to relieve persons of character from the cruel alternative of equally dishonouring themselves, by violating the Laws of the State, and of Religion, or by observing them. In truth, worthless people are among us very much at their ease.

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and usefully amidst such a number of employments. The mind and the body would expand at one and the same time. The natural talents, frequently unknown in most men, would manifest themselves at sight of the different objects which might be presented to them. More than one *Achilles* would feel his blood all on fire on beholding a sword: more than one *Vaucanson*, at the aspect of a piece of machinery, would begin to meditate on the means of organizing wood or brass.

The attainment of all this various knowledge, I shall be told, will require a very considerable quantity of time: but if we take into consideration that which is squandered away in our colleges, in the tiresome repetitions of lessons, in the grammatical decompositions and explications of the Latin tongue, which do not communicate to the scholar so much as facility in speaking it, and in the dangerous competitions of a vain ambition, it is impossible not to admit that we have been proposing to make a much better use of it. The scholars every day scribble over in them as much paper as so many attorneys,* so much the more unprofitably that, thanks to the printing of the books, the versions, or themes, of which they copy, they have no occasion for all this irksome labour. But on what should the Regents

* I am persuaded that if this plan of education, indigested as it is, were to be adopted, one of the greatest obstacles to the universal renovation of our knowledge and morals would be, not Regents, nor academical Institutions, not University Privileges, not the square caps of Doctors. It would come from the Paper Merchants, one of whose principal branches of commerce would thereby be reduced to almost nothing. There might be devised happy and glorious compensations for the privileges of the Masters; but a money objection, in this venal age, seems to me absolutely unanswerable.

themselves employ their own time if the pupils did not waste theirs?

In the National Schools every thing would go on after the academic manner of the Greek Philosophers. The pupils should there pursue their studies, sometime seated, sometimes standing; sometimes in the fields, at other times in the amphitheatre, or in the park which surrounded it. There would be no occasion for either pen, or paper, or ink; every one would bring with him only the classical book which might contain the subject of the lesson. I have had frequent experience that we forget what we commit to writing. That which I have conveyed to paper I discharge from my memory, and very soon from my recollective faculty. I have become sensible of this with respect to complete Works which I had fairly transcribed, and which appeared to me afterwards as strange as if they had been the production of a different hand from my own. This does not take place with regard to the impressions which the conversation of another leaves upon our mind, especially if it be accompanied with striking circumstances. The tone of voice, the gesture, the respect due to the orator, the reflections of the company, concur in engraving on the memory the words of a discourse much better than writing does. I shall again quote to this purpose the authority of *Plutarch*, or rather that of *Lycurgus*.

" But it is carefully to be remarked, that *Lycur-*
" *gus* would never permit any one of his Laws to
" be committed to writing; it is accordingly ex-
" pressly enjoined by one of the special statutes,
" which he calls ῥήτρας (oracular, *pacta conventa*, In-
" stitutes)

" stitutes) that none of his Institutes shall be co-
" pied; because whatever is of peculiar force and
" efficacy toward rendering a city happy and vir-
" tuous, it was his opinion, ought to be impressed
" by habitual culture on the hearts and manners of
" men, in order to make the characters indelible.
" Good-will is more powerful than any other mode
" of constraint to which men can be subjected, for
" by means of it every one becomes a Law unto
" himself."*.

The heads of our young people should not then be oppressed, in the National Schools, with an unprofitable and prattling Science. Sometimes they should defend among themselves the cause of a citizen; sometimes they should deliver their opinion respecting a public event. They should pursue the process of an art through it's whole course. Their eloquence would be a real eloquence, and their knowledge real knowledge. They should employ their minds on no abstruse Science, in no useless research, which are usually the fruit of pride. In the studies which I propose, every thing should bring us back to Society, to Concord, to Religion, and to Nature.

I have no need to suggest, that these several Schools should be decorated correspondently to their use, and that the exterior of them all should serve as walking places and asylums to the People, especially during the tedious and gloomy days of Winter. There they should every day behold spectacles more proper to inspire them with virtuous sentiments, and

Plutarch's Life of *Lycurgus*

with the love of their country, I do not say than those of the Boulevards, or than the dances of Vauxhall, but even than the tragedies of *Corneille*.

There should be among those young people no such thing as reward, nor punishment, nor emulation, and consequently no envy. The only punishment there inflicted should be to banish from the assembly the person who should disturb it, and even that only for a time proportioned to the fault of the offender: and withal this should rather be an act of justice than a punishment; for I would have no manner of shame to attach to that exile. But if you wish to form an idea of such an assembly, conceive, instead of our young collegians, pale, pensive, jealous, trembling about the fate of their unfortunate compositions, a multitude of young persons gay, content, attracted by pleasure to vast circular halls, in which are erected here and there the statues of the illustrious men of Antiquity, and of their own Country: behold them all attentive to the master's lessons, assisting each other in comprehending them, in retaining them, and in replying to his unexpected questions. One tacitly suggests an answer to his neighbour; another makes an excuse for the negligence of his absent comrade.

Represent to yourself the rapid progress of studies elucidated by intelligent masters, and drunk in by pupils who are mutually assisting each other in fixing the impression of them. Figure to yourself Science spreading among them, as the flame in a pile, all the pieces of which are nicely adjusted, communicates from one to another, till the whole becomes one blaze. Observe among them, instead of a vain emulation, union, benevolence, friendship, for an answer

answer seasonably suggested, for an apology made in behalf of one absent by his comrades, and other little services rendered and repaid. The recollection of those early intimacies will farther unite them in the World, notwithstanding the prejudices of their various conditions.

At this tender age it is that gratitude and resentment become engraved, for the rest of life, as indelibly as the elements of Science and of Religion. It is not so in our colleges, where every scholar attempts to supplant his neighbour. I recollect that one exercise day I found myself very much embarrassed, from having forgotten a Latin Author out of which I had a page to translate. One of my neighbours obligingly offered to dictate to me the version which he had made from it. I accepted his services with many expressions of acknowledgment. I accordingly copied his version, only changing a few words, that the Regent might not perceive it to be the same with my companion's; but that which he had given me was only a false copy of his own, and was filled with blunders so extravagant that the Regent was astonished at it, and could not believe it at first to be my production, for I was a tolerably good scholar. I have not lost the recollection of that act of perfidy, though in truth I have forgotten others much more cruel which I have encountered since that period; but the first age of human life is the season of resentments, and of grateful feelings, which are never to be effaced.

I recollect periods of time still more remote. When I went to school in frocks I sometimes lost

my books through heedlessness. I had a nurse named *Mary Talbot*, who bought me others with her own money, for fear of my being whipped at school. And of a truth the recollection of those petty services has remained so long, and so deeply imprinted on my heart, that I can truly affirm no person in the World, my mother excepted, possessed my affection so uniformly, and so constantly. That good and poor creature frequently took a cordial interest in my useless projects for acquiring a fortune. I reckoned on repaying her with usury in her old age, when she was in a manner destitute, the tender care which she took of my infancy; but scarcely has it been in my power to give her some trifling and inadequate tokens of my good-will. I relate these recollections, traces of which every one of my Readers probably possesses somewhat similar, and still more interesting, relating to himself and to his own childhood, to prove to what a degree the early season of life would be naturally the era of virtue and of gratitude, were it not frequently depraved among us through the faultiness of our institutions.

But before we could pretend to establish those National Schools, we must have men formed to preside in them. I would not have them chosen from among those who are most powerfully recommended. The more recommendations they might have the more would they be given to intrigue, and consequently the less would be their virtue. The enquiry made concerning them ought not to be, Is he a wit, a bright man, a Philosopher? But, Is he fond of children? Does he frequent the unfortunate rather

rather than the great? Is he a man of sensibility? Does he possess virtue? With persons of such a character, we should be furnished with masters proper for conducting the public education. Besides, I could wish to change the appellation of Master and Doctor, as harsh and lofty. I would have their titles to import the friends of childhood, the fathers of the Country; and these I would have expressed by beautiful Greek names, in order to unite to the respect due to their functions the mysteriousness of their titles. Their condition, as being destined to form citizens for the Nation, should be at least as noble, and as distinguished, as that of the Squires who manage horses in the Courts of Princes. A titled magistrate should preside every day in each school. It would be very becoming, that the magistrates should cause to be trained up, under their own eyes, to justice, and to the Laws, the children whom they are one day to judge and to govern as men. Children likewise are citizens in miniature. A nobleman of the highest rank, and of the most eminent accomplishments, should have the general superintendance of these National Schools, more important beyond all contradiction than that of the studs of the kingdom; and to the end that men of letters, given to low flattery, might not be tempted to insert in the public papers the days on which he was to *vouchsafe* to make his visits to them, this sublime duty should have no revenue annexed to it, and the only honour that could possibly be claimed should be that of presiding.

Would to God it were in my power to conciliate the education of women to that of men, as at Sparta!

ta! But our manners forbid it. I do not believe, however, that there could be any great inconveniency in associating, in early life, the children of both sexes. Their society communicates mutual grace; besides, the first elements of civil life, of religion, and of virtue, are the same for the one and for the other. This first epoch excepted, young women should learn nothing of what men ought to know; not that they are to remain always in ignorance of it, but that they may receive instruction with increased pleasure, and one day find teachers in their lovers. There is this moral difference between man and woman, that the man owes himself to his country, and the woman is devoted to the felicity of one man alone. A young woman will never attain this end but by acquiring a relish for the employments suitable to her sex. To no purpose would you give her a complete course of the Sciences, and make her a Theologian or a Philosopher: a husband does not love to find either a rival or an instructor in his wife. Books and masters, with us, blight betimes in a young female, virgin ignorance, that flower of the soul, which a lover takes such delight in gathering. They rob a husband of the most delicious charm of their union, of those inter-communications of amorous science, and native ignorance, so proper for filling up the long days of married life. They destroy those contrasts of character which Nature has established between the two sexes, in order to produce the most lovely of harmonies.

These natural contrasts are so necessary to love, that there is not a single female celebrated for the attachment

attachment with which she inspired her lovers, or her husband, who has been indebted for her empire to any other attractions than the amusements or the occupations peculiar to her sex, from the age of *Penelope* down to the present. We have them of all ranks, and of all characters, but not one of them learned. Such of them as have merited this description, have likewise been almost all of them unfortunate in love, from *Sappho* down to *Christina* Queen of Sweden, and even still nearer to us. It should be then by the side of her mother, of her father, of her brothers and sisters, that a young woman ought to derive instruction respecting her future duties of mother and wife. In her father's house it is that she ought to learn a multitude of domestic arts, at this day unknown to our highly bred dames.

I have oftener than once, in the course of this Work, spoken in high terms of the felicity enjoyed in Holland; however, as I only passed through that country, I have but a slight acquaintance with their domestic manners. This much nevertheless I know, that the women there are constantly employed in houshold affairs, and that the most undisturbed concord reigns in families. But I enjoyed at Berlin an image of the charms which those manners held in such contempt among us, are capable of diffusing over domestic life. A friend whom Providence raised up for me in that city, where I was an entire stranger, introduced me to a society of young ladies; for in Prussia these assemblies are held not in the apartments of the married women, but of their daughters. This custom is kept up in all the families

lies which have not been corrupted by the manners of our French officers, who were prisoners there in the last war. It is customary then for the young ladies of the same society to invite each other by turns, to assemblies which they call coffee parties. They are generally kept on Thursdays. They go, accompanied by their mothers, to the apartments of her who has given the invitation. She treats them with creamed coffee, and every kind of pastry and comfits prepared by her own hand. She presents them in the very depth of Winter with fruits of all sorts preserved in sugar, in colours, in verdure, and in perfume, apparently as fresh as if they were hanging on the tree. She receives from her companions thousands of compliments, which she repays with interest.

But by and by she displays other talents. Sometimes she unrols a large piece of tapestry, on which she had been labouring night and day, and exhibits forests of willows always green which she herself has planted, and rivulets of mohair which she has set a-flowing with her needle. At other times, she weds her voice to the sounds of a harpsichord, and seems to have collected into her chamber all the songsters of the grove. She requests her companions to sing in their turn. Then it is you hear eulogium upon eulogium. The mothers enraptured with delight applaud themselves in secret, like *Niobe*, on the praises given to their daughters: *Pertentant guadia pectus:* (the bosom glows with joy.) Some officers booted, and in their uniform, having slipped away by stealth from the exercises

of

of the parade, step in to enjoy amidst this lovely circle some moments of delightful tranquillity; and while each of the young females hopes to find in one of them her protector and her friend, each of the men sighs after the partner who is one day to soothe, by the charm of domestic talents, the rigour of military labours. I never saw any country in which the youth of both sexes discovered greater purity of manners, and in which marriages were more happy.

There is no occasion however to have recourse to strangers, for proofs of the power of love over sanctity of manners. I ascribe the innocence of those of our own peasantry, and their fidelity in wedlock, to their being able very early in life to give themselves up to this honourable sentiment. It is love which renders them content with their painful lot: it even suspends the miseries of slavery. I have frequently seen in the Isle of France black people, after being exhausted by the fatigues of the day, set off as the night approached to visit their mistresses, at the distance of three or four leagues. They keep their assignations in the midst of the woods, at the foot of a rock, where they kindle a fire; they dance together a great part of the night to the sound of their *tamtam*, and return to their labour before day-break contented, full of vigour, and as fresh as those who have slept soundly all night long: such is the power possessed by the moral affections which combine with this sentiment, over the physical organization. The night of the lover diffuses a charm over the day of the slave.

We

We have in Scripture a very remarkable instance to this effect; it is in the book of Genesis; "*Ja-*" *cob,*" it is there written, "served seven years for "*Rachel;* and they seemed unto him but a few "days, for the love he had to her."* I am perfectly aware that our politicians, who set no value on any thing but gold and titles, have no conception of all this; but I am happy in being able to inform them, that no one ever better understood the Laws of Nature than the Authors of the Sacred Books, and that on the Laws of Nature only, can those of happily ordered Societies be established.

I could wish therefore that our young people might have it in their power to cultivate the sentiment of love, in the midst of their labours, as *Jacob* did. No matter at what age; as soon as we are capable of feeling, we are capable of loving. Honourable love suspends pain, banishes langour, saves from prostitution, from the errors and the restlessness of celibacy; it fills life with a thousand delicious perspectives, by displaying in futurity the most desirable of unions: it augments, in the hearts of two youthful lovers, a relish for study, and a taste for domestic employments. What pleasure must it afford a young man, transported with the science which he has derived from his masters, to repeat the lessons of it to the fair one whom he loves! What delight to a young and timid female to see herself distinguished amidst her companions, and to hear the value and the graces, of her little skill and industry, exalted by the tongue of her lover!

* Genesis, chap. xxix. ver. 20.

A young

A young man, destined one day to repress on the tribunal the injustice of men, is enchanted, amidst the labyrinths of Law, to behold his mistress embroidering for him the flowers which are to decorate the asylum of their union, and to present him with an image of the beauties of Nature, of which the gloomy honours of his station are going to deprive him for life. Another, devoted to conduct the flame of war to the ends of the Earth, attaches himself to the gentle spirit of his female friend, and flatters himself with the thought that the mischief which he may do to mankind, shall be repaired by the blessings which she bestows on the miserable. Friendships multiply in families; of the friend to the brother who introduces him, and of the brother to the sister. The kindred are mutually attracted. The young folks form their manners; and the happy perspectives which their union discloses, cherish in them the love of their several duties, and of virtue. Who knows but those unconstrained choices, those pure and tender ties, may fix that roving spirit which some have supposed natural to women? They would respect the bands which they themselves had formed. If, having become wives, they aim at pleasing every body, it is perhaps because when they were single, they were not permitted to be in love with one.

If there is room to hope for a happy revolution in our Country, it is to be effected only by calling back the women to domestic manners. Whatever satire may have been levelled against them, they are less culpable than the men. They are chargeable with hardly

hardly any vices except those which they receive from us: and we have a great many from which they are free. As to those which are peculiar to themselves it may be affirmed, that they have retarded our ruin, by balancing the vices of our political constitution. It is impossible to imagine what must have become of a state of Society abandoned to all the absurdities of our education, to all the prejudices of our various conditions, and to the ambitions of each contending party, had not the women crossed us upon the road. Our History presents only the disputes of monks with monks, of doctors with doctors, of grandees with grandees, of nobles with the base-born; while crafty politicians gradually lay hold of all our possessions. But for the women all these parties would have made a desert of the State, and have led the commonalty to the very last man to the slaughter, or to market, a piece of advice which was actually given not many years ago. Ages have elapsed in which we should all have been Cordeliers, born and dying encircled with the cord of St. *Francis;* in others, all would have taken to the road in the character of knights-errant, rambling over hill and dale with lance in hand; in others, all penitents, parading through the streets of our cities in solemn processions, and whipping ourselves to some purpose; in others, *quisquis* or *quamquam* of the University.

The women, thrown out of their natural state by our unjust manners, turn every thing upside down, laugh at every thing, destroy every thing, the great fortunes,

fortunes, the pretensions of pride, and the prejudices of opinion. Women have only one passion, which is love, and this passion has only one object; whereas men refer every thing to ambition, which has thousands. Whatever be the irregularities of women, they are always nearer to nature than we are, because their ruling passion is incessantly impelling them in that direction, whereas ours on the contrary is betraying us into endless deviations. A Provincial, and even a Parisian tradesman, hardly behaves with kindness to his children when they are somewhat grown up; but he bends with profound reverence before those of strangers, provided they are rich or of high quality: his wife on the contrary is regulated in her behaviour to them by their figure. If they are homely she neglects them; but she will caress a peasant's child if it is beautiful; she will pay more respect to a low-born man with grey hairs and a venerable head, than to a counsellor without a beard. Women attend only to the advantages which are the gift of Nature, and men only to those of fortune. Thus the women amidst all their irregularities still bring us back to Nature, while we, with our affectation of superior wisdom, are in a constant tendency to deviation from her.

I admit at the same time that they have prevented the general calamity only by introducing among us an infinite number of particular evils. Alas! as well as ourselves they never will find happiness except in the practice of virtue. In all countries where the empire of virtue is at an end, they are most miserable. They were formerly ex-

ceedingly happy in the virtuous Republics of Greece and of Italy: there they decided the fate of States: at this day, reduced to the condition of slaves in those very countries, the greatest part of them are under the necessity of submitting to prostitution for the sake of a livelihood. Ours ought not to despair of us. They possess over man an empire absolutely inalienable;* we know them only under the appellation of the sex, to which we have given the epithet of fair by way of excellence. But how many other descriptive epithets, still more interesting, might be added to this, such as those of nutritive, consolatory! They receive us on our entrance into life, and they close our eyes when we die. It is not to beauty, but to Religion, that our women are indebted for the greatest part of their influence; the same Frenchman who in Paris sighs at the feet of his mistress, holds her in fetters, and under the discipline of the whip, in St. Domingo. Our Religion alone of all contemplates the conjugal union in the

* It deserves to be remarked, that most of the names of the objects of Nature, of morals, and of metaphysics, are feminine, especially in the French language. It would afford matter of curious research, to enquire, whether masculine names have been given by the women, and feminine names by the men, to objects which are most particularly subservient to the uses of each sex; or whether the first have been made of the masculine gender, because they presented characters of energy and force, and the second of the feminine gender, because they displayed characters of grace and loveliness. I am persuaded, that the men having given names to the objects of nature, in general, have lavished feminine designations upon them, from that secret propensity which attracts them toward the sex: this observation is supported by the names assigned to the heavenly Constellations, to the four quarters of the Globe, to by far the greatest part of rivers, kingdoms, fruits, trees, virtues, and so on.

order

order of Nature: it is the only Religion on the face of the Earth which presents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave. To religion alone do our women owe the liberty which they enjoy in Europe; and from the liberty of the women it is that the liberty of Nations has flowed, accompanied with the proscription of a multitude of inhuman usages, which have been diffused over all the other parts of the World, such as slavery, seraglios, and eunuchs. O charming sex! it is in your virtue that your power consists.—Save your Country, by recalling to the love of domestic manners your lovers and your husbands, from a display of your gentle occupations: You would restore Society at large to a sense of duty, if each of you brings back one single man to the order of Nature. Envy not the other sex their authority, their magistracies, their talents, their vain-glory; but in the midst of your weakness, surrounded with your wools and your silks, give thanks to the AUTHOR OF NATURE for having conferred on you alone the power of being always good and beneficent.

RECAPITULATION.

I HAVE presented, from the beginning of this Work, the different paths of Nature which I proposed to pursue, on purpose to form to myself an idea of the order which governs the World. I brought forward, in the first place, the objections which have in all ages been raised against a Providence; I have exhibited them as applied to the several kingdoms of Nature, one after another; which furnished me with an opportunity, in refuting them, of displaying views entirely new respecting the disposition, and the use, of the different parts of this Globe: I have accordingly referred the direction of the chains of Mountains on the Continents, to the regular Winds which blow over the Ocean; the position of Islands, to the confluence of it's Currents, or those of Rivers; the constant supply of fuel to Volcanos, to the bituminous deposits on it's shores; the Currents of the Sea, and the movements of the Tides, to the alternate effusions of the Polar Ices.

In the next place, I have refuted, in order, the other objections raised on the subject of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, by demonstrating, that these kingdoms were no more governed by mechanical Laws than the fossil kingdom is. I have farther demonstrated, that the greatest part of the ills which oppress the human race are to be ascribed to the defects of our political institutions,

and

and not to those of Nature; that Man is the only being who is abandoned to his own providence, as a punishment for some original transgression; but that the same DEITY who had given him up to the direction of his own intelligence, still watched over his destination; that he caused to recoil on the Governors of the Nations the miseries with which they overwhelm the little and the weak; and I have demonstrated the action of a Divine Providence from the very calamities of the Human Race. Such is the subject of my first Part.

In the opening of my second, I have attacked the principles of our Sciences, by evincing that they mislead us, either by the boldness of those same principles, from whence they would soar up to the nature of the elements which elude their grasp, or by the insufficiency of their methods, which is capable of catching only one Law of Nature at once, because of the weakness of our understanding and of the vanity inspired by our education, whereby we are betrayed into the belief that the little paths in which we tread are the only roads leading to knowledge. Thus it is that the natural Sciences, and even the political which are results from them, having been with us separated from each other, each one in particular has formed, if I may use the expression, a lane without a thoroughfare, of the road by which it entered. Thus it is that the physical causes have, at the long run, made us lose sight of intellectual ends in the order of Nature, as financial causes have stripped us of the hopes of Religion and of Virtue, in the social order.

I afterwards set out in quest of a faculty better adapted to the discovery of truth than our reason, which after all is nothing but our personal interest merely. I flatter myself I have found it in that sublime instinct called *sentiment*, which is in us the expression of natural Laws, and which is invariable among all Nations. By means of it I have observed the Laws of Nature, not by tracing them up to their principles, which are known to GOD only, but by descending into their results, which are destined to the use of Man. I have had the felicity, in pursuance of this track, to perceive certain principles of the correspondencies and of the harmonies which govern the World.

I cannot entertain a shadow of doubt, that it was by proceeding in this same track, the ancient Egyptians distinguished themselves so highly for their attainments in natural knowledge, which they carried incomparably farther than we have done. They studied Nature in Nature herself, and not by piecemeal, and with machines. Hence they formed a most wonderful Science, of just celebrity all over the Globe, under the name of Magic. The elements of this Science are now unknown: the name of it alone is all that remains, and is at this day given to operations the most stupid in which the error and depravity of the human heart can be employed. This was not the character of the Magic of the ancient Egyptians, so much celebrated by the most respectable Authors of Antiquity, and by the Sacred Books themselves. These were the principles of correspondence and of harmony which *Pythagoras* derived from their

stores,

stores, which he imported into Europe, and which there became the sources of the various branches of Philosophy that appeared after his time, nay the source of the Arts likewise, which did not begin to flourish there till that period; for the Arts are only imitations of the processes of Nature.

Though my incapacity is very great, these harmonic principles are so luminous that they have presented to me not only dispositions of the Globe entirely new; but they have besides furnished me with the means of distinguishing the characters of plants on the first inspection, so as to be able to say at once, This is a native of the mountains, That is an inhabitant of the shores. By them I have demonstrated the use of the leaves of plants, and have determined by the nautical or volatile forms of their grains, the relations which they have to the places where they are destined to grow. I have observed that the *corollæ* of their flowers had relations, positive or negative, to the rays of the Sun, according to the difference of Latitude, and to the points of elevation at which they are to blow. I have afterwards remarked the charming contrasts of their leaves, of their flowers, of their fruits, and of their stems, with the soil and the sky in which they grow, and those which they form from genus to genus, being, if I may say so, grouped by pairs. Finally, I have indicated the relations in which they stand to animals, and to Man; to such a degree, that I am confident to affirm, I have demonstrated there is not a single shade of colour impressed by chance, through the whole extent of Nature.

By prosecuting these views, I have supplied the means of forming complete chapters of Natural History, from having evinced that each plant was the centre of the existence of an infinite number of animals, which possess correspondencies with it to us still unknown. Their harmonies might undoubtedly be extended much farther; for many plants seem to have relations not only to the Sun, but to different constellations. It is not always such an elevation of the Sun above the Horizon which elicits the vegetative powers of plants. Such a one flourishes in the Spring, which would not put out the smallest leaf in Autumn, though it might then undergo the same degree of heat. The same thing is observable with respect to their seeds, which germinate and shoot at one season, and not at another, though the temperature may be the same.

These celestial relations were known to the ancient Philosophy of the Egyptians, and of *Pythagoras*. We find many observations on this subject in *Pliny*; when he says for example that toward the rising of the Pleiades, the olive-trees and vines conceive their fruit; and after *Virgil*, that wheat ought to be sown immediately on the retiring of this constellation; and lentils on that of Boötes; that reeds and willows should be planted when the constellation of the Lyre is setting. It was after these relations, the causes of which are unknown to us, that *Linnæus* formed with the flowers of plants a botanical almanac, of which *Pliny* suggested the first idea to the husbandmen of his time.*

* Consult his Natural History, Book xviii, chap. 28.

But

But we have indicated vegetable harmonies still more interesting, by demonstrating that the time of the expansion of every plant, of it's flowering, and of the maturity of it's fruit, was connected with the expansions and the necessities of the animal creation, and especially with those of Man. There is not a single one but what possesses relations of utility to us, direct or indirect: but this immense and mysterious part of the History of Man will perhaps never be known, except to the Angels.

My third Part presents the application of these harmonic principles to the Nature of Man himself. In it I have shewn, That he is formed of two powers, the one physical and the other intellectual, which affect him perpetually with two contrary sentiments, the one of which is that of his misery, and the other that of his excellence. I have demonstrated, that these two powers were most happily gratified in the different periods of the passions, of the ages and of the occupations to which Nature has destined Man, such as agriculture, marriage, the settlement of posterity, Religion.

I have dwelt principally on the affections of the intellectual power, by rendering it apparent that every thing which has the semblance of delicious and transporting in our pleasures, arose from the sentiment of infinity, or of some other attribute of Deity, which discovered itself to us as the termination of our perspective. I have demonstrated, on the contrary, that the source of our miseries and of our errors, might be traced up to this,

That

That in the social state we frequently cross those natural sentiments by the prejudices of education and of society; so that, in many cases, we make the sentiment of infinity to bear upon the transient objects of this World, and that of our frailty and misery upon the immortal plans of Nature. I have only glanced at this rich and sublime subject; but I assert with confidence, that by pursuing this track simply, I have sufficiently proved the necessity of virtue, and that I have indicated it's real source, not where our modern Philosophers seek for it, namely in our political institutions, which are often diametrically opposite to it, but in the natural state of Man, and in his own heart.

I have afterwards applied, with what ability I possess, the action of these two powers to the happiness of Society, by shewing, first, that most of the ills we endure are only social re-actions, all of which have their grand origin in overgrown property, in employments, in honours, in money, and in land. I have proved that those enormous properties produce the physical and moral indigence of a Nation; that this indigence generated, in it's turn, swarms of debauched men, who employ all the resources of craft and industry to make the rich refund the portion which their necessities demand; that celibacy, and the disquietudes with which it is attended, were in a great many citizens the effects of that state of penury and anguish to which they found themselves reduced; and that their celibacy produced, by repercussion, the prostitution of women of the

town;

town; because every man who abstains from marriage, whether voluntarily or from necessity, devotes a young woman to a single life, or to prostitution. This effect necessarily results from one of the harmonic laws of Nature, as every man comes into the World, and goes out of it, with his female, or what amounts to the same thing, the males and females of the human species are born and die in equal numbers. From these principles I have deduced a variety of important consequences.

I have finally demonstrated, That no inconsiderable part of our physical and moral maladies proceeded from the chastisements, the rewards, and the vanity of our education.

I have have hazarded sundry conjectures, in the view of furnishing to the people abundant means of subsistence and of population, and of re-animating in them the spirit of Religion and of Patriotism, by presenting them with certain perspectives of infinity, without which the felicity of a Nation, like that of an individual, is negative, and quickly exhausted, were we to form plans in other respects the most advantageous, of finance, of commerce, and of agriculture. Provision must be made, at once, for man, as an animal, and as an intelligent being. I have terminated those different projects, by presenting the sketch of a National Education, without which it is impossible to have any species of Legislation or of Patriotism that shall be of long duration. I have endeavoured to unfold in it at once the two powers, physical and intellectual, of Man, and to direct them toward the love of Country and of Religion.

I must

I must no doubt have frequently gone astray in pursuing paths so new, and so intricate. I must have many a time sunk far below my subject, from the construction of my plans, from my inexperience, from the very embarrassment of my style; but, I repeat it, provided my ideas shall suggest superior conceptions to others, I am well satisfied. At the same time, if calamity be the road to Truth, I have not been destitute of means to direct me toward her. The disorders of which I have frequently been the witness, and sometimes the victim, have suggested to me ideas of order. I have sometimes found upon my road great personages of high repute, and men belonging to respectable bodies, who had the words Country and Humanity continually in their mouth. I associated with them, in the view of deriving illumination from their intelligence, and of putting myself under the protection of their virtues; but I discovered them to be intriguers merely, who had no other object in view but their personal fortune, and who began to persecute me the moment that they perceived I was not a proper person to be either the agent of their pleasures, or the trumpeter of their ambition. I then went over to the side of their enemies, promising myself to find among them the love of truth, and of the public good; but however diversified our sects, our parties, and our corps may be, I every where met the same men, only clothed in different garbs. As soon as the one or the other found that I refused to enlist as a partizan, he calumniated me, after the perfidious manner of the age, that is by pronouncing my panegyric. The

times we live in are highly extolled; but if we have on the throne a Prince who emulates *Marcus Aurelius*, the age rivals that of *Tiberius*.

Were I to publish the memoirs of my own life,*

* It would be I acknowledge after all a matter of very small importance; but however retired at this day my condition of life may be, it has been interwoven with revolutions of high moment. I presented, on the subject of Poland, a very circumstantial memoir to the Office for Foreign Affairs, in which I predicted it's partition by the neighbouring Powers several years before it was actually accomplished. The only mistake I committed was in going on the supposition that the partitioning Powers would lay hold of it entirely; and I am astonished to this hour that they did not. This memoir however has been of no utility either to that country or to myself, though I had exposed myself to very great risks in it, by throwing myself, when I quitted the Russian service, into the party of the Polish Republicans, then under the protection of France and of Austria. I was there taken prisoner in 1765, as I was going, with the approbation of the Ambassador of the Empire, and of the French Minister at Warsaw, to join the army commanded by Prince *Radjivil*. This misfortune befel me about three miles from Warsaw, through the indiscretion of guide. I was carried back to that city, put in prison, and threatened with being delivered up to the Russians, whose service I had just quitted, unless I acknowledged that the Ambassador of the Court of Vienna, and the Minister of France, had concurred in recommending this step to me. Though I had every thing to fear on the part of Russia, and had it in my power to involve in my disgrace two personages in illustrious situations, and consequently to render it more conspicuous, I persisted in taking the whole upon myself. I likewise did my utmost to exculpate the guide, to whom I had given time to burn the dispatches with which he was entrusted, by keeping back, with my pistol in my hand, the Houlands who had just surprized us by night, in the post-house, where we made our first encampment in the midst of the woods.

I never had the least shadow of recompense for either of these two pieces of service, which cost me a great deal of both time and money. Nay, it is not very long since I was actually in debt for part of the expense of my journey, to my friend M. *Hennin*, then Minister of France at Warsaw, now First Commissary for Foreign Affairs at Versailles, and who has given himself much fruitless trouble on the subject. Undoubtedly, had M. the Count *de Vergennes* been at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, I should have been suitably rewarded, as he has procured for me some slight gratuities. I stand however to this hour indebted to the amount

I could wish for no stronger proof of the contempt which the glory of this World merits, than to hold up to view the persons who are the objects of it. At the time when, unconscious of having committed the slightest injury to any one, after an infinity of fruitless voyages, services and labours, I was preparing in solitude these last fruits of my experience and application, my secret enemies, that is the

amount of more than four thousand livres (166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*) on that account, to different friends in Russia, Poland and Germany.

I have not been more fortunate in the Isle of France, to which I was sent Captain-Engineer of the Colony; for, in the first place, I was persecuted by the ordinary Engineers who were stationed there, because I did not belong to their corps. I had been dispatched to that Country, as to a situation favourable to making a fortune, and I must have run considerably in debt had I not submitted to live on herbs. I pass over in silence all the particular distresses I had there to undergo. I shall only say, that I endeavoured to dissipitate the mortification which they cost me, by employing my mind on the subject of the ills which oppressed the island in general. It was entirely in the view of remedying these, that I published on my return from thence, in 1773, my Voyage to the Isle of France. I considered myself, first, as rendering an essential service to my Country, by making it apparent that this island, which is kept filled with troops, was in no respect proper for being the staple, or the citadel of our commerce with India, from which it is more than fifteen hundred leagues distant. This I have even proved by the events of preceding wars, in which Pondicherry has always been taken from us, though the Isle of France was crowded with soldiers. The late war has confirmed anew the truth of my observations. For these services, as well as for many others, I have received no other recompense save indirect persecutions and calumnies, on the part of the inhabitants of that island, whom I reprehended for their barbarity to their slaves. I have not even received an adequate indemnification for a species of shipwreck which I underwent on my return, at the Island of Bourbon, nor for the smallness of my appointments, which were not up to the half of those of the ordinary Engineers of my rank. I am well assured that, under a Marine Minister as intelligent and as equitable as M. the Mareschal *de Castries*, I should have reaped some part of the fruit of my literary and military services.

men

men under whom I scorned to enlist as a partisan, found means to intercept a gratuity which I annually received from the beneficence of my Sovereign. It was the only source of subsistence to myself, and the only means I enjoyed of assisting my family. To this catastrophe were added the loss of health, and domestic calamities which baffle all the powers of description. I have hastened therefore to gather the fruit, though still immature, of the tree which I had cultivated with such unwearied perseverance, before it was torn up by the tempest.

But I bear no malice to any one of my persecutors. If I am one day laid under the necessity of exposing to the light their secret practices against me, it shall only be in the view of justifying my own conduct. In other respects I am under obligation to them. Their persecution has proved the cause of my repose. To their disdainful ambition I am indebted for a liberty which I prize far above their greatness. To them I owe the delicious studies to which I have devoted my attention. Providence has not abandoned me, though they have. It has raised up friends, who have served me as opportunity offered with my Prince; and others will arise to recommend me to his favour, when it may be necessary. Had I reposed in GOD that confidence which I put in men, I should have always enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity: the proofs of his Providence as affecting myself, in the past, ought to set my heart at rest about futurity. But from a fault of education, the opinions of men still exercise too much dominion over me. By their

their fears and not my own is my mind disturbed. Nevertheless I sometimes say to myself, Wherefore be embarrassed about what is to come? Before you came into the World were you disquieted with anxious thoughts about the manner in which your members were to be combined, and your nerves and your bones to expand? When in process of time you emerged into light, did you study optics in order to know how you were to perceive objects; and anatomy, in order to learn how to move about your body, and how to promote it's growth? These operations of Nature, far superior to those of men, have taken place in you without your knowledge, and without any interference of your own. If you disquieted not yourself about being born, Wherefore should you about living, and Wherefore about dying? Are you not always in the same hand?

Other sentiments however, natural to the mind of Man, have filled me with dejection. For example, Not to have acquired after so many peregrinations and exertions, one little rural spot, in which I could in the bosom of repose have arranged my observations on Nature, to me of all others the most amiable and interesting under the Sun. I have another source of regret still more depressing, namely the misfortune of not having attached to my lot a female mate, simple, gentle, sensible and pious, who, much better than Philosophy, would have soothed my solicitudes, and who, by bringing me children like herself, would have provided me with a posterity incomparably more dear than a vain reputation. I had found this retreat

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and this rare felicity, in Russia, in the midst of honourable employment; but I renounced all these advantages, to go in quest, at the instigation of Ministers, of employment in my native Country, where I had nothing similar after which to aspire. Nevertheless I am enabled to say, that my particular studies have repaired my first privation, in procuring for me the enjoyment not only of a small spot of ground, but of all the harmonies diffused over the vast garden of Nature. An estimable partner for life cannot be so easily replaced; but if I have reason to flatter myself that this Work is contributing to multiply marriages, to render them more happy, and to soften the education of children, I shall consider my own family as perpetuated in them, and I shall look on the wives and children of my Country as in some sense mine.

Nothing is durable, Virtue alone excepted. Personal beauty passes quickly away; fortune inspires extravagant inclinations; grandeur fatigues; reputation is uncertain; talents, nay genius itself, are liable to be impaired: but Virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal, ever vigorous, because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

Happy then, happy beyond conception, if I have been enabled to contribute one feeble effort toward redressing some of the evils which oppress my Country, and to open to it some new prospect of felicity! Happy, if I have been enabled to wipe away, on the one hand, the tears of some unfortunate wretch, and to recal on the other, men misled

by the intoxication of pleasure, to the DIVINITY, toward whom Nature, the times, our personal miseries, and our secret affections, are attracting us with so much impetuosity!

I have a presentiment of some favourable approaching revolution. If it does take place, to the influence of literature, we shall be indebted for it. In modern times learning produces little solid benefit to the persons who cultivate it; nevertheless it directs every thing. I do not speak of the influence which letters possess all the Globe over under the government of books. Asia is governed by the maxims of *Confucius*, the Korans, the Beths, the Vidams, and the rest; but in Europe, *Orpheus* was the first who associated it's inhabitants, and allured them out of barbarism by his divine poesy. The genius of *Homer* afterwards produced the legislations and the religions of Greece. He animated *Alexander*, and sent him forth on the conquest of Asia. He extended his influence to the Romans, who traced upward, in his sublime poetical effusions, the genealogy of the founder, and of the sovereigns of their Empire, as the Greeks had found in him the rudiments of their Republics and of their Laws. His august shade still presides over the Poetry, the liberal Arts, the Academies, and the Monuments of Europe: such is the power over the human mind, exercised by the perspectives of DEITY which he has presented to it! Thus the Word which created the World still governs it; but when it had descended itself from Heaven, and had shewn to Man the road to happiness in Virtue alone, a light more

more pure than that which had shed a lustre over the islands of Greece, illuminated the forests of Gaul. The Savages who inhabited them would have been the happiest of Mankind, had they enjoyed liberty; but they were subjected to tyrants, and those tyrants plunged them back into a sacred barbarism, by presenting to them phantoms so much the more tremendous, that the objects of their confidence were transformed into those of their terror.

The cause of human felicity, and of Religion herself was on the brink of desperation, when two men of letters *Rabelais* and *Michael Cervants*, arose, the one in France and the other in Spain, and shook at once the foundations of monastic power* and that of chivalry. In levelling these two Colossuses to the ground, they employed no other weapons but ridicule, that natural contrast of human terror. Like to children, the Nations of Europe laughed and resumed their courage: they no longer felt any other impulsions toward happiness but those which their Princes chose to give them, if their Princes had then been capable of communicating such impulsion. The *Telemachus* made it's appear-

* God forbid that I should be thought to insinuate an invective against persons, or orders, truly religious. Supposing them to possess no higher merit in this life, than that of passing it without doing mischief, they would be respectable in the eyes of infidelity itself. The persons here exposed are not men really pious, who have renounced the World, in order to cherish without interruption the spirit of Religion; but those who have assumed a habit consecrated by Religion, to procure for themselves the riches and the honours of this World; those against whom St. *Jerome* thundered so vehemently to no purpose, and who have verified his prediction in Palestine and in Egypt, in bringing Religion into discredit by the profligacy of their manners, by their avarice and their ambition.

ance, and that Book brought Europe back to the harmonies of Nature. It produced a wonderful revolution in Politics. It recalled Nations and their Sovereigns to the useful arts, to commerce, to agriculture, and above all to the sentiment of Deity. That Work united to the imagination of *Homer* the wisdom of *Confucious*. It was translated into all the languages of Europe. It was not in France that it excited the highest admiration: there are whole Provinces in England where it is still one of the books in which children are taught to read. When the English entered the Cambraisis with the allied army, they wished to carry the Author, who was living there in a state of retirement from the Court, into their camp, to do him the honours of a military festival; but his modesty declined that triumph: he concealed himself. I shall add but one trait to his eulogium: he was the only man living of whom *Louis* XIV. was jealous: and he had reason to be so; for while he was exerting himself to excite the terror, and purchase the admiration of Europe, by his armies, his conquests, his banquets, his buildings, and his magnificence, *Fenelon* was commanding the adoration of the whole World by a Book.*

Many

* It is absurd to institute a comparison between *Bossuet* and *Fenelon*? I am not capable of appraising their seveal merits, but I cannot help considering the second as highly preferable to his rival. He fulfilled in my apprehension, the two great precepts of the law: He loved God and Men.

The Reader will perhaps not be displeased at being told what *J. J. Rousseau* thought of this great man. Having one day set out with him on a walking excursion to Mount Valerian, when we had reached the summit

Many learned men, inspired by his genius, have changed among us the spirit of the Government, and the public manners. To their Writings we are indebted for the abolition of many barbarous customs, such as that of punishing capitally the pretended crime of witchcraft; the application of the rack to all criminals without distinction; the remains of feudal slavery; the practice of wearing swords in the bosom of cities, in times of profound peace, and many others. To them we owe the return of the tastes, and of the duties of Nature, or at least their images. They have restored to many infants the breasts of their mothers, and to the rich a relish for the country, which induces them now-a-days to quit

summit of the mountain, it was resolved to ask a dinner of it's hermits, for payment. We arrived at their habitation a little before they sat down to table, and while they were still at Church. *J. J. Rousseau* proposed to step in and offer up our devotions. The hermits were at that time reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayer to God, in a little chapel, and as the hermits were proceeding toward their refectory, *Rousseau* said to me with his heart overflowing: "At this moment I experience what is said "in the Gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, "there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a sentiment of peace "and felicity which penetrates the soul." I replied: "If *Fenelon* had "lived, you would have been a Catholic." He exclaimed in an ecstasy, and with tears in his eyes: "O! if *Fenelon* were in life, I would struggle "to get into his service as a lackey, in hope of meriting the place of his "valet de chambre."

Having picked up some time ago on the Pont-Neuf, one of those little urns which the Italians sell about the streets for a few half-pence a-piece, the idea struck me of converting it, as a decoration of my solitude, into a monument sacred to the memory of *John-James* and of *Fenelon*, after the manner of those which the Chinese set up to the memory of *Confucius*. As there are two little scutcheons on this urn, I wrote on the one these words, J. J. Rousseau; and on the other F. Fenelon.

quit the centre of cities, and to take up their habitation in the suburbs. They have inspired the whole nation with a taste for agriculture, which is degenerated, as usual, into fanaticism, since

I then placed it in an angle of my cabinet, about six feet from the floor, and close by it the following inscription:

D. M.

A la gloire durable & pure
De ceux dont le génie éclaira les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur & les abus,
Et tenta d'amener le siècle à la Nature.
Aux JEAN-JACQUES ROSSEAUX, aux FRANCOIS FENELONS,
J'ai dédié ce monument d'argile,
Que j'ai consacré par leur noms,
Plus augustes que ceux de CESAR & d'ACHILLE.
Ils ne sont point fameux par nos malheurs:
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs,
Ravi vos bœufs, ni vos javelles;
Bergères, vos amans; nourissons, vos mamelles;
Rois, les états où vous régnez:
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire,
Si vous donnez a leur mémoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont épargnés.

To the pure and unfading glory
Of the men whose virtues were illumined by genius;
Who set their faces against error and depravity,
And laboured to bring Mankind back to Nature:
To the ROUSSEAUS and the FENELONS of the Human Race,
I dedicate this humble monument of clay,
And inscribe it with their names,
Far more august than those of CESAR and ACHILLES.
They purchased not fame by spreading devastation;
They did not, O ye poor husbandmen,
Seize your oxen, and plunder your barns;
Nor, shepherdesses, carry off your lovers; nor, sucklings, your teats;
Nor, Kings, did they ravage your domains:
But their glory will be complete,
If on their memory you bestow
The tears which they have spared you.

it

it became a spirit of corps. They have the honour of bringing back the noblesse to the commonalty, toward whom it must be confessed they had already made some steps of approximation, by their alliances with finance; they have recalled that order to their peculiar duties by those of humanity. They have directed all the powers of the State, the women themselves not excepted, toward patriotic objects, by arraying them in attractive ornaments and flowers.

O ye men of letters! without you the rich man would have no manner of intellectual enjoyment; his opulence and his dignities would be a burthen to him. You alone restore to us the rights of our nature, and of DEITY. Wherever you appear, in the military, in the clergy, in the laws, and in the arts, the divine Intelligence unveils itself, and the human heart breathes a sigh. You are at once the eyes and the light of the Nations. We should be perhaps at this hour much nearer to happiness, if several of your number, intent on pleasing the multitude, had not misled them by flattering their passions, and by mistaking their deceitful voices for those of human nature.

See how these passions have misled yourselves, from your having come too closely into contact with men! It is in solitude, and living together in unity, that your talents communicate mutual intellectual light. Call to remembrance the times when the *La Fontaines*, the *Boileaus* the *Racines*, the *Molieres*, lived with one another. What is at this day your destiny? That World whose passions you are flattering arms you against each other.

It turns you out to a strife of glory, as the Romans exposed the wretched to wild beasts. Your holy lists are become the amphitheatres of gladiators. You are, without being conscious of it, the mere instruments of the ambition of corps. It is by means of your talents that their leaders procure for themselves dignities and riches, while you are suffered to remain in obscurity and indigence. Think of the glory of men of letters among the Nations who were emerging out of barbarism; they presented virtue to Mankind, and were exalted into the rank of their Gods. Think of their degradation among Nations sunk into corruption: they flattered their passions, and became the victims of them. In the decline of the Roman Empire, letters were no longer cultivated, except by a few enfranchised Greeks. Suffer the herd to run at the heels of the rich and the voluptuous. What do you propose to yourselves in the sacred career of letters, except to march on under the protection of *Minerva?* What respect would the world shew you were you not covered by her immortal Egis? It would trample you under foot. Suffer it to be deceived by those who are mean enough to be it's worshippers; repose your confidence in Heaven, whose support will search and find you out wherever you may be.

The vine one day complained to Heaven, with tears, of the severity of her destiny. She envied the condition of the reed. "I am planted" said she, "amidst parched rocks, and am obliged to produce "fruits replenished with juice; whereas in the bot-"tom of that valley the reed which bears nothing

"but

"but a dry shag, grows at her ease by the brink "of the waters." A voice from Heaven replied: "Complain not, O vine! at thy lot. Autumn is "coming on, when the reed will perish without "honour on the border of the marches; but the "rain of the skies will go in quest of thee in the "mountain, and thy juices, matured on the rock, "shall one day serve to cheer the heart of GOD "and MAN"

We have farther, a considerable ground of hope of reformation in the affection which we bear to our Kings. With us the love of country is one and the same thing with the love of our Prince. This is the only bond which unites us, and which oftener than once has prevented our falling to pieces. On the other hand, Nations are the real monuments of Kings. All those monuments of stone, by which so many Princes have dreamt of immortalizing their names, frequently served only to render them detestable. *Pliny* tells us that the Egyptians of his time cursed the memory of the Kings of Egypt who had built the pyramids; and besides their names had sunk into oblivion. The modern Egyptians allege that they were raised by the Devil, undoubtedly from the sentiment of the distress which rearing those edifices must have cost Mankind. Our own People frequently ascribe the same origin to our ancient bridges, and to the great roads cut through the rocks, whose summits are lost in the clouds. To no purpose are medals struck for their use; they understand nothing about emblems and inscriptions. But it is the heart of Man on which the impression ought to be made, by means of

of benefits conferred; the stamp there imprinted is never to be effaced. The people have lost the memory of their Monarchs who presided in councils, but they cherish to this day the remembrance of those of them who supped with millers.

The affection of the People fixes on one single quality in their Prince; it is his popularity; for it is from this that all the virtues flow of which they stand in need. A single act of justice dispensed unexpectedly, and without ostentation, to a poor widow, to a collier, fills them with admiration and delight. They look upon their Prince as a God, whose Providence is at all times and in every place upon the watch: and they are in the right; for a single interposition of this nature, well-timed, has a tendency to keep every oppressor in awe, and enlivens all the oppressed with hope. In our days venality and pride have reared, between the People and their Sovereign, a thousand impenetrable walls of gold, of iron, and of lead. The People can no longer advance toward their Prince, but the Prince has it still in his power to descend toward the People. Our Kings have been prepossessed on this subject with groundless fears and prejudices. It is singularly remarkable nevertheless, that among the great number of Princes of all Nations who have fallen the victims of different factions, not a single one ever perished when employed in acts of goodness, walking about on foot, and *incognito;* but all of them, either riding in their coaches, or at table in the bosom of pleasure, or in their court surrounded by their guards, and in the very centre of their power.

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We see at this hour the Emperor and the King of Prussia, in a carriage simply, with one or two domestics and no guards, traversing their scattered dominions, though peopled in part with strangers and conquered Nations. The great men and the most illustrious Princes of Antiquity, such as *Scipio*, *Germanicus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, travelled without retinue, on horseback, and frequently on foot. How many provinces of his kingdom, in an age of trouble and faction, were thus travelled over by our Great *Henry* IV.

A King in his States ought to be like the Sun over the Earth, on which there is not one single little plant, but what receives in it's turn, the influence of his rays. Of the knowledge of how many important truths are our kings deprived by the prejudices of courtiers? What pleasures do they lose from their sedentary mode of life! I do not speak of those of grandeur, when they see on their approach, Nations flocking together in millions, along the high-ways; the ramparts of cities set on fire with the thunder of artillery, and squadrons issuing out of their sea-ports, and covering the face of the Ocean with flags and flame. I believe they are weary of the pleasures of glory. But I can believe them sensible to those of humanity, of which they are perpetually deprived. They are for ever constrained to be Kings, and never permitted to be Men. What delight might it not procure them to spread a veil over their greatness, like the Gods, and to make their appearance in the midst of a virtuous family, like *Jupiter* at the fireside of *Philemon* and *Baucis!* How little would it cost

cost them to make happy people every day of their lives! In many cases, what they lavish on a single family of courtiers would supply the means of happiness to a whole Province. On many occasions their appearance merely would overawe all the tyrants of the district, and console all the miserable. They would be considered as omnipresent, when they were not known as confined to a particular spot. One confidential friend, a few hardy servants, would be sufficient to bring within their reach all the pleasures of travelling from place to place, and to screen them from all the inconveniences of it.

They have it in their power to vary the seasons as they will, without stirring out of the kingdom, and to extend their pleasures to the utmost extent of their authority. Instead of inhabiting country residences on the banks of the Seine, or amidst the rocks of Fontainbleau, they might have them on the shores of the Ocean, and at the bottom of the Pyrenees. It depends altogether on themselves, to pass the burning heats of summer embosomed in the mountains of Dauphiné, and encompassed with a horizon of snow; the Winter in Provence, under-olive trees and verdant oaks; the Autumn, in the evergreen meadows, and amidst the apple orchards of fertile Normandy. They would every day behold arriving on the shores of France, the seafaring men of all Nations, British, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, all exhibiting the peculiarities and the manners of their several countries. Our kings have in their palaces comedies, libraries, hot-houses, cabinets of Natural History: but all these collections

lections are only vain images of Men and of Nature. They possess no gardens more worthy of them than their kingdoms, and no libraries so fraught with instruction as their own subjects.*

Ah!

* Here undoubtedly the volume ought to have closed. It is no inconsiderable mortification to me, that my duty as a Translator, permitted me not to retrench the piece of extravagance which follows. In justice to myself however I transmit it to the British Public, with an explicit disavowal of it's spirit, of it's style, of it's sentiments, and of it's object. I can excuse the rapturous vanity of a Frenchman, when his Prince, or when his Republic is the theme; I can not only excuse, but likewise commend, the effusions of a grateful heart filled with the idea of a kingly benefactor: I can excuse the self-complacency of an Author contemplating the the probable success and influence of a good Book, his own production; nay I can make allowance for a good Catholic, exalting a Saint upon Earth into an intercessor in Heaven: But who can forbear smiling or rather weeping, at the airy visions of a returning golden age, on the very eve of an explosion of the age of iron, clothed in every circumstance of horror! Who but must be kindled into indignation at seeing genius degraded into a servile minister of fulsome adulation, to the vilest of women. Who but must deride the pretensions so frequently advanced by the wise and by the unwise, and as frequently exposed, to the gift of predicting future events?

In Latin, the same word, *Vates*, denotes both Poet and Prophet; and the two characters are by no means incompatible. Our Author is no mean Poet, he is a first-rate Naturalist, he is an eloquent Writer, and what is above all, he is a good and estimable Man; but events have demonstrated that he is but a wretched Prophet. A few short years have scattered his fond prognostics "into air, thin air." He makes it one of the glories of the reign of *Louis* XVI. that he "supported the oppressed Americans." Whatever political sagacity might have dictated, or predicted, at the time, respecting his interference in the dispute between Great Britain and her American Colonies, the issue has demonstrated that this interference was injudicious and impolitic, as far as he was personally concerned. The support which he gave to *oppressed* America laid an accumulated weight on *oppressed* France, and precipitated that Revolution, which by progressive steps, abridged his power, annihilated his splendor, hurled from his throne, subjected his neck to the axe, and blasted the prospects of his Family. Here was one of the fearful reactions of a righteous Providence.

The nauseous eulogium pronounced on the *charms and sensibility of his august Consort* is still more intolerable. It is notorious to all Europe

that

Ah! if it be possible for one single man to constitute on this earth the hope of the Human Race, that Man is a King of France. He reigns over his People by love, his people over the rest of Europe by manners, Europe over the rest of the Globe by power. Nothing prevents his doing good when he pleases. It is in his power, notwithstanding the venality of employments, to humble haughty vice, and to exalt lowly virtue. It is farther in his power, to descend toward his subjects, or to bid them rise toward him. Many kings have repented that they had placed their confidence in treasures, in allies, in corps, and grandees; but no one that he had trusted in his People, and in GOD. Thus reigned the popular *Charles* V. and the St. *Louises.* Thus you shall one day have reigned, O *Louis* XVI! You have from your very first advances to the throne, given laws for the re-establishment of manners; and what was still more difficult, you have exhibited the example in the midst of a French Court. You have destroyed the remains of feudal slavery, mitigated the hardships endured by unfortunate prisoners, as well as the severity of civil and military punishments; you have given to the inhabitants of certain provinces the liberty of assessing themselves to the public imposts, remitted to the Nation the dues of your accession to the Crown, secured to the poor seaman a part

that the lewdness, the pride, the prodigality, the ambition, the resentments, of that bad woman, filled up the measure of moral depravity among the higher orders in France, embroiled the two hemispheres of the Globe in the horrors of war; and ruined her country, ruined her Husband, ruined Herself, ruined her Posterity. Another of the re-actions of a righteous Providence.—H. H.

of

of the fruits of war, and restored to men of letters the natural privilege of reaping those of their labours.

While with one hand you were assisting and relieving the wretched part of the Nation, with the other you raised statues to its illustrious men of ages past, and you supported the oppressed Americans. Certain wise men who are about your person, and what is still more potent than their wisdom, the charms and the sensibily of your august Consort have rendered the path of virtue easy to you. O great King! if you proceed with constancy in the rough paths of virtue, your name will one day be invoked by the miserable of all Nations. It will preside over their destinies even during the lifeof their own Sovereigns. They will present it as a barrier to oppose their tyrants, and as a model to their good Kings. It will be revered from the rising to the setting of the Sun, like that of the *Tituses* and of the *Antoninuses*. When the Nations which now cover the Earth shall be no more, your name shall still live, and shall flourish with a glory ever new. The Majesty of ages shall increase it's venerability, and posterity the most remote shall envy us the felicity of having lived under your government.

I, Sire, am nothing. I may have been the victim of public calamities, and remain ignorant of the causes. I may have spoken of the means of remedying them without knowing the power and the resources of mighty Kings. But if you render us better and more happy, the *Tacituses* of future times will study, from you, the art of reforming and governing men in a difficult age. Other *Fene-*

lons

lons will one day speak of France, under your reign as of happy Egypt under that of *Sesostris*. Whilst you are then receiving upon Earth the invariable homage of men, you will be their mediator with DEITY, of whom you should have been among us the most lively image. Ah! if it were possible that we should lose the sentiment of his existence from the corruption of those who ought to be our patterns, from the disorder of our passions, from the wanderings of our own understanding, from the multiplied ills of humanity: O King! it would be still glorious for you to preserve the love of order in the midst of the general disorder. Nations, abandoned to the will of lawless tyrants, would flock together for refuge to the foot of your throne, and would come to seek in you, the God whom they no longer perceived in Nature.

SEQUEL

SEQUEL

TO

THE STUDIES OF NATURE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHILE I was preparing for a re-publication of this Work, I received, on the subject of it, advices, criticisms, and compliments.

The advices related to it's form. I have constantly adhered to that of 12mo. in these three successive Editions, because it is more commodious, an easier purchase to the Reader, and more beneficial to the Author, because Pirates find less profit in counterfeiting it. The fashionable world however signified a preference in favour of an 8vo. as being more genteel, and because the page having a broader margin, and admitting of a larger space between the lines, the impression would be more beautiful. Men of letters expressed a wish to have an Edition of the Book in 4to. because, being in a larger type, it would be more pleasant to read, and the plates might then be engraved on a larger scale. In a word, I was expecting a solicitation from some of the *Literati*, to aspire after the honours of a Folio, when an amiable Lady proposed to me very seriously to give an Edition in 18mo. "on purpose," said she, with inimitable

grace, "that I may never go without it in my "pocket."

I feel myself so highly honoured by the good opinion of the Ladies, that I know not whether my vanity would not be more agreeably flattered with being in their pockets in the size of an 18mo. than in that of a huge atlas in the library of the Louvre. This species of going about *incognito* has, besides, an inexpressible somewhat in it which is singularly grateful to me. In the agreeable perplexity to which I am reduced, and under an impossibility of giving four new Editions at once, to gratify the taste of all my Readers, a thought struck me, of inviting those of them who dislike the 12mo. size, to send their instructions, free of postage, to my Booksellers, containing simply their address, and the form which they prefer. I shall then be determined by the plurality of suffrages; and as soon as I shall have five hundred of them in favour of an Octavo or a Quarto, I shall publish it by subscription on a fine paper, with new plates drawn and engraved by Artists of the first ability. But if there be only two hundred and fifty voices in favour of the Decimo-octavo, I will give the preference to this size, for I have always estimated the suffrage of one Lady as equal at least to those of two Gentlemen.

Some men of the world have enquired, whether I intended to make any additions to this Impression; and in this case desired me to give a detached supplement, for the accommodation of those who have purchased any of the preceding Editions, alleging that Authors who acted otherwise defrauded the Public.

An

An Author who is difficult to please with his own performance, which I acknowledge to be the case with myself, and who is frequently called upon to review it, is sometimes reduced to the necessity of making a few slight additions, in order to elucidate passages which may seem to labour under some obscurity. He is obliged at least to change some things in the notices, which must needs vary in every different Edition, without admitting the possibility of giving these variations in a detached supplement, so as to excite any interest. But on the supposition of his thereby defrauding a part of the Public of some part of his performance, I ask, whether the Public as a body does not defraud him more completely, by purchasing without any scruple the spurious Editions of his Work? The only method which an Author can employ to bring these into discredit, is to add something new to every genuine Edition which he publishes.

These piracies have done, and are still doing me inconceivable mischief. I do not speak of those of my first Edition, with which the southern provinces of France have been filled ;* but scarcely

* *M. Marin*, superintendant of the press at Marseilles, seized a whole bale of those counterfeits, about a year and a half ago, which in defiance of all his remonstrances, was confiscated to the benefit of the Syndical Chamber of that city, and not, as justice required, to mine. *M. de Chassel*, superintendant of the press at Nancy, stopped there, about six months ago, some spurious copies of my second Edition, which *M. Vidaud-de-la-Tour* took care to remit me, conformably to the decision of *M. de Lamoignon*, keeper of the seals. The Pirate had only retrenched, in the advertisement, what I there said of the beauty of the characters of my second Edition, similar to those of the present, because the pitifulness of his own would presently have detected the fraud. I have now reason to expect, from the vigilance of *M. Vidaud-de-la-Tour*,

had the second appeared when it was counterfeited, with it's additions, approbations, privilege; nay with the very title-pages containing the address of my booksellers. Other plunderers have had the audacity to announce, in the catalogue of books of Leipsic-fair for the month of October 1787, an Edition of my Studies of Nature published at Lyons, by *Piestre* and *de la Moliere*, though I never had any thing printed except at Paris. A new Edition of the Work has just been published at Brussels in four volumes. A Gentleman, with whom my Printer is acquainted, saw at London in the month of September last, four different Editions of it, without being able to procure the genuine one. It may however be very easily distinguished by the beauty of it's characters, from all the spurious Editions, which besides can never be any thing more than bad copies of an original Edition, revised and corrected by my own hand, with all the attention of which I am capable. All this has not prevented the Public from welcoming them with avidity. After all, the point to be aimed at, is not to have no ground of complaint against Mankind, but to take care that the World may have no just ground of complaint against us.

Supposing it were not a matter of conscience with me to practise justice toward every individual, I am under too many obligations to the

whose zeal for the interests of literary property so well supports the justice of *M. de Lamoignon*, a name so dear to the republic of letters, that we shall see at length repressed, in the kingdom, the plundering committed by literary pirates, in defiance of Royal authority, and so injurious to the interest of Authors, especially of such as have no other property except their Works.

Public

Public not to study their gratification, to the utmost of my ability. I have never enjoyed any other steady declaration in my favour, but that of the public voice. On the other hand, if the importance of the errors which I have ventured to attack, and my personal circumstances, are taken into consideration, I have the presumption to hope that the generosity of the Public will one day rank me with the few in number, who have devoted themselves to the interests of humanity, at the expence of their own fortune.

I shall not begin, at these years, to deviate from the principles which have governed my life. I am going to insert here therefore some reflections, which would perhaps have come in more properly in the advertisement prefixed to this third Edition; but I transfer them to this place, that those who are disposed to purchase the continuation separately, may be informed of every thing which I have thought it necessary to add, without being obliged to purchase the whole. I would have in like manner annexed the additions which I made to my first Edition, on the subject of the elongation of the Poles, and of the Currents of the Atlantic Ocean, had not these additions been too considerable in bulk. But if I do not introduce them here word for word I repeat at least the sense of them; and to these I subjoin new proofs, which demonstrate the certainty of those important truths.

I have first corrected, in the title-pages of this third Edition, an error which had slipt into those of the other two. It is indeed a matter of the last indifference to my Readers, being no more than a

transposition of my baptismal names; but it has given occasion to some mistakes.

I do not recollect my having added any thing to the text, except a single observation respecting the counter-currents of the Ohio, which I have inserted in the first volume of this Edition. But it is of considerable importance, for it constitutes one proof more in favour of the explanation which I have given of the tides.

The Reader will please to remember, that I explain the direction of our tides in Summer toward the North, from the counter-currents, of the general Current of the Atlantic Ocean, which at that season descends from our Pole, whose ices are partly melted by the action of the Sun which warms it during six months. I supposed that this general Current, which then runs toward the South, being confined by the projection of Cape-Saint-Augustin in America, and by the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea in Africa, produced on each side counter-currents which give us our tides, re-ascending to the North along our coasts. These counter-currents actually exist in those same places, and are always produced on the two sides of a strait through which a current forces itself. But I had no need to suppose the re-actions of Cape Saint-Augustin and of the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea, in order to make our tides re-ascend a very great way toward the North. The simple action of the general Current of the Atlantic, which descends from the North Pole and rushes toward the South, displacing by it's impetuosity a vast mass of water, which it repels to the

the right and to the left, is sufficient to produce, through the whole length of it's course, those lateral re-actions which occasion our tides, and make them flow to the North.

I had quoted on this subject two observations, the first of which is level to every capacity. It is that of a source which, on discharging itself into a bason, produces at the sides of that bason a backward motion or counter-current, which carries straws and other floating substances up toward the source.

The second observation is extracted from the History of New-France by Father *Charlevoix*. He tells us that though the wind was contrary, he sailed at the rate of eight good leagues a day up lake Michigan, against the general Current, with the assistance of it's lateral counter-currents.

But *M. de Crevecœur*, Author of the Letters of an American Farmer, goes still further; for he assures us (*Vol.* III. *page* 433) that in sailing up the Ohio, along it's banks, he made 422 miles in fourteen days, which amounts to more than six leagues a day, " with the assistance," says he, " of " the counter-currents, which have always a velo- " city equal to the principal Current." This is the only observation which I have added, on account of it's importance, and out of the respect which I bear to it's Author.

Thus the general effect of the tides is placed in the clearest light, by the instance of the lateral counter-currents of our basons, into which sources discharge themselves, by those of the lakes which receive rivers, and by those of rivers themselves,

notwithstanding their considerable declivities, without any necessity for a particular strait, to produce those re-actions along the whole extent of their shores, though straits considerably increase these same counter-currents or eddies.

The course of our tides toward the North in winter, it must be admitted, cannot be explained as an effect of the lateral counter-currents of the Atlantic Ocean, which descends from the North, for at that season, it's general Current comes from the South-Pole, the ices of which are then in fusion by the heat of the Sun. But the course of those tides toward the North may be conceived still more easily, from the direct effect of the general Current of the South-Pole, which runs straight North. In this direction that southern Current passes almost throughout, from a wider space into a narrower, being confined, first of all, between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good-Hope, and forcing it's way upward into the very bay and mediterraneans of the North, it carries before it, at once, the whole mass of the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, without permitting a single column of them to escape to the right or to the left. At the same time, should it meet on it's road a Cape or Strait opposing it's course, there can be no doubt that it would there form a lateral counter-current, or tides, which would run in the opposite direction. This accordingly is the actual effect which it produces at Cape Saint-Augustin in America, and above the Gulf of Guinea, toward the tenth degree of northern Latitude, in Africa; that is, at the two places where these two parts of the Globe approach the nearest;

nearest: for in the summer of the South-Pole, the Currents and the tides, so far from bearing northward below these two points, return to the South on the American side, and run eastward on the African side, the whole length of the Gulf of Guinea, in contradiction to all the Laws of the Lunar System.

I could fill a Volume with new proofs in support of the alternate fusion of the polar ices, and of the elongation of the Earth at the Poles, which are consequences of each other; but I have produced in the preceding part of this Work, more than were necessary to establish the certainty of these truths. The very silence of Academies, respecting objects of such high importance, is a demonstration that they have no objection to start against my hypothesis. Had I been in the wrong, in refuting the unaccountable error which led them to conclude that the Earth was flattened at the Poles, from geometrical operations which evidently demonstrate it to be lengthened, Journals, most of which are at their disposal, would not have been wanting to repress the voice of a solitary individual. I have met with but a single one who has had the hardiness to support me with a suffrage. Among so many literary Potentates, who dispute with each other the empire of opinion, and who traverse that stormy ocean, determined to sink to the bottom all who refuse to serve under their banner, a foreign Journalist has hoisted in my favour the flag of insurrection. It is that of Deux-Ponts which I mean, conformably to my usual custom of acknowledging publicly the par-

ticular services done me; though the one in question was rather a tribute presented to truth, than a compliment paid to me, who am personally unknown to that Writer, but whom I highly honour for his impartiality.

On the other hand, if Academies have not come forward to explain themselves, we must take into consideration the embarrassment to which they felt themselves reduced, that of retracting publicly a conclusion geometrically false, but rendered venerable by age, and universally propagated. They could not adopt my results without condemning their own; and it was impossible for them to condemn mine, because they were supported by actual operations performed by themselves. I myself have been no less embarrassed when, on publishing my observations, I found myself reduced to the alternative of chusing between their esteem and their friendship; but I followed the impulse of the sentiment of truth, which ought to absorb every political consideration. The interest of my reputation I confess claimed some small share in deciding the point, but it was very small indeed. Public utility has been my leading object. I have employed neither ridicule nor enthusiasm, against men of celebrity detected in an error. I am not elevated into a state of intoxication on the score of my Reason. I approached them as I would have done to Plato laid asleep on the brink of a precipice; fearing the moment of their awaking, and still more the prolongation of their slumbers. I have not imputed their blindness to any want of light, an insinuation to which the

the learned are so sensibly alive; but to the glare of systems, and especially to the influence of education, and the power of moral habits, which cloud our reason with so many prejudices. I have given, in the advertisement to my first Volume, the origin of this error, which was first broached by *Newton*, and the geometrical refutation of it in the explanation of the plates at the head of that Volume.

I have reason to apprehend that my moderation and candour have not been imitated. There appeared on the 21st of last November, in the Paris-Journal, a very severe anonymous criticism of the STUDIES OF NATURE. It sets out indeed with a general commendation of that Work; but it attempts to destroy, in detail, all the good which the public voice seems to have extorted from it. These strictures had been preceded, a little while before, by certain other anonymous letters, in which my Book was not mentioned by name, but a cold and subtle poison was sprinkled over it, without any seeming design, but very much calculated to produce it's effect at the long-run. I was not a little surprised to find this masked battery opened by an unknown adversary upon me; for I was conscious of having endeavoured to deserve well of all mankind, and could not imagine that I stood in any one's way. But on being informed that several of my friends had, to no purpose, presented to the Journal of Paris copies of verses, and prose strictures, in my vindication; that long before this they had rejected some small literary pieces in which I was mentioned to advantage, I became convinced that a party had been there formed against me.

Upon

Upon this I had recourse to the General Journal of France, the impartial Compiler of which had the goodness to insert my defence and remonstrance, in his paper of the 29th November, No. 143.

Here then is a copy of my reply to the critic who thought proper to employ concealment and sarcasm against physical truths, and who assumed, in making his attack upon me, the post of the coward, and the arms of the ruffian.

To the Compiler of the Journal-General of France.

" SIR,

" A WRITER who conceals himself under the de-
" scription of a *Solitary of the Pyrenées*, jealous, I
" suppose of the gracious reception bestowed by
" the Public on my *Studies of Nature*, has got in-
" serted into the Journal of Paris, of yesterday the
" 21st, a very ill-natured criticism of that Work.

" He seems to have taken particular offence at
" my having presumed to accuse the Academi-
" cians of an error, in concluding from the increase
" of quantity in the degrees of Latitude toward the
" Poles, that the Earth was flattened there; at my
" attributing the cause of the tides to the melting
" of the polar ices, &c.....In order to weaken the
" force of my results, he exhibits them without the
" proofs. He carefully keeps out of sight my de-
" monstration of the fact, so simple and so evident,
" by which I have made it to appear, that when
" the degrees of an arch of a circle lengthen, the
" arch of the circle itself likewise lengthens, and
" does not become flat. This is demonstrable from
" the poles of an egg, as well as from those of the
" Globe. He has not told, that the ices of each pole

" having

" having a circumference of from five to six thou-
" sand leagues, in their winter, and only from two
" to three thousand in their summer, I had good
" ground for concluding, from their alternate fu-
" sions, all the movements of the Seas. He has
" not said a single word of the multitude of proofs
" geometrical, nautical, geographical, botanical,
" and even academical, by which I have supported
" these new and important truths. I leave it to
" my Readers to judge how far they are solid.

" As it is evident that this anonymous Writer
" has observed Nature only in Systematic books;
" that he opposes names merely to facts; and au-
" thorities to reasons; that he there considers as
" decidedly certain what I have completely refuted;
" that he makes me to say in his critique what I
" never did say; that such criticism is within the
" reach of every superficial, idle and dishonest man,
" who can hold a pen: that neither my health, my
" time, nor my taste permit me to confute such
" species of dissertation, even had the author the
" manliness to shew himself: I declare, therefore,
" that in future, I will not deign to repel such at-
" tacks, especially on the field of the public papers.

" At the same time, if there be any friend of
" truth who shall discover errors in my Book, which
" undoubtedly may easily be done, and who shall
" have so much friendship for me as address him-
" self directly to me, I will take care to have them
" corrected, and will openly acknowledge the obli-
" gation in terms of the highest respect; because,
" like that man, I aim at nothing but truth, and
" honour those only who love it.

" I stand,

"I stand, Sir, quite alone. As I belong to no "party I have no one literary Journal at my dis- "posal. It is long since I knew by experience, "that I had not the credit to get any thing insert- "ed in that of Paris, even in the service of the "miserable. Permit me to intreat you then to find "a place in your impartial paper for this my pre- "sent reply, accompanied with my solemn protes- "tation of silence for the future.

"One word more; while I complain of the ano- "nymous critic who has attacked my Work with "so much acrimony, I feel myself obliged to ac- "knowledge that he has pronounced an excessive- "ly fulsome eulogium on my style. I know not, "however, which way to account for it; but I "feel myself still more humbled by his praise than "irritated by his satire.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"DE SAINT-PIERRE."

Paris, Nov. 22, 1787.

The anonymous Reviewer promised to enter more minutely into an examination of my Book in some following sheets of the Paris-Journal; but the Public having expressed some displeasure at seeing me attacked rather indecently, on a field to which my friends had no access, the Editor of that Journal, willing to make a show of impartiality, soon after published a fragment of an epistle in verse, intended to do me honour. This eulogium is likewise the production of an anonymous Author; for the virtuous conceal themselves to do good, as the malignant to do mischief. The verses detached from the piece, and which contain my panegyric, are exceedingly

ceedingly beautiful; but there are some others in the rest of the epistle, in my opinion, still more beautiful. I would have expatiated much more cordially in praise of them, had they not gone much too far in praise of me. Nevertheless gratitude constrains me to say, that they are the production of Mr. *Theresse*, Counsellor at Law, who favoured me a year ago, in the month of January, with this particular testimony of his friendship, and of his superior talents.

Let us return to the point in which the Academicians are principally interested. In order to acquire conviction that the Poles of the Earth are drawn out lengthwise, there is not the least occasion for solving some transcendant geometrical problem, hedged round and round with equations, such as the quadrature of the circle; it is sufficient to possess the most trivial notions of geometry and of physics. Before I proceed to collect the proofs which have already been produced, and to confirm these by the production of others altogether new, I beg leave to say a word or two on the means which may be employed for ascertaining the truth, as much for the sake of my own instruction, as for that of my critics.

We are in the bosom of ignorance like mariners, in the midst of a sea without shores. We perceive in it, here and there, some truths scattered about like islands. In order to hit and to distinguish islands in the open Sea, it is not sufficient to know their distance from the North, or to the East. Their Latitude gives one complete circle, and their Longitude another; but the intersection of these two measurements determines precisely the place where they

they are. We are capable of ascertaining truth, in like manner, only by considering it under a variety of relations. For this reason it is, that an object which it is in our power to subject to the examination of all our senses, is much better known to us, than an object to which we can apply the test of but one. Thus, we have a much more exact knowledge of a tree than of a star, because we both see and touch the tree: the flower of the tree affords us still more knowledge of it than the trunk, because we can farther apply to it the test of smelling; and finally, our observations multiply, when we examine it by the fruit, because we can now call in the evidence of the taste, and have the combined information of four senses at once. As to objects toward which we are able to direct but one of our organs, say that of vision, we can acquire the knowledge of these only by considering them under different aspects. That tower in the horizon, you say, is blue, small and round. You approach it, and find it to be white, lofty and angular. Upon this you conclude it to be square: but on walking round it you see that it is pentagonal. You judge it to be impossible to ascertain it's height without the help of an instrument, for it is of a prodigious elevation. Take an accessible object of comparison, that of your own height, and the length of your shadow, and you will find the self-same relation between these, as between the shadow of the tower and it's elevation, which you deemed to be inaccessible.

Thus the knowledge of any one truth is to be acquired only by considering it under different relations. This is the reason why GOD alone is really intelligent,

intelligent, because He alone knows all the relations which exist among all beings; and farther, why GOD alone is the most universally known of all beings, because the relations which He has established among things manifest Him in all his Works.

All truths run into one another like the links of a chain. We acquire the knowledge of them only by comparing them to each other. Had our Academicians made the proper use of this principle, they must have discovered that the flattening of the Poles was an error. They had only to apply the consequences of this doctrine to the distribution of the Seas. If the Poles are flattened, their radii being the shortest of the Globe, all the Seas must press thitherward, as being the most depressed place of the Earth: on the other hand, if the Equator were the most elevated, all the Seas must retire from it, and the Torrid Zone would present, through it's whole circumference, a Zone of dry land of six leagues and an half of elevation at it's centre; as the radius of the Globe, at the Equator, exceeds by that quantity the radius at the Poles, according to the Academicians.

Now the configuration of the Globe presents us with precisely the contrary of all this: for the most extensive and the most profound Seas are directly over the Equator: and, on the side of our Pole, the land stretches prodigiously forward to the North, and the Seas which it contains are only mediterraneans filled with high lands.

The South Pole is indeed surrounded by a vast Ocean; but as Captain *Cook* could get no nearer to it than a distance of 475 leagues, we are entirely ig-

norant whether there be any land in it's vicinity. Besides, it is probable, as I have said elsewhere, that Nature which contrasts and balances all things, has compensated the elevation in territory of the North Pole, by an equivalent elevation in ice on the South Pole. *Cook* found in fact the icy cupola of the South Pole much more extensive and more elevated, than that which covers the North Pole, and he is against instituting any manner of comparison on the subject. Hear what he says in describing one of it's solid extremities, which prevented his penetrating beyond the 71st degree of South Latitude, and resembled a chain of mountains rising one above another, and losing themselves in the clouds. "There never were seen, in my opi-"nion, mountains of ice such as these in the seas of "Greenland; at least I have never read or heard "of the like; no comparison therefore can be "stated between the ices of the North and those "of the Latitudes which I am mentioning." (*Cook*'s Voyages, January, 1774.)

This prodigious elevation of ices, of which *Cook* saw but one extremity, may therefore be a counterpoise to the elevation of territorry on the North Pole, established by the learned labours of the Academicians themselves. But though the frozen Seas of the South Pole may repel the operations of Geometry, we shall see presently, by two authentic observations, that the fluid Seas which surround it, are more elevated than those at the Equator, and are at the same level with those of the North Pole.

Let us now proceed to verify the elongation of the Poles, by the very method which has been made

to

to serve for a demonstration of their being flattened. This last hypothesis has acquired a new degree of error, from it's application to the distribution of land and water upon the Globe: that of the elongation of the Poles is going to acquire new degrees of evidence, by it's extension to the different harmonies of Nature.

Let us collect, for this purpose, the proofs which lie scattered about in the preceding Volumes. Some of them are geometrical, some geographical, some atmospherical, some nautical, and some astronomical.

I. The first proof of the elongation of the Earth at the Poles, is geometrical. I have inserted it in the Explanation of the plates, at the beginning of Volume First; it alone is sufficient to set the truth in question in the clearest light of evidence. There was no occasion even for a figure in order to this. It is very easy to conceive that if, in a circle, the degrees of a portion of this circle lengthen, the whole portion containing these degrees must likewise lengthen. Now the degrees of the Meridian actually do lengthen under the polar Circle, as they are greater there than under the Equator, according to the Academicians; therefore the polar arch of the Meridian, or which is the same thing, the polar curve lengthens also. I have already employed this argument, to which no reply can be given, to prove that the polar curve was not flattened; I can easily employ it likewise to prove that it is lengthened out.

II. The second proof of the elongation of the Earth at the Poles is atmospheric. It is well known that the height of the Atmosphere diminishes in

proportion as we ascend upon a mountain. Now this height diminishes likewise in proportion as we advance toward the Pole. I am furnished, on the subject, with two barometrical experiments. The first for the Northern Hemisphere; and the second for the Southern Hemisphere. The mercury in the Barometer, at Paris, sinks one line at the height of eleven fathom; and it sinks likewise one line in Sweden, on an elevation of only ten fathom, one foot, six inches, and four lines. The Atmosphere of Sweden therefore is lower, or what amounts to the very same thing, it's Continent is more elevated than the Land at Paris. The Earth therefore lengthens out as you proceed northward. This experiment and it's consequences, cannot be rejected by the Academicians; for they are extracted from the History of the Academy of Sciences, year 1712, page 4. Consult the explanation of the Plates, Atlantic Hemisphere, beginning of Vol. I.

III. The second experiment, to prove the lowering of the Atmosphere at the Poles, was made toward the South Pole. It consists of a series of barometrical observations taken from day to day, in the Southern Hemisphere, by Captain *Cook*, during the years 1773, 1774, and 1775, from which we see that the mercury scarcely ever rose higher than 29 inches English, beyond the 60th degree of South Latitude, and mounted almost always to 30 inches, and even higher, in the vicinity of the Torrid Zone, which is a proof that the barometer falls as you advance toward the South Pole, as well as toward the North Pole, and that consequently both are elongated.

The

The Table of these barometrical observations may be consulted; it is given at the end of Captain *Cook*'s second Voyage. Those of the same kind, which have been collected in the following Voyage, exhibit no regular difference from each other, whatever be the Latitude of the vessel; which is a proof of their inaccuracy, occasioned most probably by the irregularity which must have arisen from the successive death of the observers; namely of the intelligent *Anderson*, surgeon of the ship, and *Cook*'s particular friend; of that great man himself; and of Captain *Clerke* his successor; and perhaps likewise from a zealous partizan of *Newton*, who might have been disposed to throw a cloud over facts so contrary to his system of the flattening of the Poles.

IV. The fourth proof of the elongation of the Poles is nautical. It consists of six experiments of three different species. The two first experiments are taken from the annual descent of the ices of each Pole toward the Line; the two second from the Currents which descend from the Poles during their summer; and the two last, from the rapidity and the extent of these same Currents, which perform the tour of the Globe alternately during six months: three are for the North Pole, and three for the South Pole.

The first experiment, namely that deduced from the descent of the ices of the North Pole, is detailed in the First Volume of this Work, Study Fourth. I have there quoted the testimonies of the most celebrated Navigators of the North; particularly of *Ellis* of England, of *Linschoten* and *Barents* of Holland, of *Martens* of Hamburg, and of *Denis* the French Governor of Canada, who attest that these ices are of a prodigious height, and that they are

frequently met with in the spring in temperate Latitudes. *Denis* assures us that they are loftier than the turrets of Notre-Dame, that they sometimes form floating chains of more than a day's sailing, and that they run aground as far south as the great bank of Newfoundland. The most northerly part of this bank hardly extends beyond the fiftieth degree; and mariners engaged in the whale-fishery do not fall in with the solid ices, in summer, till they approach the 75th degree. But on the supposition that these solid ices extend in winter from the Pole to the the 65th degree, the floating ices detached from the icy Continent, perform a course of 375 leagues in the two first months of spring. It is not the wind which drives them southward, for the fishing vessels which meet them have frequently fair winds; variable winds would carry them indifferently to the North, to the East, or to the West: but it is the Current from the North, which carries them constantly every year toward the Line, because the Pole from which they take their departure is more elevated.

V. The second experiment of the same kind, for the South Pole, is extracted from Captain *Cook*'s Voyage, the 10th December, 1772. "The 10th De-"cember, eight o'clock in the morning, we discovered "ices to our North-West;" to which Mr. *Forster* adds: "and about two leagues to windward, another "mass which resembled a point of white land. In "the afternoon we passed close by a third which was "cubical, and was two thousand feet long, two hun-"dred feet broad and at least two hundred feet in "height." *Cook* was then in the 51st degree of South Latitude, and two degrees West Longitude from the

Cape of Good-Hope. He saw a great many more up to the 17th January, 1773; but being at that epocha in the latitude of 65 degrees, 15 minutes, S., he was stopped by a bank of broken ice which prevented his going farther Southward. Thus, on the supposition that the first ice with which he found himself entangled on the 10th of December, had taken it's departure from that point on the 10th of October, the season at which it is supposed that the action of the Sun has begun to dissolve the ices of the South Pole, it must have advanced at least 14 degrees, that is 350 leagues, toward the Line, in two months: that is, it must have travelled nearly the same distance, in the same space of time, with the ices which descend from the North Pole. The South Pole, therefore, as well as the North Pole, is more elevated than the Equator, seeing its ices descend toward the Torrid Zone.

VI. The third nautical experiment demonstrative of the elongation of the North Pole, is deduced from its Currents themselves, which issue directly from the bays and the straits of the North, with the rapidity of sluices. I have quoted to this purpose, the same navigators of the North: *Linschoten* and *Barents*, employed by the States of Holland to discover a North-west passage to China; and *Ellis*, entrusted with a commission from England to attempt a North-east passage to the South Sea, through the bottom of Hudson's Bay. They have discovered at the extremity of those Northern Seas, Currents which issued from bays and straits, running at the rate of from eight to ten leagues an hour, hurrying along with them an infinite mul-

titude of floating icy promontories, and of tumultuous tides, which as well as the currents, precipitated themselves directly from the North, and from North-east, or from the North-west, according as the land lay. In conformity to those invariable and multiplied facts, I myself have derived complete conviction, that the fusion of the Polar ices was the second cause of the movements of the Seas; that the Sun was the primary cause; and on this I founded my theory of the tides. See Vol. I. Explanation of the Plates, Atlantic Hemisphere.

VII. The Currents of the South-Sea in like manner have their source in the ices of the South Pole. Hear what *Cook* says on the subject, in his Journal, January 1774. "Indeed the majority of us were "of opinion, that this ice extended to the pole; or "that it might possibly join some land, to which "it has adhered from the earliest times: that to "the South of this parallel are formed all the ices "which we found here and there to the North; "that they are afterwards detached by violent gusts "of wind, or by other causes, and thrown to the "North by the Currents, which in high Latitudes, "we always observed to bear in that direction."

This fourth nautical experiment, accordingly, proves that the South Pole is elongated, as well as the North Pole; for if both were flattened, the Currents would set in towards them, instead of flowing toward the Line.

Those Southern Currents are not so violent at their source as the Northern, because they are not like them collected in bays, and afterwards disgorged by straits; but we shall see presently that they extend quite as far. VIII. The

VIII. The fifth nautical proof of the elevation of the Poles above the Horizon of all Seas, is founded on the rapidity and the length of their Currents, which perform the tour of the Globe. The Reader may consult on this subject, the extent of my researches, and of my proofs, at the beginning of my First Volume, in the explanation of the plate, Atlantic Hemisphere. I quoted, first, the Current of the Indian Ocean, which flows six months toward the East, and six months toward the West, according to the testimony of all the Navigators of India. I have demonstrated that this alternate and half-yearly Current cannot possibly be ascribed, in any one respect, to the course of the Moon and of the Sun, which uniformly move from E. to W., but to the combined heat of those luminaries, which melt for six months alternately, the ices of each Pole.

I have afterwards adduced two very curious observations, in proof of the existence of a similar alternate and half-yearly current in the Atlantic Ocean, in which till now, no such thing had been suspected. The first is that of *Rennefort*, who found in the month of July 1666, on leaving the Azores, the Sea covered with the wrecks of a naval engagement which had taken place nine days before, between the English and the Dutch, off Ostend. These wrecks had been carried along, in nine days, more than 275 leagues to the South, which is considerably above thirty leagues a day: and this is a fifth nautical experiment which proves from the rapidity of the Currents of the North, the considerable elevation of that Pole above the Horizon of the Seas.

IX. My

IX. My sixth nautical experiment demonstrates particularly the elevation of the South-Pole, from the extent of it's currents, which in winter force their way up to the extremities of the Atlantic. It is the observation of Mr. *Pennant*, the celebrated English Naturalist, who relates, that the Sea threw on the coasts of Scotland the mast of the Tilbury man of war, which was burnt in the road of Jamaica; and that they every year pick up on the shores of the northern isles, the seeds of plants which grow no where but in Jamaica. *Cook* likewise assures us, in the Journal of his voyage, as an undoubted fact, that there are found every year on the coast of Iceland, in great quantities, large flat and round seeds, called the ox-eye, which grow only in America.

X. and XI. The astronomical proofs of the elongation of the Poles are three in number. The two first are Lunar. I mean the two-fold observation of *Tycho-Brhae* and of *Kepler*, who saw, in central eclipses of the Moon, the shadow of the Earth lengthened at the Poles. I have quoted it in Vol. I. Study IV. It is impossible to oppose any thing to the ocular testimony of two Astronomers of such high reputation, whose calculations, so far from being favoured, were deranged by their observations.

XII. The third astronomical proof of the elongation of the Poles is Solar, and respects the North Pole. It is the observation of *Barents*, who perceived in Nova Zembla, in the 76th degree of North Latitude, the Sun in the Horizon, fifteen days sooner than he expected. The Sun in this case was two degrees and a half more elevated than he ought to

to have been. Allowing one degree for the refraction of the Atmosphere in winter, at the 76th degree of North Latitude, or even a degree and a half, which is a very considerable concession, there would remain one degree at least, for the extraordinary elevation of the observer, above the Horizon of Nova Zembla. I have on this occasion detected another mistake of the Academician *Bouguer*, who fixes the greatest refraction of the Sun at no more than 34 minutes, for all climates. It is easy to see that I do not avail myself of all the advantages given me by the Gentlemen whose opinion I am combating. See Vol. I. Explanation of the Plate, Atlantic Hemisphere.

All these twelve proofs deduced from the different harmonies of Nature, mutually concur in demonstrating that the Poles are elongated. They are supported by a multitude of facts, the number of which it were easy for me to increase; whereas the Academicians, are unable to apply to any one phenomenon of the Earth, of the Sea, or of the Atmosphere, their result of the flattening of the Poles, without instantly discovering it to be a mistake. Besides, Geometry alone is sufficient to convince them of it.

They have, I admit, made the vibrations of the pendulum to quadrate with it; but that experiment is liable to a thousand errors. It is at least as much to be suspected as that of the burning mirror, which has served them as a foundation to conclude that the rays of the Moon had no heat; whereas the contrary has been proved both at Rome and at Paris, by professors of Physics. The pendulum lengthens by heat and contracts by cold.

cold. It is very difficult to counterbalance it's variations by an assemblage of rods of different metals. On the other hand, it is very easy for men, prejudiced from infancy by the doctrine of attraction, to make a mistake of some lines in favour of it. Besides, all these petty methods of Physics, subject to so many misreckonings, can in no respect whatever contradict the elongation of the Poles of the Earth, of which Nature exhibits the same results on the Sea, in the Air, and in the Heavens.

The elongation of the Poles being demonstrated, the Current of the Seas and of the tides follows as a natural consequence. Many persons observing a coincidence between our tides and the phases of the Moon, of the same increases and diminutions, have concluded as certain that this luminary, by means of her attraction, is the first moving principle of those phenomena: but these coincidences exist only in one part of the Atlantic Ocean. They proceed, not from the attraction of the Moon acting upon the Seas, but from her heat, reflected from the Sun on the polar ices, the effusions of which she increases, conformably to certain laws peculiar to our continents. Every where else the number, the variety, the duration, the regularity and the irregularity of the tides, have no relation whatever to the phases of the Moon, and coincide, on the contrary, with the effects of the Sun on the polar ices, and the configuration of the poles of the Earth. This we are now going to demonstrate, by employing the same principle of comparison which has enabled us to refute the error of the Academicians respecting the flattening of the Poles, and to prove the

the truth of my theory respecting their elongation.

If the Moon acted by her attraction on the tides of the Ocean, she would extend the influence of it to mediterranean seas and lakes. But this is not the case, as mediterranean seas and lakes have no tides, at least no lunar tides; for we have observed that the lakes situatad at the foot of icy mountains, have, in summer, solar tides, or a flux like the Ocean. Such is the lake of Geneva, which has a regular afternoon's flux. This coincidence, of the flux of lakes in the vicinity of icy mountains, with the heat of the Sun, gives at once a high degree of probability to my theory of the tides; and on the contrary, the disagreement of those same fluxes with the phases of the Moon, as well as the tranquillity of mediterraneans when that star passes over their meridian, render at first sight her attraction more liable to suspicion. But we shall see presently, that in the vast Ocean itself, the greatest part of the tides have no manner of relation either to her attraction or to her course.

I have already quoted, in the Explanation of the Plates, the Navigator *Dampier*, who informs us that the highest tide which he observed, on the coasts of New Holland, did not take place till three days after the full Moon. He affirms, as well as all the Navigators of the South, that the tides rise very little between the Tropics, and that they are at most from four to five feet high in the East Indies, and a foot and a half only on the coasts of the South Sea.

Let me now be permitted to ask, Why those tides

tides between the tropics are so feeble, and so much retarded, under the direct influence of the Moon? Wherefore the Moon, by her attraction, gives us two tides every twenty-four hours in our Atlantic Ocean, while she produces but one in many places of the South Sea, which is incomparably broader?

Wherefore there are, in that same South Sea diurnal and semi-diurnal tides, that is of twelve hours, and of six hours? Wherefore the greatest part of the tides take place there constantly at the same hours and rise to a regular height almost all the year round, whatever may be the irregularities of the phases of the Moon? Why there are some which rise at the quadratures, just as at the full and new Moons? Wherefore are they always stronger in proportion as you approach the Poles, and frequently set in towards the Line, contrary to the pretended principle of their impulsion?

These problems, which it is impossible to solve by the theory of the Moon's attraction at the Equator, are of easy solution, on the hypothesis of the alternate action of the Sun's heat on the ices of the two Poles.

I am going, first, to prove this diversity of the tides even from the testimony of *Newton*'s compatriots, and the zealous partisans of his system. My witnesses are no obscure men; they are persons of science, naval officers of the King of Great Britain, selected, one after another, by the voice of their Nation and the appointment of their Prince, to perform the tour of the Globe, and to derive from their observations, information of importance to the study of Nature. They are men of no less

note

note than Captains *Byron*, *Cartaret*, *Cook*, *Clerke*, and the Astronomer Mr. *Wales*. To these I shall subjoin the testimony of *Newton* himself. Let us first of all examine what they relate respecting the tides of the southern part of the South Sea.

In the road of the island of Massafuero, in 33 degrees, 46 minutes of south latitude, and 80 degrees, 22 minutes, west longitude, from the meridian of London . . . . . "The sea runs twelve "hours to the North, and then flows back twelve "hours to the South." (Capt. *Byron*, April, 1765.)

As the island of Massafuero is in the southern part of the South Sea, it's tides which set in to the N. in April, run therefore toward the Line, in contradiction to the lunar system: besides, it's tides are of twelve hours duration; another difficulty.

At English Creek, on the coast of New Britain, about the 5th degree of the South Latitude, and 152 degrees of Longitude, "The tide has a flux "and reflux once in twenty-four hours." (Captain *Cartaret*, August, 1767.)

At the Bay of the Isles in New Zealand, toward 34 degrees, 59 minutes of South latitude, and 185 degrees, 36 minutes West longitude: "From the "observations which I have been able to make on "the coast, relatively to the tides, it appears, that "the flood sets in from the South." Captain *Cook*, December, 1769.

Here are still tides in the open Seas which run toward the Line, against the impulsion of the Moon. They descended at that season to New Zealand, from the South Pole, the Currents of which were

were then in a state of activity, for it was the summer of that Pole, being the Month of December. Those of Massafuero, though observed in the month of April, by Captain *Byron*, had likewise the same origin, because the Currents of the North Pole, which do not commence till toward the end of March, at the time of our vernal equinox, had not as yet begun to check the influence of the South Pole in the Southern Hemisphere.

At the mouth of River Endeavour, in New Holland, 15 degrees, 26 minutes, of South Latitude, and 214 degrees, 42 minutes West Longitude, where Captain Cook refitted his vessel, after having run aground; "Neither the flood tide nor the "ebb were considerable, except once in twenty-"four hours, just as we found it while we were "fast upon the rock." (Captain *Cook*, June, 1770.)

At the entrance of Christmas-harbour, in Kerguelen's Land, about 48 degrees, 29 minutes South Latitude, and 68 degrees, 42 minutes East Longitude; "While we were lying at anchor we observed "that the flood-tide came from the South-east, "running two knots at least in an hour." Captain *Cook*, December, 1776.)

Here, accordingly, is another tide which descended directly from the South Pole. It appears that this tide was regular and diurnal, that is, a tide of twelve hours; for *Cook* adds, a few pages afterwards: "It is high water here at the full and "change days, about ten o'clock; and the tide "rises and falls about four feet."

In

In the Islands of Otaheité, in 17 degrees 29 minutes, South Latitude, and 149 degrees, 35 minutes Longitude; and of Ulietea, in 16 degrees, 45 minutes, South Latitude: "Some observations were "also made on the tide; particularly at Otaheité "and Ulietea; with a view of ascertaining it's "greatest rise at the first place. When we were "there, in my second voyage, Mr. *Wales* thought "he had discovered that it rose higher than I had "observed it to do, when I first visited Otaheité in "1769. But the observations we now made proved "that it did not; that is, that it never rose higher "than twelve or fourteen inches at most. And it "was observed to be high-water nearly at noon, as "well at the quadratures as at the full and change "of the moon." (Captain *Cook*, December, 1777.)

Cook gives, in this place of his Journal, a table of the tides in those islands, from the first up to the twenty-sixth of November; from which it is evident that they had but one tide a day, and this, during the whole course of the month, was at it's mean height between eleven and one o'clock. It is accordingly evident, that tides so regular, at epochs of the Moon so different, could have no relation whatever to the phases of that luminary.

Cook was at Otaheité, in 1769, in the month of July, that is, in the winter of the South Pole: He was there a second time, in 1777, in the month of December, that is, in it's summer: it is accordingly possible that the effusions of this Pole, being then more copious, and nearer to Otaheité, than those of the North-Pole, the tides might be stronger in that

island, in the month of December, than in July, and that Mr. *Wales* the Astronomer was in the right.

Let us now observe the effects of the tides in the northern part of the South Sea.

At the entrance of Nootka, on the coast of America, in 49 degrees, 36 minutes, of North Latitude, and 233 degrees, 17 minutes, East Longitude: "It "is high-water on the days of the new and full "Moon, at 20 minutes past 12. The perpendicular "rise and fall, eight feet nine inches; which is to be "understood of the day-tides, and those which hap- "pen two or three days after the full and new Moon. "The night-tides, at this time, rise near two feet "higher. This was very conspicuous during the "spring-tide of the full Moon, which happened soon "after our arrival; and it was obvious, that it would "be the same in those of the new Moon, though we "did not remain here long enough to see the whole "of it's effect." Captain *Cook*, April, 1778.)

Here then are two tides a day, or semi-diurnal, on the other side of our Hemisphere, as on our own; whereas it appears that there is only one in the southern Hemisphere, that is, in the South Sea only. Farther, those semi-diurnal tides differ from ours in this, that they take place at the same hour, and that they exhibit no sensible rise till the second or third day after the full Moon. We shall presently unfold the reason of these phenomena, which are totally inexplicable on the hypothesis of the Lunar System.

We shall see, in the two following observations, those northern tides of the South Sea, remarked in April, becoming, in higher Latitudes on the same coast,

coast, stronger in May, and still stronger in June, which cannot in any respect be referred to the course of the Moon, which passes then into the southern Hemisphere, but to the course of the Sun, which passes into the northern Hemisphere, and proceeds to warm, more and more, the ices of the North Pole, the fusion of which increases in proportion as the heat of the star of day increases. Besides, the direction of those tides of the North toward the Line, and other circumstances, will constitute a complete confirmation that they derive their origin from the Pole.

At the entrance of Cook's River, on the coast of America, toward 57 degrees, and 51 minutes, North Latitude: "Here was a strong tide setting to the "Southward out of the inlet. It was the ebb, and "ran between three and four knots in an hour; and "it was low water at ten o'clock. A good deal of "sea-weed, and some drift-wood, were carried out "with the tide. The water too had become thick "like that in rivers; but we were encouraged to "proceed by finding it as salt at low water as the "ocean. The strength of the flood-tide was three "knots; and the stream ran up till four in the af-"ternoon." (Captain *Cook*, May, 1778.)

By *knots* the sailors mean the divisions of the log-rope; and by *log*, a small piece of wood which they throw into the Sea tied to a rope, for measuring the course of a vessel. When in one minute, three divisions, or knots of the rope run out from the ship, they conclude that the vessel, or the current, is making three miles an hour, or one league.

On sailing up the same inlet, at a place where it

was only four leagues broad; "Through this chan-
" nel ran a prodigious tide. It looked frightful to
" us, who could not tell whether the agitation of
" the water was occasioned by the stream, or by the
" breaking of the waves against rocks or sands.—
" Here we lay during the ebb, which ran near five
" knots in the hour (one league two-thirds). Until
" we got thus far, the water had retained the same
" degree of saltness at low as at high water; and
" at both periods was as salt as that in the Ocean.
" But now the marks of a river displayed them-
" selves. The water taken up this ebb, when at the
" lowest, was found to be very considerably fresher
" than any we had hitherto tasted; insomuch that
" I was convinced we were in a large river, and
" not in a strait communicating with the Northern
" Seas." (Captain *Cook*, 30th May, 1778).

What *Cook* calls the inlet, to which the name of *Cook*'s great river has since been given, is, from it's course, and it's brackish waters, neither a strait nor a river, but a real northern sluice, through which " the effusions of the polar ices are discharged into " the Ocean. We find others of the same kind at " the bottom of Hudson's Bay. *Ellis* was mistaken in these, in taking them for straits which had a communication from the Northern Ocean to the South Sea. It was in the view of dissipating the doubts which had remained on this subject, that *Cook* attempted the same investigation to the north of the coasts of California.

Continuation of the discovery of the interior of the Inlet, or *Cook*'s great River: " After we had en-
" tered

" entered the Bay, the flood set strong into the ri-
" ver Turnagain; and the ebb came out with still
" greater force; the water falling while we lay at
" anchor, twenty feet upon a perpendicular."
(Captain *Cook*, June, 1778.)

That which *Cook* calls the ebb, or the reflux, appears to me to be the flood, or the flux itself, for it was more tumultuous and more rapid than what he calls the flux; for the re-action never can be more powerful than the action. The falling tide, even in our rivers, is never so strong as the rising tide. This last generally produces a bar at the mouth of the stream, which the other does not.

Cook, prepossessed in favour of the prevailing opinion, that the cause of the tides is between the Tropics, could not assume the resolution to consider this flood, which came from the interior of the land, as a real tide. Nevertheless, in the opposite part of that same Continent, I mean at the bottom of Hudson's Bay, the flood, or the tide, comes from the West, that is from the interior of the country.

The following is what we find related on the subject, in the Introduction to *Cook*'s third Voyage. " Middleton, who commanded the expedition in
" 1741 and 1742, into Hudson's Bay, had proceed-
" ed farther north than any of his predecessors in
" that navigation. He had, between the latitude of
" 65° and 66°, found a very considerable inlet run-
" ning Westward, into which he entered with his
" ships; and after repeated trials of the tides, and
" endeavours to discover the nature and course of
" the opening, for three weeks successively, he
" found the flood constantly to come from the

" Eastward, and that it was a large river he had " got into, to which he gave the name of *Wager* " River.

" The accuracy, or rather the fidelity of this re- " port was denied by Mr. Dobbs, who contended " that this opening *is a Strait, and not a fresh water* " *river*, and that Middleton, if he had examined it " properly, would have found a passage through it " to the Western American Ocean. The failure of " this Voyage therefore only served to furnish our " zealous advocate for the discovery, with new ar- " guments for attempting it once more; and he had " the good fortune, after getting the reward of " twenty thousand pounds established by act of " parliament, to prevail upon a society of Gentle- " men and Merchants to fit out the Dobbs and Ca- " lifornia; which ships it was hoped would be able " to find their way into the Pacific Ocean, by the " very opening which Middleton's voyage had " pointed out, and which he was believed to have " misrepresented.

" This renovation of hope only produced fresh " disappointment. For it is well known, that the " Voyage of the Dodds and California,* instead of " confuting, strongly confirmed, all that Middleton " had asserted. The supposed strait was found to " be nothing more than a fresh water river, and it's " utmost Western navigable boundaries were now " ascertained by accurate examination."

Wager's river accordingly produces a real tide

* Mr. *Ellis* embarked in the Voyage, and he it is who wrote the relation of it, which I have repeatedly quoted.

from

from the West, because it is one of the sluices which open from the North into the Atlantic Ocean: it is evident therefore that *Cook*'s great River produces, on it's side, a real tide from the East, because it is likewise one of the sluices of the North into the South Sea.

Besides, the height and the tumult of those tides of *Cook*'s great River, similar to those of the bottom of Hudson's Bay, of Waigat's Strait, &c. the diminution of their saltness, and their general direction toward the Line, prove that they are formed in summer, in the north of the South Sea, as well as in the north of the Atlantic Ocean, from the fusion of the ices of the North Pole.

In the sequel of *Cook*'s Voyage, finished by Captain *Clerke*, we shall find two other observations respecting the tides, which the lunar system is equally incapable of accounting for.

At the English observatory, Sandwich-Islands, in the bay of Karakakoo, in 19 degrees, 28 minutes, North Latitude, and 204 degrees East Longitude, "the tides are very regular, flowing and ebbing "six hours each. The flood comes from the East-"ward; and it is high-water at the full and change "of the moon forty-five minutes past three, appa-"rent time." (Captain *Clerke*, March, 1779.)

At St. Peter and St. Paul's town, in Kamtschatka, in 53 degrees, 38 minutes North Latitude, and 158 degrees, 43 minutes, East Longitude, "it was high-"water on the full and change of the Moon, at "thirty-six minutes past four, and the greatest rise "was five feet eight inches. The tides were very

" regular every twelve hours. (Captain *Clerke*, October, 1779.)

Captain *Clerke*, prejudiced as well as *Cook* in favour of the system of the Moon's attraction in the Torrid Zone, strains, to no purpose, to refer to the irregular phases of that star, the tides which take place at regular hours in the South Sea, as well as their other phenomena. Mr. *Wales* the Astronomer, who accompanied *Cook* on his second Voyage, is obliged to acknowledge, on this subject, the defectiveness of *Newton*'s theory. Hear what he says of it, in an extract inserted in the general Introduction to *Cook*'s last Voyage: " The number of places at " which the rise and times of flowing of tides have " been observed, in these voyages, is very great; " and hence an important article of useful know- " ledge is afforded. In these observations, some " very curious, and even unexpected circumstances " have offered themselves to our consideration. It " will be sufficient to instance the exceedingly " small height to which the tide rises in the mid- " dle of the great Pacific Ocean; where it falls " short two-thirds at least of what might have been " expected from theory and calculation."

The partisans of the Newtonian system would find themselves reduced to very great embarrassment, were they called upon to explain, in a satisfying manner, first, Why there are, daily, two tides of six hours in the Atlantic Ocean? then, Why there is but one of twelve hours in the southern part of the South Sea, as at the island of Otaheité, on the coast of New Holland, on that of New Britain, at the island

island of Massafuero, &c.? Why, on the other hand, in the northern part of that very same South Sea, the two tides of six hours re appear every day equal at the Sandwich islands; unequal on the coast of America, at the entrance of Nootka; and toward the same Latitude, reduced to a single tide of twelve hours, on the coast of Asia, at Kamtschatka?

I could quote others still more extraordinary. On account of those strongly marked and very numerous dissonances of the course of the tides, with that of the Moon, with a small number of which only however *Newton* was acquainted, he himself was constrained to admit, as I have mentioned in another place, "that there must be, in the periodical "return of the tides, some other mixt cause, "hitherto unknown. (*Newton's Philosophy*) Chap. 18.)

This other cause hitherto unknown, is the fusion of the polar ices, which consist of a circumference of from five to six thousand leagues, in their winter, and from two to three thousand at most in their summer. Those ices, by flowing alternately into the bosom of the Seas, produce all their various phenomena. If, in our Summer, there be two tides a day in the Atlantic Ocean, it is because of the alternate divergent effusions of the two Continents, the old and the new, which approach toward the North, whereof the one pours out by day, and the other by night, the waters from the ice, which the Sun melts on the East and on the West side of the Pole he encompasses every day with his fires, and thaws for six months together. If there be a retardation of 22 minutes on one tide, from that which succeeds

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it, it is because the cupola of the polar ices in fusion, daily diminishes, and because it's effluxes are retarded by the sinuosities of the Atlantic channel. If, in our winter, there are likewise two tides, undergoing a daily retardation on our coasts, it is because the effluxes of the South Pole, entering into the channel of the Atlantic, likewise undergo two divergent impulsions at it's mouth; the one in America, at Cape Horn, and the other in Africa, at the Cape of Good-Hope. These two alternate divergent effusions of the Currents of the South Pole, if I am not mistaken, is the very circumstance that renders these two Capes, which receive their first impulsion, so tempestuous, and the doubling of them so difficult during the summer of that Pole to vessels going out of the Atlantic Ocean; for then they meet in the teeth the Currents which are descending from the South Pole. From this reason it is that they find it extremely difficult to double the Cape of Good-Hope, during the months of November, December, January, February, and March, on Voyages to India, and that, on the contrary, they pass it with ease in our summer months, because they are then assisted by the currents of the North Pole which waft them out of the Atlantic. They experience the contrary of this on their return from India during our winter months.

I am induced, from these considerations, to believe that vessels on their way to the South Sea, would encounter fewer obstacles in doubling Cape Horn, during it's winter than during it's summer; for they would not then be driven back into the Atlantic by the Currents of the South Pole, and

they would be assisted, on the contrary, in getting out of it, by those of the North Pole. I could support this conjecture by the experience of many Navigators. That of Admiral *Anson* will perhaps be adduced as an objection; but he doubled this Cape only in the months of March and April, which are besides two of the most tempestuous months in the year, because of the general revolution of the Atmosphere and of the Ocean, which takes place at the Equinox, when the Sun passes from the one Hemisphere to the other.

Let us now explain, upon the same principles, why the tides of the South Sea do not resemble those of the Atlantic Ocean. The South Pole has not, as the North Pole has, a double Continent, which separates into two the divergent effusions which the Sun daily sets a flowing from it's ices. Nay it has no Continent whatever: it has consequently no channel, in passing through which it's effluxes should be retarded. It's effusions accordingly flow directly into the vast Southern Ocean, forming, on the half of that Pole, a series of divergent emanations which perform the tour of it in twenty-four hours, like the rays of the Sun. When a bundle of these effusions falls upon an island, it produces there a tide of twelve hours, that is, of the same duration with that which the Sun employs in heating the icy cupola, through which the Meridian of that island passes. Such are the tides of the Islands of Otaheité, of Massafuero, of New Holland, of New Britain, &c. Each of these tides lasts as long as the course of the Sun above the Horizon, and is regular like his course. Thus, while the Sun

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is heating for twelve hours together, with his vertical fires, the southern islands of the South Sea, he cools them by a tide of twelve hours, which he extracts out of the ices of the South Pole, by his horizontal fires. Contrary effects frequently proceed from the same cause.

This order of tides is by no means the same in the northern part of the South Sea. In that opposite part of our Hemisphere, the two Continents still approach toward the North, they pour therefore by turns, in summer, into the channel which separates them, the two semi-diurnal effusions of their Pole, and there they collect by turns, in Winter, those of the South Pole, which produces two tides a day, as in the Atlantic Ocean. But as this channel, formed to the north of the South Sea, by the two Continents, is extremely widened to below the 55th degree of North Latitude, or rather, as it ceases to exist by the almost sudden retreating of the American and the Asiatic Continents, which go off divergently to the East and to the West, it comes to pass, that those places only, which are situated in the point of divergence of the northern part of these two Continents, experience two tides a day. Such are the Sandwich Islands, situated precisely in the confluence of these two Currents, at proportional distances from America and from Asia, toward the 21st degree of North Latitude. When this place is more exposed to the Current of the one Continent than to that of the other, it's two semi-diurnal tides are unequal, as at the entrance of Nootka, on the coast of America; but when it is completely out of the influence of the one, and entirely under that of the other, it receives

only

only one tide a day, as at Kamtschatka, on the coast of Asia, and this tide is then of twelve hours, as the action of the Sun on the half of the Pole, the effusions of which in this case undergo no division.

Hence it is evident, that two harbours may be situated in the same sea, and under the same parallel, and have, the one two tides a day, and the other only one, and that the duration of those tides, whether double or single, whether double equal or double unequal, whether regular or retarded, is always of twelve hours, every twenty-four hours; that is, precisely the time which the Sun employs, in heating that half of the polar cupola from which they flow; which cannot possibly be referred to the unequal course of the Sun between the Tropics, and still much less to that of the Moon, which is frequently but a few hours above the Horizon of such harbour.

I have established, then, by facts simple, clear and numerous, the disagreement of the tides in most Seas with the pretended action of the Moon on the Equator, and, on the contrary, their perfect coincidence with the action of the Sun on the ices of the Poles.

I beg the Reader's pardon, but the importance of those truths obliges me to recapitulate them.

1st. The attraction of the Moon, as acting on the waters of the Ocean, is contradicted by the insensibility to her influence of mediterraneans and lakes, which never undergo any motion when that luminary passes over their Meridian, and even over their Zenith. On the contrary, the action of the heat of the Sun, which extracts from the ices of the Poles the

the Currents and the Tides of the Ocean, is ascertained by his influence on the icy mountains out of which issue, in summer, currents and fluxes which produce real tides in the lakes which are at their feet, as is visible in the lake of Geneva, situated at the bottom of the Rhetian Alps. The Seas are the lakes of the Globe, and the Poles are the Alps of it.

2dly, The pretended attraction of the Moon on the Ocean is totally inapplicable either to the two tides of six hours, or semi-diurnal, of the Atlantic Ocean, because that star passes daily only over it's Zenith; and equally so to the tide of twelve hours, or diurnal, of the southern part of the South Sea, because it passes, every day, over both the Zenith and Nadir of that vast Ocean; and to the tides whether semi-diurnal or diurnal of the northern part of the same Ocean, and to the variety of it's tides, which here increase at the full * and new Moons, and there, several days after, which here increase at the quadratures, and there diminish; and to their uniform equality at other places; and to the direction of those which go toward the Line, and to their elevation, which increases toward the Poles, and dimishes under the very Zone of lunar attraction,

* I am of opinion with Pliny, that the Moon by her heat dissolves ice and snow. Accordingly, when she is at the full, she must contribute to the fusion of the polar ices, and consequently to the rising of the tides. But, if these increase upon our coasts at the new-moon likewise, I think that those superabundant meltings have also been occasioned by the full moon, and are retarded in their course by some particular configuration of one of the two Continents. At any rate, this difficulty is not of harder solution, on my theory, than on that of attraction, which, in other respects, is incapable of explaining the greatest part of the nautical phenomena that I have just related.

that

that is under the Equator. On the contrary, the action of the heat of the Sun on the Poles of the World, perfectly explains the superior height of the tides near the Poles, and their depression near the Equator: their divergence from the Pole whence they flow, and their perfect concordance with the Continents from which they descend; being double in twenty-four hours, when the Hemisphere which emits them, or which receives them, is separated into two Continents; double and unequal, when the divergency of the two Continents is unequal; simple and singular, when there is only one Continent which emits them, or where there is no Continent at all.

3dly. The attraction of the Moon, which goes always from East to West, cannot in any respect be applied to the course of the Indian Ocean, which flows for six months toward the East, and six months toward the West; nor to the course of the Atlantic Ocean, which flows six months to the North, and six months to the South. On the contrary, the action of the half-yearly and alternate heat of the Sun, around each Pole, covered with a Sea of ice of five or six thousand leagues circumference, in winter, and of two or three thousand in summer, is in perfect accord with the half-yearly and alternate Current which descends from this Pole, in it's flux toward the opposite Pole, conformably to the direction of the Continents, and of the Archipelagoes which serve as shores to it.

On this subject I beg leave to observe, that though the South Sea does not appear to present any channel

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to the course of the polar effluxes, from the vast divergence of America and Asia, we may however catch a glance of one, sensibly formed by the projection of it's Archipelagoes, which are in correspondence with the two Continents. By means of this channel it is, that the Sandwich islands, which are situated in the northern part of the South Sea, toward the 21st degree of Latitude, have two tides a day, from the divergent position of America and of Asia, though the strait which separates these two Continents be in the 65th degree of North Latitude. Not that those islands and this strait of the North are exactly under the same Meridian; but the Sandwich islands are placed on a curve, corresponding to the sinuous curve of America, and whose origin would be at the strait of the North. That curve might be prolonged to the most remote Archipelagoes of the South Sea, which are visited with two tides a day; and it would there express the Current formed by the divergent separtion of America and Asia, as has been said in another place. All islands are in the midst of currents. On looking therefore at the South Pole of the Globe, with a bird's-eye view, we should see a succession of Archipelagoes, dispersed in a spiral line all the way to the Northern Hemisphere, which indicates the Current of the South Sea, just as the projection of the two Continents, on the side of the North Pole, indicates the Current of the Atlantic. Thus the course of the Seas, from the one Pole to the other, is in a spiral line round the Globe, like the course of the Sun from the one Tropic to the other.

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This perception adds a new degree of probability to the correspondence of the movements of the sea with those of the Sun. I do not mean to assert that the chain of Archipelagoes, which project in a spiral direction in the South Sea, is not interrupted in some places; but those interruptions, in my apprehension, proceed only from the imperfection of our discoveries. We might, if I am not mistaken, extend them much farther, by guiding ourselves in the discovery of the unknown Islands of that sea, upon the projection of the Islands which are already known. Such voyages ought not to be made in a direct progress from the Line toward the Pole, or by describing the same parallel round the Globe, as the practice has been; but by pursuing the spiral direction of which I have been speaking, and which is sufficiently indicated by the general current itself of the Ocean. Particular care ought to be taken to observe the nautical fruits which the alternate current of the seas never fails to waft from one island to another, frequently at prodigious distances. It was by those simple and natural means, that the Ancient Nations of the South of Asia discovered so many islands in the South Sea, where their manners and their language are distinguishable to this day. Thus, by abandoning themselves to Nature, who frequently seconds us much better than our own skill, they landed without the help of chart or instrument on a multitude of islands, of which they had never so much as heard the names.

I have indicated, in the beginning of the first Volume, those simple methods of discovery and of communication between maritime Nations. It is

in the Explanation of the Plates, where I am speaking of the Atlantic Hemisphere, and on the subject of *Christopher Columbus*, who, on the point of perishing at sea on his first return from America, put the relation of his discovery in a cask, which he committed to the waves in the hope that it might be cast on some shore. There I observed, that "a "simple glass bottle might preserve such a depo- "sit for ages, on the surface of the Ocean, and con- "vey it oftener than once from the one Pole to the "other." This experiment has just been realized in part on the coasts of Europe.* The account of it

* I would recommend it to Navigators, who take an interest in the progress of natural knowledge, frequently to repeat this experiment, which is so easy, and attended with so little expense. There is no place where empty bottles are more common, and of less use, than on board a ship. On leaving port, there are a great number of bottles filled with wine, beer, cyder and spirits, the greatest part of which are emptied in the course of a few weeks, without the means of filling them again during the whole voyage. In the view of committing some of them to the sea, there might be fitted to them, perpendicularly, a little mast with a bit of cloth or tuft of white feathers at the top. This signal would detach it from the azury ground of the sea, and render it perceptible a great way off. It would be proper to case it round with cordage, to prevent it's being broken, on reaching a shore, to which the currents and the tides would infallibly carry it sooner or later. Essays of this sort would appear mere children's play to our men of science, but they may be matters of the last importance to seafaring people. They may serve to indicate to them the direction and the velocity of the Currents, in a manner much more infallible, and of far greater extent, than the log which is thrown, on board of ships, or than the little boats which are set a-floating. This last method, though frequently employed by the illustrious *Cook*, never could give any thing more than the relative velocity of the boat and of the ship, and not the intrinsic velocity of the current. Finally, such essays exposed to hazard as they are, may be employed by mariners at Sea, to convey intelligence of themselves to their friends, at immense distances from land, as is evident in the experiment of the Bay of Biscay, and to

it is given in the Mercury of France, of Saturday, 12th January, 1788, No. 2, pages 84 and 85, political part.

"In the month of May of this year, some fisher-
"men of Arromanches, near Bayeux, found at Sea
"a small

to obtain assistance from them, should they have the misfortune to be shipwrecked on some desert island.

We do not repose sufficient confidence in Nature. We might employ, preferably to bottles, some of the trajectiles which she uses in different climates, to keep up the chain of her correspondences all over the Globe. One of the most widely diffused over the tropical Seas is the cocoa. This fruit frequently sails to shores five or six hundred leagues distant from that on which it grew. Nature formed it for crossing the Ocean. It is of an oblong, triangular, keel-shaped form, so that it floats away on one of it's angles, as on a keel, and passing through the straits of rocks, it runs ashore at length on the strand, where it quickly germinates. It is fortified against the shock of driving aground by a case called *caire*, which is an inch or two thick over the circumference of the fruit, and three or four at it's pointed extremity, which may be considered as it's prow, with so much the more reason, that the other extremity is flattened like a poop. This *caire*, or husk, is covered externally with a smooth and coriaceous membrane, on which characters might be traced; and it is formed internally of filaments interlaced, and mixed with a powder resembling saw-dust. By means of this elastic cover, the cocoa may be darted by the violence of the billows upon rocks, without receiving any injury. Farther, it's interior shell consists of a matter more flexible than stone, and harder than wood, impenetrable to water, where it may remain a long time without rotting; this is the case with it's husk likewise, of which the Indians, for this very reason, make excellent cordage for shipping. The shell of the cocoa-nut is so very hard, that the germ never could force it's way out, had not Nature contrived in it's pointed extremity, where the *caire* is strongest, three small holes covered with a simple pellicle.

There are besides a great many other bulkly vegetables which the Currents of the Ocean convey to prodigious distances, such as the firs and the birches of the North, the double cocoas of the Sechelles islands, the bamboos of the Ganges, the great bulrushes of the Cape of Good Hope, &c. It would be very easy to write on their stems with a sharp-pointed shell, and to render them distinguishable at Sea by some apparent signal.

Similar

" a small bottle well corked up. Impatient to know " what it might contain, they broke it; it was a " letter, the address of which they could not read, " conceived in the English Language. They carri- " ed it to the Judge of the Admiralty, who had it " deposited in his registry. As the inscription an- " nounced that it belonged to an English Lady, " he took pains to inform himself whether such a " person existed, and employed the methods which " prudence dictated, to have the letter safely con- " veyed to her. The husband of that Lady, a man " of letters well known in his own country by se- " veral valuable literary productions, has just writ- " ten in return; and after expressing his gratitude

Similar resources might be found among amphibious animals, such as tortoises, which transport themselves to inconceivable distances by means of the Currents. I have read somewhere in the History of China, that one of its ancient Kings, accompanied by a crowd of people, one day beheld a tortoise emerge from the Sea, on the back of which was inscribed the Laws which, at this day, constitute the basis of the Chinese government. It is probable that this Legislator had availed himself of the moment when this tortoise came on shore, according to custom, to look out for a place where to lay her eggs, to write upon her back the Laws which he wished to establish; and that he in like manner took advantage of the day following this arrangement, when that animal never fails to return to the same place to deposit her eggs, to impress on a simple People a respect for Laws which issued out of the bosom of the Ocean, and at sight of the wonderful tablets on which they were inscribed.

Sea-birds might, farther, furnish more expeditious methods of communication, in as much as their flight is very rapid, and that they are so familiar on the desert shores, that you may take them by the hand, as I know from my own experience on the island of Ascension. There might be affixed to them, together with a letter of information, some remarkable signal; and choice might be made, in preference, of such birds as arrive regularly at different seasons, and which frequent particular shores, nay of the land birds of passage, such as the wood-pigeon.

" to

" to the Judge, in very strong terms, informs him " that the letter in question was from a brother of " his wife's on his way to India. He wished to " communicate to his sister some intelligence re- " specting himself. A vessel which he had seen in " the Bay of Biscay, and which seemed to be pro- " ceeding for England, had suggested the idea of it. " He was in hopes that it might be in his power to " get his letter put on board of her, but she having " altered her course, the thought struck him of " putting it into a bottle, and of throwing it into " the Sea."

At length, the journals,* by good fortune, step in to support my theory.

In the view of procuring for a fact of so much importance all the authenticity of which it is susceptible, I wrote to a Lady of my friends, in Normandy, who cultivates the study of Nature with singular taste, in the bosom of her own family, intreating her to apply to the Judge of the Admiralty, for certain articles of information from England, for which I had occasion. I even delayed, in the expectation of her answer, the printing off this sheet

* While this advertisement was printing, the Journal of Paris published, without my knowledge, an extract of my letter to the Editor of the General Journal of France, in answer to my anonymous Critic. This instance of candour discovers, on the part of the Compilers, a much higher degree of impartiality with respect to me, than I supposed. It is worthy of men of letters who possess an influence over the public opinion, and who do not wish to incur the reproach which they themselves sometimes impute, with such good reason, to the corps who formerly opposed the discoveries that militated against their systems. I take this opportunity of doing justice to the impartiality of the Gentlemen Compilers of the Journal of Paris, as I always did to their talents.

for almost six weeks. The following are the particulars which the Judge of the Admiralty of Arromanches had the politeness to communicate to her, and which she was so good as to convey to me, this 24th of February, 1788.

" The bottle was found two leagues off at sea, " to the right of the parish of Arromanches, which " is itself two leagues distant, to the North-east, " from the city of Bayeux, on the 9th of May 1787, " and deposited in the Registry of the Admiralty, " the 10th of the same month.

" Mr. *Elphinston*, the husband of the Lady to " whom the letter was addressed, intimates, that " he cannot pretend to affirm whether it was the " author of the letter who bottled it up, in the " Bay of Biscay, the 17th of August 1786, Lati- " tude 45 degrees, 10 minutes North, Longitude " 10 degrees, 56 minutes West, as it is dated; or " whether some person on board the vessel which " passed them, committed it to the waves.

" The vessel's name was Nacket, and the one on " her voyage to Bengal was called the Intelligence, " commanded by Captain *Linston*."

" The names of the fishermen are *Charles le Ro-* " *main*, master of the boat; *Nicholas Fresnel, Jean-* " *Baptiste le Bas*, and *Charles l'Ami*, mariners, all " of the parish of Arromanches.

" Signed,

" PHILIPPE-DE-DELEVILLE."

The parish of Arromanches is about one degree West Longitude from the Meridian of Greenwich, and

and in 49 degrees, 5 minutes North Latitude. Accordingly the bottle thrown into the Sea in 10 degrees, 56 minutes West Longitude, and 45 degrees, 10 minutes North Latitude, floated nearly 10 degrees of Longitude, which, in that parallel, at the rate of about 17 leagues to a degree, make 170 degrees toward the East. Again, it advanced 4 degrees northward, having been picked up two leagues to the North of Arromanches, that is, in 49 degrees, 10 minutes Latitude, which makes 100 leagues toward the North, and in the whole, 270 leagues. It employed 266 days in performing this route, from the 17th August 1786 to the 9th of May 1787, which is less than a league a day. This velocity undoubtedly is not to be compared to that with which the wrecks of the battle of Ostend descended to the Azores, at the rate of more than 35 leagues a day, as has been related in the beginning of Vol. I. The Reader might be disposed to call in question the accuracy of *Rennefort*'s observation, and at the same time the consequence which I have deduced from it, to demonstrate the velocity of the general Current of the Ocean, had I not elsewhere proved it by many other nautical facts, and were not the Journals of Navigators filled with similar experiences, which attest that the Currents and Tides frequently carry vessels along at the rate of three and four miles an hour, nay run with the rapidity of sluices, making from eight to ten leagues an hour, in straits contiguous to the polar ices in fusion, conformably to the testimony of *Ellis*, of *Linschoten* and of *Barents*. But I venture to affirm, that the slowness with which

the letter thrown overboard in the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, arrived on the coasts of Normandy, is a new proof of the existence and of the velocity of the alternate and half-yearly Current of the Atlantic Ocean, hitherto unknown, which I have assimilated to that of the Indian Ocean, and ascribed it to the same cause.

It may be ascertained, by pricking the chart, that the place where the Englishman's bottle was tossed into the Sea, is more than 80 leagues from the Continent, and precisely in the direction of the middle of the opening of the British Channel, through which passes one arm of the general Current of the Atlantic, which carried, in summer, the wrecks of the battle of Ostend as far as the Azores. Now this Current was likewise bearing southward, when the English traveller committed to it a letter for his friends in the North, for it was the 17th of August, that is in the Summer of our Pole, when the fusion of it's ices is flowing southward. This bottle therefore sailed toward the Azores, and undoubtedly far beyond them, during the remainder of the month of August, and the whole month of September, till the equinoctial revolution which sends backward the course of the Atlantic by the effusions of the South Pole, began to waft it again to the North.

It's return, therefore, is to be calculated only from the month of October, when I suppose it to be in the vicinity of the Line, the calms of which may have stopped it till it felt the influence of the South Pole, which does not acquire activity in our Hemisphere till toward the month of December.

At

At that epoch, the course of the Atlantic, which goes to the North, being the same with that of our tides, it might have been brought near our shores, and there exposed to many retardations, by the disgorging of the rivers which crossed it's course, as they threw themselves into the Sea, but chiefly by the re-action of the tides: for if their flux sets in toward the North, their reflux carries back to the South.

It is of essential importance therefore to make experiments of this kind in the open Sea, and especially to pay attention to the direction of the Currents of the Ocean, for fear of conveying southward intelligence designed for the North. At the season when that Current is not favourable, advantage might be taken of the tides, which frequently run in the contrary direction; but as I have just observed, there is this great inconveniency, that if their flux sets in northward, their reflux carries back again toward the South.

The tides have, in their very flux and reflux, a perfect consonance with the general Currents of the Ocean, and with the course of the Sun. They flow during twelve hours in one day, whether they be divided into two tides of six hours, by the projection of the two Continents, as in the northern Hemisphere; or whether they flow for twelve hours uninterruptedly, as in the southern Hemisphere; just as the general current of one Pole flows six months of the year. Accordingly the tides, which consist of twelve hours, in all cases are of a duration precisely equal to that which the Sun employs

employs in warming the half of the Polar Hemisphere from which they flow, that is one half-day; as the general Current which issues from that Pole flows precisely during the same time that the Sun warms that whole Hemisphere, namely during half the year. But as the tides, which are only the polar effusions of half a day, have refluxes equal to their flux, that is of twelve hours, in like manner the general Currents, which are the half-yearly effusions of a whole Pole, have refluxes equal to their flux, that is of six months, when the Sun puts those of the opposite Pole in a state of activity.

Did time and room permit I could shew how those same general Currents, which are the secondary moving principles of the tides, carry our Navigators sometimes faster, and sometimes slower than their calculation, according to the season of each Pole. I could find a multitude of proofs of this in voyages round the world, among others in Captain Cook's second and third voyages. These Currents frequently interpose obstacles almost insurmountable to vessels making the land. For example, when Cook left the island of Otaheité in December 1777, on his way to make discoveries toward the North, he discovered the Sandwich islands in pursuing that course, where he landed without any difficulty, because the current of the South Pole was in his favour; but when he returned from the North, and wished to take in necessary refreshments at those very islands, he found the current from the South so adverse, at the same season, that though he came within sight

of

of them on the 26th of November 1778, it took him more than six weeks tacking about, before he could find proper anchoring ground, and could not get to his moorings till the 17th January 1779. Accordingly the right season for landing on islands which are of a higher latitude than that from whence the departure is taken, is the winter of it's Hemisphere, as is evident from the example of his return to the same islands. I could multiply facts in support of a theory so important to Navigation, were I not apprehensive of encroaching on the patience of the reader. I have the confidence, then, to flatter myself with having placed in the clearest light, the coincidence of the movements of the Ocean with those of the Sun, and their disagreement with the phases of the Moon.

I could produce more than one objection against the system of attraction itself, on which *Newton* accounts for the motion of the planets in the Heavens. Not that I deny, in general, the law of attraction, on which we see the effects on the Earth, in the gravity of bodies, and in magnetism; but I do not find that the application which has been made of it, by *Newton* and his partizans, to the course of the planets, is accurate. According to *Newton*, the Sun and the Planets reciprocally attract each other with a force which is in the direct proportion of their masses, and the inverse proportion of the square of their distance. A second force blends itself with attraction, to preserve the planets in their orbits. From these combined forces there results an ellipse, the curve described by each planet. This curve is continually

ally undergoing alteration, from the action exercised by the Planets over each other. By means of this theory, the course of those stars is traced in the heavens with the utmost precision, according to the Newtonians. The course of the Moon alone had appeared refractory to it; but to employ the terms used in an introduction to the Study of Astronomy, an extract of which was given in the Mercury of the 1st December 1784, No. 48; "This satel-
"lite, which the celebrated *Halley* called an ob-
"stinate star, *Sidus pertinax*, on account of the
"great difficulty of calculating the irregularities
"of her course, has been at last reduced to sub-
"jection, by the ingenious method of Messrs.
"*Clairault*, *Euler*, *D'Alembert*, *de la Grange*, and
"*de la Place*."

Here then are the most refractory stars subjected to the Laws of attraction. I have but one little objection to make against this domination, and the learned methods, which have subdued the Moon's course. How comes it that the reciprocal attractions of the planets should have been calculated with so much precision, by our Astronomers, and that they should have so exactly weighed the masses of them, when the Planet discovered a few years ago, by *Herschel*, had not as yet been put into their scales? Does this planet then attract nothing, and does it feel itself no attraction?

God forbid that I should mean to injure the reputation of *Newton*, and of the ingenious Enquirers who have followed his steps. If, on the one hand, they have betrayed us into some errors, they have contributed, on the other to enlarge

large the field of human knowledge. Had *Newton* never invented any thing except his telescope, we should have been under inexpressible obligations to him. He has extended to Man the sphere of the universe, and the sentiment of the infinity of GOD. Others have diffused, through all ranks of Society, a taste for the study of Nature, by the superb pictures which they have exhibited of her. While I was detecting their mistakes, I respected their virtue, their talents, their discoveries, and their painful labours. Men equally celebrated, such as *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Descartes*, and many others, had like them given currency to great errors. The philosophy of *Aristotle* alone had been, for ages, the insurmountable obstacle to the investigation of truth. Let us never forget that the Republic of Letters ought to be in reality a Republic, which acknowledges no other authority but that of Reason. Besides, Nature has placed each of us in the world, to keep up an immediate correspondence with herself. Her intelligence irradiates all minds, as her Sun illuminates all eyes. To study her works only in systems is to observe them merely with the eye of another person.

It was not my intention, then, to exalt myself on the ruins of any one. I do not wish to rear my own pedestal. A grassy turf is elevation sufficient to him who aspires no longer after any thing but repose Did I possess the courage to present, myself, the History of the weakness of my own mind, it would awaken the passion of those whose envy I may have perhaps provoked. Of how

how many errors, from infancy upward, have I been the dupe! By how many false perceptions, ill-founded contempts, mistaken estimations, treacherous friendships, have I practised illusion upon myself! Those prejudices were not adopted by me on the faith of another only, but on my own. It is not my ambition to attract admirers, but to secure indulgent friends. I prize much more highly the man who bears with my infirmities, than I do him who exaggerates my puny virtues. The one supports me in my weakness, and the other supports himself on my strength; the one loves me in my poverty, and the other adheres to me in my pretended affluence. Time was when I sought for friends among the men of the world; but of these I hardly found any except persons who expected from you unbounded complaisance; protectors who lie heavy upon you instead of sustaining your weight, and who attempt to crush you, if you presume to assert your own liberty. At present, I wish for no friends but among those whose souls are simple, candid, gentle, innocent, and endowed with sensibility. They interest me much more if ignorant rather than learned, suffering rather than prosperous, in cottages rather than in palaces. They are the persons for whom I composed my book, and they are the persons who have made it's fortune. They have done me more good than I wished to them, for their repose. I have administered to them some consolations; and in return, they have conferred on me a tribute of glory. I have presented to them only the perspectives of Hope; and they, with emulous zeal, have

have strained to accumulate upon me a thousand real benefits. My mind was engrossed only with the ills which they endure; and they have restlessly promoted my happiness. It is in the view of acquitting some part of the obligations under which I lie to them, in my turn, that I have composed this additional Volume. May it merit for me anew, suffrages so pure, so unbiassed, and so affecting! They are the only object of my wishes. Ambition disdains them, because they are not possessed of power; but time will one day respect them, because intrigue can neither give nor destroy them.

This Volume contains among other matter two Histories, of which I give some account in the particular advertisements which precede them. They are accompanied by numerous and long Notes, which sometimes deviate from their Text. But every thing is in union with every thing in Nature, and Studies admit of universal collection. I am accordingly indebted to the Title of my Book for the advantage, which is far from being inconsiderable to talents feeble and variable like mine, of going which way I please, of attaining where I can, and of stopping short when I feel my strength fail.

Some persons to whom I read the Piece entitled THE GAULS, expressed a wish that I would not publish it, till the Work of which it is a part should be completed: but I am uncertain whether I ever shall enjoy leisure to execute it, and whether this species of antique composition is likely to please the taste of the present age. It is, I admit, only a frag-

a fragment; but such as it is, it constitutes a complete Work, for it presents an entire picture of the manners of our Ancestors, during the domination of the Druids. Besides, in the most finished labours of Man, what is to be found but fragments? The History of a King is only a fragment of the History of his Dynasty; that of his Dynasty, a fragment of the History of his Kingdom; that of his Kingdom, a fragment of the History of the Human Race; which is itself merely a fragment of the History of the beings which inhabit the Globe; the universal History of which would be nothing after all but a very short Chapter of the History of the innumerable Stars which revolve over our heads, at distances which bid defiance to all the powers of Calculation.

PAUL

AND

VIRGINIA.

PREFACE.

I HAVE proposed to myself an object of no mean importance, in composing this little Work. I have endeavoured to paint in it, a soil, and vegetables different from those of Europe. Our Poets have long enough composed their lovers to rest, on the banks of the rivulets, in the flowery meads, and under the foliage of the beech-tree. My wish is to seat mine, on the shore of the Sea, at the foot of rocks, under the shade of cocoa-trees, bananas, and citrons in blossom. Nothing is wanting to the other Hemisphere of the Globe, but a *Theocritus*, or a *Virgil*, in order to our having pictures at least as interesting as those of our own Country.

I am aware that travellers, of exquisite taste, have presented us with enchanting descriptions of several of the islands of the South-Sea; but the manners of their inhabitants, and still more those of the Europeans which frequent them, frequently mar the landscapes. It was my desire to blend with the beauty of Nature between the Tropics, the moral beauty of a small Society. It was likewise my purpose, to place in a striking light certain truths of high moment, and this one in particular: That human happiness consists in living conformably to Nature and Virtue.

It was not necessary for me however to compose a romance, in order to exhibit a representation of happy families. I declare in the most solemn manner, that those which I am going to display have actually existed, and that their History is strictly true, as to the principal events of it. They were authentically certified to me by many respectable Planters with whom I was acquainted in the Isle of France. I have connected with them only a few indifferent circumstances; but which, being

personal to myself, have on that very account the same merit of reality.

When I had formed, some years ago, a very imperfect sketch of this species of Pastoral, I besought a fine Lady, who lived very much in the Great World, and certain grave personages who mingle very little with it, to hear it read over, in order to acquire some pre-sentiment of the effect which it might produce on Readers of a character so very different: I had the satisfaction of observing that it melted them all into tears. This was the only judgment which I could form on the matter, as indeed it was all that I wished to know. But as a great vice frequently walks in the train of mediocrity of talents, this success inspired me with the vanity of giving to my Work the title of, A Picture of Nature. Happily for me, I recollected to what a degree the nature of the climate in which I received my birth was strange to me; to what a degree, in countries where I have contemplated the productions of Nature merely as a passenger, she is rich, various, lovely, magnificent, mysterious; and to what a degree, I am destitute of sagacity, of taste, and of expression, to know and to paint her. On this I checked my vanity, and came to myself again. I have therefore comprehended this feeble essay under the name, and placed it in the train, of my *Studies of Nature*, to which the public has granted a reception so gracious; in order that this title, recalling to them my incapacity, may likewise preserve an everlasting recollection of their own indulgence.

PAUL

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ON the eastern declivity of the mountain which rises behind Port-Louis, in the Isle of France, are still to be seen, on a spot of ground formerly cultivated, the ruins of two little cottages. They are situated almost in the middle of a bason formed by enormous rocks, which has only one opening turned toward the North. From that opening, you perceive on the left, the mountain known by the name of Mount-Discovery, from which signals are repeated of vessels steering for the island; and at the bottom of this mountain, the city of Port-Louis; to the right, the road which leads from Port-Louis to the quarter of Pamplemousses; afterwards the church of that name, which rises with it's avenues of bamboos, in the middle of a great plain; and beyond it, a forest which extends to the farthest extremities of the island. You have in front, on the brink of the Sea, a view of Tom-bay; a little to the right Cape-Misfortune, and beyond that the boundless Ocean, in which appear, on a level with the water's edge, some uninhabited little isles, among others Mire-Point, which resembles a bastion in the midst of the waves.

At the entrance of this bason from whence so many objects are distinguishable, the echoes of the mountain incessantly repeat the noise of the winds which agitate the neighbouring forests, and the roaring of the billows, which break at a distance upon the shallows; but at the very foot of the cot-

tages, no noise is any longer to be heard, and nothing to be seen around except great rocks, as steep as the wall of a house. Tufts of trees grow at their bases, in their clefts, and up to their very summits, on which the clouds settle. The rains which are attracted by their peaks frequently paint the colours of the rainbow on their green and dusky sides, and constantly supply, at the bottom, the sources of which the small river of the *Lataniers* is formed. A profound silence reigns through this enclosure, where all is peace; the air, the waters, and the light. Scarcely does the echo there repeat the murmuring sound of the palmists, which grow on their elevated stalks, and whose long arrow-formed branches are seen always balanced by the winds. A mild light illuminates the cavity of this bason, into which the rays of the Sun descend only at noon day; but from the dawning of Aurora, they strike upon the brim of it, the peaks of which, rising above the shadows of the mountain, present the appearance of gold and purple on the azure of the Heavens.

I took pleasure in retiring to this place, where you can enjoy at once an unbounded prospect, and a profound solitude. One day, as I was sitting by the platform of these cottages, and contemplating their ruins, a man considerably advanced into the vale of years happened to pass that way. He was dressed, conformably to the custom of the ancient inhabitants, in a short jacket and long trowsers. He walked bare-footed, and supported himself on a staff of ebony wood. His hair was completely white, his physionomy simple and majestic. I saluted him respectfully. He returned my salute,

and

and having eyed me for a moment, he approached, and sat down on the hillock where I had taken my station. Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I took the liberty of addressing him in these words: "Can you inform me, Father, to whom these two "cottages belonged?" "My son," replied he, "these ruins, and that now neglected spot of "ground, were inhabited about twenty years ago "by two families, which there found the means of "true happiness. Their history is affecting: but "in this island, situated on the road to India, "what European will deign to take an interest "in the destiny of a few obscure individuals? Nay, "who would submit to live here, though in hap-"piness and content, if poor and unknown? Men "are desirous of knowing only the history of the "Great, and of Kings, which is of no use to any "one." "Father," replied I, "it is easy to dis-"cern from your air, and your style of conversa-"tion, that you must have acquired very exten-"sive experience. If your leisure permits, have the "goodness to relate to me, I beseech you, what "you know of the ancient inhabitants of this de-"sert; and be assured that there is no man, how-"ever depraved by the prejudices of the World, "but who loves to hear of the felicity which Na-"ture and Virtue bestow." Upon this, like one who is trying to recollect certain particular circumstances, after having applied his hands for some time to his forehead, the old man related what follows.

In the year 1735, a young man of Normandy, called *De la Tour*, after having to no purpose solicited employment in France, and looked for assist-

ance from his family, determined to come to this island in the view of making his fortune. He brought along with him a young wife whom he passionately loved, and who returned his affection with mutual ardor. She was descended from an ancient and opulent family of her Province; but he had married her privately, and without a portion, because her relations opposed their union on account of the obscurity of his birth. He left her at Port-Louis, in this island, and embarked for Madagascar in the hope of their purchasing some negroes, and of immediately returning hither, for the purpose of fixing his residence. He disembarked at Madagascar during the dangerous season, which commences about the middle of October, and soon after his arrival died of the pestilential fever, which rages there for six months of the year, and which always will prevent European Nations from forming settlements on that island.

The effects which he had carried with him were embezzled after his death, as generally happens to those who die in foreign countries. His wife, who had remained in the Isle of France, found herself a widow, pregnant, and destitute of every earthly resource except a negro woman, in a country where she was entirely unknown. Being unwilling to solicit assistance from any man, after the death of him who was the sole object of her affection, her misfortunes gave her courage. She resolved to cultivate, with the help of her slave, a small spot of ground, in order to procure the means of subsistence.

In an island almost a desert, the soil of which was unappropriated, she did not chuse the most fertile

tile district of the country, nor that which was the most favourable for commerce; but looking about for some sequestered cove of the mountain, some hidden asylum, where she might live secluded and unknown, she found her way from the city to these rocks, into which she slunk as into a nest. It is an instinct common to all beings possessed of sensibility, under the pressure of calamity, to seek shelter in places the wildest and the most deserted; as if rocks were bulwarks against misfortune, or as if the calmness of Nature could compose the troubles of the soul. But Providence, which comes to our relief when we aim only at necessary comforts, had in store for Madame *de la Tour* a blessing which neither riches nor grandeur can purchase; and that blessing was a friend.

In this place for a year past had resided a sprightly, good, and sensible woman, called *Margaret*. She was born in Brittany, of a plain family of peasants, by whom she was beloved, and who would have rendered her happy, had she not been weak enough to repose confidence in the professions of love of a man of family in the neighbourhood, who had promised to marry her; but who, having gratified his passion, abandoned her, and even refused to secure to her the means of subsistence for the child with which he had left her pregnant. She immediately resolved for ever to quit the village where she was born, and to conceal her frailty in the Colonies, far from her country, where she had lost the only dowry of a poor and honest young woman, reputation. An old black fellow, whom she had purchased with a poor borrowed purse, cultivated with her a small corner of this district.

Madame

Madame *de la Tour*, attended by her black woman, found *Margaret* in this place, who was suckling her child. She was delighted to meet with a female, in a situation which she accounted somewhat similar to her own. She unfolded, in a few words, her former condition, and her present wants. *Margaret*, on hearing Madame *de la Tour*'s story, was moved with compassion, and wishing to merit her confidence rather than her esteem, she confessed to her without reserve the imprudence of which she had been guilty: "For my part," said she, "I "have merited my destiny, but you, Madam ....., "virtuous and unfortunate!" Here, with tears in her eyes, she tendered to the stranger the accommodations of her cottage, and her friendship. Madame *de la Tour*, deeply affected with a reception so tender, folded her in her arms, exclaiming, "I see that GOD is going to put an end to my "sufferings, since he has inspired you with senti- "ments of greater kindness to me, an entire stran- "ger, than I ever received from my own relations."

I had the felicity of *Margaret*'s acquaintance; and though I live at the distance of a league and a half from hence, in the woods, behind the long mountain, I looked upon myself as her neighbour. In the cities of Europe, a street, a simple partition, separates the members of the same family for years; but in the new Colonies, we consider as neighbours those who are only separated from us by woods and by mountains. At that time particularly, when this island had little commerce with India, neighbourhood alone was a title to friendship, and hospitality to strangers was considered as a duty and a pleasure.

As

As soon as I learnt that my neighbour had got a companion I went to see her, in order to offer to both all the assistance in my power. I found in Madame *de la Tour* a person of a very interesting figure; majestic, and melancholy. She was then very near her time. I said to these two ladies, that it would be better, for the sake of the interests of their children, and especially to prevent the establishment of any other settler, to divide between them the territory of this bason, which contains about twenty acres. They entrusted me with the care of making this division; I formed it into two portions nearly equal. The one contained the upper part of that enclosure, from yonder point of the rock covered with clouds, from whence issues the source of the river of the *Lataniers*, to that steep opening which you see at the top of the mountain, and which is called the Embrasure, because it actually resembles the parapet of a battery. The bottom of this spot of ground is so filled with rocks and gutters, that it is scarcely possible to walk along. It nevertheless produces large trees, and abounds with fountains and little rivulets. In the other portion, I comprized all the lower part of the enclosure, which extends along the river of the *Lataniers*, to the opening where we now are, from whence that river begins to flow between two hills toward the Sea. You there see some stripes of meadow-ground, and a soil tolerably smooth and level, but which is very little better than the other; for in the rainy season it is marshy, and in drought stiff as lead. When you wish in that case to open a trench, you are obliged to cut it with the hatchet. After

After having made these two divisions, I persuaded the ladies to settle their respective possessions by casting lots. The upper part fell to the share of Madame *de la Tour*, and the lower to *Margaret*. They were both perfectly satisfied; but requested me not to separate their habitations, "in order," said they to me, "that we may always have it in our power to see, to converse "with, and to assist each other." It was necessary however that each of them should have a separate retreat. The cottage of *Margaret* was built in the middle of the bason, exactly upon the boundary of her own domain. I built close to it, upon that of Madame *de la Tour*, another cottage; so that these two friends were at once in the vicinity of each other, and on the property of their families. I myself cut palisadoes in the mountain, and brought the leaves of the *Latanier* from the sea-side, to construct these two cottages, which now no longer present either door or roof. Alas! there still remains but too much for my recollection. Time which destroys, with so much rapidity, the monuments of empires, seems to respect in these deserts those of friendship, in order to perpetuate my affliction to the last hour of my life.

Scarcely was the second of the cottages completed, when Madame *de la Tour* was delivered of a daughter. I had been the god-father of *Margaret*'s child, who was called *Paul*. Madame *de la Tour* begged me to name her daughter also, in conjunction with her friend, who gave her the name of *Virginia*. "She will be virtuous," said she,

she, "and she will be happy: I knew calamity "only by ceasing to be virtuous."

When Madame *de la Tour* was recovered of her lying-in, these two little habitations began to wear the appearance of comfort, with the assistance of the labour which I occasionally bestowed upon them; but particularly by the assiduous labour of their slaves: that of *Margaret*, called *Domingo*, was an Iolof Black, still robust though rather advanced in life. He possessed the advantage of experience and good natural sense. He cultivated, without distinction, on the two districts, the soil which appeared to him the most fertile, and there he sowed the seeds which he thought would thrive the best in it. He sowed small millet and Indian corn in places where the soil was of an inferior quality, and a little wheat where the ground was good. In marshy places he sowed rice, and at the foot of the rocks were raised *giraumonts*, gourds, and cucumbers, which delight in climbing up their sides: in dry places, he planted potatoes, which there acquire singular sweetness; cotton-trees on heights, sugar-canes on strong lands; coffee plants on the hills, where their grains are small, but of an excellent quality; along the river, and around the cottages, he planted bananas, which all the year round produce large supplies of fruit, and form a beautiful shelter; and finally, some plants of tobacco, to soothe his own cares and those of his good mistresses. He went to cut wood for fuel in the mountain, and broke down pieces of rock here and there in the plantation, to smooth the roads. He performed all these labours with intelligence and activity,

activity, because he performed them with zeal. He was very much attached to *Margaret*, and not much less so to Madame *de la Tour*, whose slave he had married at the birth of *Virginia*. He passionately loved his wife, whose name was *Mary*. She was a native of Madagascar, from whence she had brought some degree of skill, particularly the art of making baskets, and stuffs called *pagnes*, with the grass which grows in the woods. She was clever, cleanly, and what was above all, incorruptibly faithful. Her employment was to prepare the victuals, to take care of some poultry, and to go occasionally to Port-Louis to sell the superfluity of the two plantations; this however was very inconsiderable. If to these you add two goats, brought up with the children, and a great dog that watched the dwellings during the night, you will have an idea of all the possessions, and of all the domestic economy, of these two little farms.

As for the two friends, they spun cotton from morning till night. This employment was sufficient to maintain themselves and their families; but in other respects they were so ill provided with foreign commodities, that they walked bare-footed when at home, and never wore shoes except on Sundays when they went to mass early in the morning, to the church of Pomplemousses which you see in the bottom. It is nevertheless much farther than to Port-Louis; but they seldom visited the city, for fear of being treated with contempt, because they were dressed in the coarse blue linen cloth of Bengal which is worn by slaves. After all, is public respectability half so valuable as do-

mestic felicity? If these ladies were exposed to a little suffering when abroad, they returned home with so much more additional satisfaction. No sooner had *Mary* and *Domingo* perceived them from this eminence, on the road from Pamplemousses, than they flew to the bottom of the mountain, to assist them in re-ascending it. They read in the eyes of their slaves the joy which they felt at seeing them again. They found in their habitation cleanliness and freedom, blessings which they owed entirely to their own industry, and to servants animated with zeal and affection. As for themselves, united by the same wants, having experienced evils almost similar, giving to each other the tender names of friend, companion and sister, they had but one will, one interest, one table. They had every thing in common. And if it sometimes happened that former sentiments, more ardent than those of friendship, were re-kindled in their bosoms, a pure and undefiled Religion, assisted by chaste manners, directed them toward another life, like the flame which lies off to Heaven when it ceases to find nourishment on the Earth.

The duties of nature were besides an additional source of happiness to their society. Their mutual friendship redoubled at the sight of their children, the fruits of a love equally unfortunate. They took delight to put them into the same bath, and to lay them to sleep in the same cradle. They frequently exchanged their milk to the children; "My "friend," said Madame *de la Tour*, "each of us "will have two children, and each of our children "will have two mothers." Like two buds which remain

remain upon two trees of the same species, all the branches of which have been broken by the tempest, produce fruits more delicious, if each of them, detached from the maternal stock, is grafted on the neighbouring stem; thus these two little children, deprived of their relations, were filled with sentiments toward each other more tender than those of son and daughter, of brother and sister, when they were exchanged at the breast by the two friends who had given them being. Already their mothers talked of their marriage, though they were yet in the cradle, and this prospect of conjugal felicity, with which they soothed their own woes to peace, frequently terminated in a flood of tears; the one recollecting the miseries which she had suffered from having neglected the forms of marriage, and the other from having submitted to it's laws; the one from having been raised above her condition; and the other from having descended below her's, but they consoled themselves with the thought that the day would come, when their children, more fortunate than themselves, would enjoy at once, far from the cruel prejudices of Europe, the pleasures of love and the happiness of equality.

Nothing indeed was to be compared with the attachment which the babes betimes testified for each other: If *Paul* happened to complain, they shewed *Virginia* to him; at the sight of her he smiled and was pacified. If *Virginia* suffered, you were informed of it by the lamentations of *Paul*; but this amiable child immediately concealed her pain, that her sufferings might not distress him. I never arrived here,

here, that I did not see them both entirely naked, according to the custom of the country, scarcely able to walk, holding each other by the hands, and under the arms, as the constellation of the Twins is represented. Night itself had not the power of separating them; it frequently surprized them, laid in the same cradle, cheek joined to cheek, bosom to bosom, their hands mutually passed around each other's neck, and asleep in one another's arms.

When they were able to speak, the first names which they learned to pronounce was that of brother and sister. Infancy, which bestows caresses more tender, knows of no names more sweet. Their education only served to redouble their friendship, by directing it toward their reciprocal wants. Very soon every thing that concerned domestic economy, cleanliness, the care of preparing a rural repast, became the province of *Virginia*, and her labours were always followed by the praises and caresses of *Paul*. As for him, ever in motion, he digged in the garden with *Domingo*, or with a litte hatchet in his hand followed him into the woods; and if in these rambles a beautiful flower, a delicious fruit, or a nest of birds, came in his way, though at the top of the highest tree, he scaled it to bring them to his sister.

When you chanced to meet one of them, you might be certain the other was not far off. One day that I was descending from the summit of this mountain, I perceived *Virginia* at the extremity of the garden; she was running toward the house, her head covered with her petticoat which she had raised behind, to shelter her from a deluge of rain. At a

distance I thought she had been alone; and having advanced to assist her, I perceived that she held *Paul* by the arm, who was almost enveloped in the same covering; both of them delighted at finding themselves sheltered together under an umbrella of their own invention. These two charming heads, wrapt up in the swelling petticoat, reminded me of the children of *Leda* enclosed in the same shell.

All their study was to please and to assist each other; in every other respect they were as ignorant as Creoles, and neither knew how to read or write. They did not disturb themselves about what had happened in former times, and at a distance from them; their curiosity did not extend beyond this mountain. They believed that the world ended at the extremity of their island, and they could not form an idea of any thing beautiful where they were not. Their mutual affection and that of their mothers engaged every feeling of their hearts: never had useless science caused their tears to flow; never had the lessons of a gloomy morality oppressed them with languor. They knew not that it was unlawful to steal, every thing with them being in common; nor to be intemperate, having always at command plenty of simple food; nor to utter falsehood, having no truths that it was necessary to conceal. They had never been terrified with the idea that GOD has in store dreadful punishments for ungrateful children; with them filial duty was born of maternal affection: they had been taught no other religion than that which instructs us to love one another; and if they did not offer up long prayers at church, wherever they were, in the house, in the fields,

fields, or in the woods, they raised toward Heaven innocent hands and pure hearts, filled with the love of their parents.

Thus passed their early infancy, like a beautiful dawn which seems to promise a still more beautiful day. They already divided with their mothers the cares of the household: as soon as the crowing of the cock announced the return of *Aurora*, *Virginia* rose, went to draw water at the neighbouring fountain, and returned to the house to prepare breakfast: soon after, when the sun had gilded the peaks of that enclosure, *Margaret* and her son went to the dwelling of Madame *de la Tour*, where they immediately began a prayer, which was followed by their first repast; this they frequently partook of before the door seated on the grass, under a bower of bananas, which furnished them at the same time with ready-prepared food, in their substantial fruit, and table-linen in their long and glittering leaves.

Wholesome and plentiful nourishment rapidly expanded the bodies of these young persons, and a mild education painted in their physiognomies the purity and contentment of their souls. *Virginia* was only twelve years old; already her person was more than half formed; a large quantity of beautiful flaxen hair ornamented her head; her blue eyes and coral lips shone with the mildest lustre on the bloom of her countenance: they always smiled in concert when she spoke, but when she was silent, their natural obliquity toward Heaven gave them an expression of extreme sensibility, and even a slight tendency to melancholy. As for *Paul*, you might already see in

him the character of a man, possessing all the graces of youth; his figure was taller than that of *Virginia*, his complexion darker, and his nose more aquiline: his eyes, which were black, would have possessed a certain degree of haughtiness, if the long eye-lashes which surrounded them, and which resembled the fine strokes of a pencil, had not given them the greatest sweetness. Though he was almost continually in motion, the moment his sister appeared he became tranquil, and seated himself beside her; their meal frequently passed without a word being uttered: their silence, the simplicity of their attitudes, the beauty of their naked feet, would have tempted you to believe that you beheld an antique groupe of white marble, representing the children of *Niobe:* but when you beheld their looks, which seemed desirous to meet each other, their smiles returned with smiles still sweeter, you would have taken them for those children of Heaven, those blessed spirits, whose nature is love; and who have no need of thought to make their feelings known, nor of words to express their affection.

In the mean time, Madame *de la Tour* perceiving that her daughter advanced in life with so many charms, felt her uneasiness increase with her tenderness: she used to say sometimes to me, "If I "should chance to die, what would become of "*Virginia*, dowerless as she is?"

She had an aunt in France, a woman of quality, rich, old, and a devotee, who had refused her assistance in a manner so unfeeling, when she married *de la Tour*, that she resolved never to have recourse to

to her again, to whatever extremity she might be reduced. But now that she was become a mother, she no longer dreaded the shame of a refusal: she acquainted her aunt with the unexpected death of her husband, the birth of her daughter, and the embarrassment of her affairs; being destitue of support, and burdened with a child. She however received no answer; but, being a woman of exalted character, she no longer feared humiliation, nor the reproaches of her relation, who had never forgiven her for having married a man of low birth, though virtuous. She continued therefore to write to her aunt by every opportunity, in the hope of raising in her breast some favourable emotions toward *Virginia:* many years however elapsed before she received from her any token of remembrance.

At length, in the year 1746, on the arrival of M. *de la Bourdonaye*, Madame *de la Tour* was informed that their new Governor had a letter to deliver to her from her aunt. She immediately ran to Port-Louis, for this once entirely indifferent about appearing in her coarse habit; maturnal love raising her above respect to the World. M. *de la Bourdonaye* delivered her aunt's letter, which insinuated that she merited her condition, for having married an adventurer, a libertine; that the passions always carried their punishment along with them; that the untimely death of her husband was a just chastisement of GOD; that she had done well to remain in the island, instead of dishonouring her family by returning to France; and that after all she was in an excellent country, where every body made fortunes,

except the idle. After having thus reproached her, she concluded with making her own eulogium; to avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils which attend matrimony, she had always refused to marry: the truth was, that, being very ambitious, she had refused to unite herself to any except a man of rank; but although she was very rich, and that at Court every thing is a matter of indifference, fortune excepted, yet no person was found willing to form an alliance with a woman homely to the last degree, and at the same time possessed of a most unfeeling heart.

She added, by way of postscript, that every thing considered, she had strongly recommended her to M. *de la Bourdonaye:* she had indeed recommended her, but, conformably to a custom but too prevalent at this day, which renders a protector more to be dreaded than a declared enemy, in order to justify to the Governor her severity to her niece, in feigning to pity she had calumniated her.

Madame *de la Tour*, who could not be seen by the most indifferent person without interest and respect, was received with the greatest coolness by M. *de la Bourdonaye*, thus prejudiced against her. To the account which she gave of her own situation, and that of her daughter, he answered only by harsh monosyllables; "I shall enquire,".... "we shall see," ...." in time,".... "there are many unhappy people," ...." why offend so respectable an aunt?".... "you "are certainly to blame."

Madame *de la Tour* returned to the plantation, her heart oppressed with grief, and full of bitterness; on her

her arrival she sat down, threw her aunt's letter on the table, and said to her friend, " Behold the fruits " of eleven years patience." But as no one of the society knew how to read except Madame *de la Tour*, she took up the letter again and read it to all the family. Scarcely had she concluded, when *Margaret* said to her with vivacity, " What need have we of " thy relations? Has GOD forsaken us? He only is " our father; have we not lived happily until this " day? Why then should you afflict yourself? You " have no fortitude." Perceiving that Madame *de la Tour* was much affected, she threw herself on her bosom, folded her in her arms, and exclaimed, "My " dear friend, my dear friend!" Her own sobs quite choked her voice. At this sight, *Virginia* melting into tears, alternately pressed the hands of her mother, and of *Margaret*, to her lips, and to her heart; whilst *Paul*, his eyes inflamed with rage, exclaimed aloud, clenched his fists, stamped with his feet, not knowing how to vent his rage. At the noise which he made, *Domingo* and *Mary* ran in, and nothing but exclamations of distress were heard in the cottage: " Ah, Madam!"....." My good mistress!"...." My " dear mother!"...." Do not distress yourself." Such tender marks of affection soon dissipated the anguish of Madame *de la Tour:* she embraced *Paul* and *Virginia*, and said to them with a look of satisfaction, " My dear children, you are the cause of my " tears, but you are also the source of all the happi- " ness I enjoy: Oh, my children, misfortune attacks " me only from afar, felicity is ever around me." *Paul* and *Virginia* did not comprehend what she said,

but as soon as they saw that she was composed they smiled and caressed her. Thus was peace restored, and the past scene was only like a stormy cloud in the midst of Summer.

The good dispositions of these children were unfolding themselves from day to day. One Sunday about sun-rise, their mothers having gone to the first mass at the church of Pamplemousses, a fugitive negro-woman made her appearance, under the bananas which surrounded their plantation. She was as meagre as a skeleton, and without a bit of clothing except a shred of tattered canvas about her loins. She threw herself at *Virginia*'s feet, who was preparing the family-breakfast, and thus addressed her: "My "dear young lady, take pity on a miserable run-"away slave: for more than a month past I have "been wandering about these mountains, half-dead "with famine, and frequently pursued by the hunts-"men and their dogs. I have fled from my master, "who is a wealthy planter on the Black River: he "has treated me in the manner you see."

In saying these words, she shewed her body deeply furrowed by the strokes of the whip which she had received; she added, "I had thoughts of drowning "myself, but knowing that you lived here, I thus "reflected; perhaps there are still some good white "people in this country, I must not die yet." *Virginia*, much affected, replied, "Take comfort, unfor-"tunate creature! eat, eat." Upon which she gave her the breakfast which she had prepared for the family. The slave in a few minutes devoured the whole of it. Virginia, seeing her refreshed, said to her: "Poor

" Poor wretch! I have a great desire to go to your " master and implore your pardon: at the sight of " you he must be touched with compassion: will " you conduct me to him?"—" Angel of GOD!" replied the negress, " I will follow you wherever you " lead me." *Virginia* called her brother, and entreated him to accompany her: the fugitive slave conducted them by narrow paths to the middle of the woods, across high mountains over which they scrambled with difficulty, and great rivers, which they forded. At length, toward noon, they arrived at the bottom of a mountain on the banks of the Black River. They there perceived a well-built house, considerable plantations, and a great number of slaves engaged in different occupations. The master was walking in the midst of them, with a pipe in his mouth and a rattan in his hand. He was a very tall, lean man, of an olive complexion, with his eyes sunk in his head, his eye-brows black and meeting each other. *Virginia*, quite petrified, holding *Paul* by the arm, approached the man, and entreated him for the love of GOD to pardon his slave who was a few paces behind them. The master, at first, did not pay much attention to these two children, who were but meanly clad; when however he had remarked the elegant form of *Virginia*, her beautiful flaxen hair, which appeared from under a blue hood, and when he had heard the sweet tones of her voice, which trembled as well as her body while she implored his forgiveness, he took the pipe from his mouth, and raising his rattan toward Heaven, declared with a terrible oath that he would pardon his slave, not for the love of GOD, but for the love of her. *Virginia* immediately made

made a sign for the slave to advance toward her master, and then ran away, with *Paul* running after her.

They scrambled together up the steep declivity of the mountain, by which they had descended in the morning, and having arrived at it's summit, they scattered themselves under a tree, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and thirst. They had travelled from the rising of the Sun, more than five leagues without having tasted food: *Paul* addressed *Virginia* thus: "Sister, it is past mid-day, you are "hungry you are thirsty; we shall find no refresh- "ment here, let us again descend the mountain, "and request the master of the slave to give us "something to eat."—"Oh, no! my friend," repli- "ed *Virginia*, "he has terrified me too much al- "ready. Do you not remember what mama has "often said; *the bread of the wicked fills the mouth "with gravel?*"—"What shall we do then?" said *Paul*, "these trees produce only bad fruits: there is "not so much as a tamarind, or a lemon to refresh "you."—"GOD will have pity on us," returned *Virginia*, "he hears the voice of the little birds "which call to him for food." Scarcely had she pronounced these words when they heard the bubbling of a fountain which fell from a neighbouring rock: they immediately ran to it, and after having quenched their thirst with water more clear than the crystal, they gathered and eat a few of the cresses which grew upon it's banks. As they were anxiously looking about from side to side, to see if they could not find some more substantial food, *Virginia* perceived among the trees of the forest a young palm-tree. The colewort which is inclosed

in the leaves that grow on the top of this tree is very good to eat; but though it's trunk was not thicker than a man's leg it was more than sixty feet high. The wood of this tree indeed is only formed of a bundle of filaments, but it's pith is so hard that it resists the edge of the keenest hatchet, and *Paul* had not so much as a knife. The idea occurred to him of setting fire to the palm-tree, but here again he was at a loss; he had no steel; and besides in this island, so covered with rock, I do not believe that a single flint stone is to be found. Necessity produces industry, and the most useful inventions are frequently to be ascribed to the most miserable of mankind. *Paul* resolved to kindle a fire in the same manner that the blacks do. With the sharp point of a stone he bored a little hole in the branch of a tree that was very dry, which he mastered by pressing it under his feet: he then, with the edge of this stone, made a point to another branch equally dry, but of a different species of wood. Afterwards he applied this piece of pointed wood to the little hole of the branch which was under his feet, and spinning it round with great rapidity between his hands, as you trundle round the mill with which chocolate is frothed up, in a few moments he saw smoke and sparks issue from the point of contact. He then gathered together some dry herbage, and other branches of trees, and applied the fire to the root of the palm-tree, which presently fell with a terrible crash. The fire likewise assisted him in peeling off from the colewort it's long ligneous and prickly leaves. *Virginia* and he ate a part of his cabbage raw, and the other part

part dressed upon the ashes, and found them equally savoury. They enjoyed this frugal repast with the highest satisfaction, from the recollection of the good action which they had performed in the morning; but their joy was greatly damped, by the uneasiness which they had not a doubt their long absence must have occasioned to their parents. *Virginia* recurred frequently to this subject, while *Paul*, who now felt his strength restored, assured her that it would not be long before they got home to quiet the anxiety of their mothers.

After dinner they found themselves much embarrassed, for they had no longer a guide to direct them homewards. *Paul*, who was disconcerted at nothing, said to Virginia, "Our cottage looks "toward the noon-day Sun, we must there-"fore pass as we did this morning, over that moun-"tain which you see below with it's three peaks. "Come, let us walk on my friend." This mountain is called the Three Paps,* because it's three peaks have that form. They descended then the gloomy declivity of the Black River toward the north, and arrived, after an hour's walking, at the banks of a considerable river, which barred their progress. That large portion of the

* There are many mountains, the summits of which are rounded into the form of a woman's breast, and bear that name in all languages. They are indeed real paps; for from them issue multitudes of brooks and rivers which diffuse abundance over the face of the Earth. They are the sources of the principal streams which water it, and furnish them with a constant supply, by continually attracting the clouds around the peak of the rock, which overtops them at the centre, like a nipple. We have indicated those wonderful provisions of Nature in the preceding Studies.

island,

island, entirely covered with forests, is so little known even at this day, that many of it's rivers and mountains are still without a name. The river, upon the banks of which they were, flows impetuously over a bed of rocks. The noise of it's waters terrified *Virginia*; she durst not venture to put her feet into it for the purpose of fording over. *Paul* upon this took *Virginia* on his back; and thus laden passed over the slippery rocks of the river, in spite of the tumult of the waves. "Be not afraid," said he to her, "I "feel my strength renewed, having the charge of "you. If the planter of the Black River had refused "to your entreaties the pardon of his slave, I should "have fought with him." "How!" exclaimed *Virginia*, "with that man, so large, and so wicked? To "what have I exposed you? My God! how difficult "a thing it is to act properly! Evil alone is perform-"ed with facility!"

When *Paul* had arrived on the farther side he was desirous of continuing the journey, laden as he was with the weight of his sister, and he flattered himself that he should be able thus to ascend the mountain of the Three Paps, which he saw before him at the distance of a league and a half, under the same burden with which he had crossed the river; but his strength very soon failed, and he was obliged to set her on the ground, and repose himself by her side. *Virginia* then said to him, "Brother, the day is de-"clining fast, you have still some strength remaining, "but mine entirely fails; suffer me to remain here, "and do you return alone to our cottage to restore "tranquillity to our mothers." "Oh no!" said *Paul*, "I will

"I will never leave you. If the night should sur-
"prize us in these woods, I will light a fire, I will fell
"these palm-trees, you shall eat the colewort, and I
"will make of it's leaves an ajoupa to shelter you."
Virginia however being a little revived, gathered from the trunk of an old tree which grew upon the edge of the river, long leaves of the scolopendra, which hung down from it's boughs. She made of these a species of sandals, which she put on her feet; for they were wounded to bleeding by the sharp stone which covered the road. In her eagerness to do good she had forgotton to put on shoes. Feeling herself relieved by the freshness of these leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and proceeded on her journey, resting one hand on this reed, and the other on her brother. They thus walked slowly on through the woods; but the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, soon made them lose sight of the Three Paps, to which they were directing their course, and even of the Sun, which was near setting. After some time they strayed, without perceiving it, from the beaten path which they had hitherto pursued, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees, of lianes, and of rocks which had no outlet.

Paul made *Virginia* sit down, and ran about quite distracted in quest of a road that might lead them out of this maze, but he fatigued himself in vain. He scrambled to the top of a large tree, with the hope of discovering at least the mountain of the Three Paps, but he could perceive nothing around him except the summits of trees, some of which were gilded by the last rays of the setting Sun. In the mean time the shadow

shadow of the mountains had already covered the forests in the vallies; the wind was hushed as it usually is at the setting of the Sun; a profound silence reigned in these solitudes, and no other sound was to be heard but the braying of the deer, which came to seek a place of repose for the night in these wild retreats. *Paul*, in the hope that some huntsman might hear his voice, then called out with all his might; "Come, come to the relief of *Virginia!*" but the only answer he received was from the solitary echoes of the forest, which repeated at intervals, "*Virginia! Virginia!*"

Paul at length descended from the tree, oppressed with fatigue and vexation; he meditated on the means of passing the night in this place; but there was neither fountain nor palm-tree to be found in it; nor even so much as branches of dry wood proper to kindle a fire. He then felt from experience the inefficacy of his resources, and began to weep. *Virginia* said to him, "Do not distress yourself, my friend, "if you would not wish to see me overwhelmed with "grief. It is I who am the cause of all your suffer-"ings, and of those which our mothers now endure. "We ought to do nothing without consulting our "parents, no, not even what is right. Oh! I have "been very imprudent!" Thus saying, she burst into tears. In the mean time she said to *Paul*, "Let us "pray to GOD, my brother, and he will take com-"passion on us." Scarcely had they finished their prayer when they heard a dog bark. "It is," said *Paul*, "the dog of some huntsman, who comes of an "evening to kill the deer in their retreat." A short time

time after the barking of the dog redoubled. "I "have an idea," said *Virginia*, "that it is Fidèle our "cottage dog: yes, I recollect his voice: Is it pos- "sible that we should be so near our journey's end, "and at the foot of our own mountain?" In truth, a moment afterwards, Fidèle was at their feet, barking, howling, groaning, and loading them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprize they perceived *Domingo*, who was running toward them. At the sight of this worthy negro, who wept with joy, they also shed tears without being able to say one word. When *Domingo* had a little recovered himself: "Oh, my young masters," said he to them, "what distress your mothers are in! how astonished "they were at not finding them on their return from "mass, whither I had accompanied them! *Mary*, "who was at work in a corner of the plantation, "could not tell whither you were gone: I wandered "about the grounds not knowing myself where to "seek you: At length, I took the old clothes which "you used to wear;* I made Fidèle smell to them; "and as if the poor animal had understood me, he "immediately set off to trace your steps. He con- "ducted me, always wagging his tail, to the Black "River. There I was informed by a planter that "you had brought a fugitive slave back to him, and "that he pardoned her at your intercession. But "what a pardon! he shewed her to me, fastened

* This trait of sagacity in the black *Domingo*, and his dog Fidèle, very much resembles that of the savage *Tewenissa* and his dog Oniha, mentioned by M. *de Crevecœur*, in his humane Work, entitled, *Letters of an American Farmer.*

"with

" with a chain round her foot to a log of wood,
" and an iron collar with three rings round her
" neck. From thence Fidèle following the scent,
" conducted me to the Mount of the Black River,
" where he again stopped, and barked as loud as
" he was able. It was on the brink of a foun-
" tain near a palm-tree which had been levelled,
" and a fire not quite extinguished: at length he
" conducted me to this place. We are at the
" foot of the mountain of the Three Paps, and it
" is still four good leagues from our dwelling.
" Come on, eat, and recruit your strength." He then presented to them a cake, some fruit, and a large gourd bottle filled with a liquor compounded of water, wine, lemon-juice, sugar, and nutmeg, which their mothers had prepared to strengthen and revive them. *Virginia* sighed at the recollection of the poor slave, and at the distress of their mothers. She repeated several times, " Oh, how
" difficult it is to do good!"

While *Paul* and she were refreshing themselves, *Domingo* lighted a fire, and looking about among the rocks for a crooked billet, which we call round-wood, and which burns even in the sap, throwing out a very bright flame, he made a flambeau of it, and set it a-burning; for it was now quite dark. But he had to encounter a much greater difficulty. When all was ready for proceeding forward, *Paul* and *Virginia* were absolutely incapable of walking any farther; their feet being swelled and raw all over. *Domingo* was completely puzzled; he could not determine whether it would be more advisable for him to ramble about in quest of assistance, or

to prepare for passing the night with them where they were. "Whither has the time fled," said he to them, "when I carried you both at once in "my arms? But now you are increased in stature, "and I am old." While he was reduced to this state of perplexity, a company of run-away negroes appeared, about twenty paces distant. The leader of the troop approaching *Paul* and *Virginia*, thus addressed them: "Good little whites, be "not afraid: we saw you this morning passing "along in company with a negress of the Black "River; you were going to solicit her pardon of a "cruel master; out of gratitude we will carry you "home upon our shoulders." Upon this he made a sign, and four of the stoutest black fellows immediately formed a litter with boughs of trees and lianes, placed *Paul* and *Virginia* upon it, hoisted them upon their shoulders, and *Domingo* marching before them with his flambeau, they took the road amidst the joyful acclamations of the whole company, who loaded them with benedictions. *Virginia*, quite overcome, whispered to *Paul*: "Oh "my dear friend! GOD never permits a good "action to go unrewarded."

About midnight they arrived at the bottom of their own mountain, the ridges of which were illumined with various fires. Scarcely had they got to the top, when they heard voices calling aloud: "Is it you, my children?" The blacks and they replied together: "Yes, yes, here we are!" and presently they perceived their mothers and *Mary* coming to meet them with flaming torches. "Un- "happy children!" exclaimed Madame *de la Tour*,

"Whence

"Whence come you! Into what agonies have you "thrown us!" "We come," replied *Virginia*, "from the Black River, whither we went this "morning to implore the pardon of a poor fugitive "negress, to whom I likewise gave the family "breakfast, for she was just perishing with hun- "ger; and here, the black run-aways have carried "us home again." Madame *de la Tour* tenderly embraced her daughter, utterly deprived of the power of speech; and *Virginia*, who felt her own face moistened with her mother's tears, said to her: "How you repay me for all that I have suffered!" *Margaret*, transported with delight, locked *Paul* in her arms, saying: "And thou too, my son, thou "hast performed a good action!" Being arrived at their cottage with their children, they gave a plentiful supper to the black guides, who returned to the woods, expressing a thousand good wishes for their prosperity.

Every succeeding day was to these families a day of happiness and tranquillity. They were strangers to the torments of envy and of ambition. They coveted not, from abroad, that vain reputation which is purchased by intrigue, and which the breath of calumny destroys. It was sufficient for them to be in the place of witness and of judge to each other. In this island where, as in all the European Colonies, no curiosity is expressed except in hunting after malicious anecdotes, their virtues, nay, their very names, were unknown. Only, when a passenger happened to ask on the road to Pamplemousses, of one of the inhabitants of the plain: "Who lives in yonder cottages on the top of the hill?" the answer returned, without pretending to

any farther knowledge of them, was: "They are good people." Thus the violets, from under the prickly shrubbery, exhale at a distance their fragrant perfume, though they remain unseen.

They had banished from their conversation the practice of evil-speaking, which, under an appearance of justice, necessarily disposes the heart to hatred or to falsehood: for it is impossible to refrain from hating men if we believe them to be wicked; or to live with the wicked unless you conceal your hatred of them under false appearances of benevolence. Evil speaking, accordingly, lays us under the necessity of being upon bad terms with others or with ourselves. But without sitting in judgment on men, in particular, they entertained one another only in devising the means of doing good to all in general; and though they possessed not the power, they had an invariable disposition this way, which animated them with a benevolence at all times ready to extend itself in an outward direction. By living therefore in solitude, so far from degenerating into savages, they had become more humane. If the scandalous history of Society did not supply them with matter of conversation, that of Nature replenished their hearts with transports of wonder and delight. They contemplated with rapture the power of that Providence which, by their hands, had diffused amidst these barren rocks abundance, gracefulness, pleasures pure, simple, and perpetually renewing themselves.

Paul, at the age of twelve, more vigorous and more intelligent than Europeans in general are at fifteen, had embellished what the Negro *Domingo* only cultivated. He went with him to the adjoining

ing

ing woods, to take up by the roots the young plants of lemon and orange-trees, of the tamarinds, whose round head is of such a beautiful green, and of the *attier*, whose fruit is stored with a sugary cream which emits the perfume of the orange-flower. He planted these trees, after they had attained a considerable stature, all around this enclosure. He had there sown the grains of such trees as, from the second year and upward, bear flowers or fruits, as the *agathis*, from which depend circularly, like the crystal pendants of lustre, long clusters of white flowers; the Persian lilach which rises straight into the air it's gray flaxen girandoles; the *papayer*, whose branchless trunk, formed like a column, bristled all over with green melons, carries aloft a chapiter of broad leaves resembling those of the fig-tree.

He had likewise planted in it the kernels and the nuts of the *badamier*, of the mango, of the *avocatier*, of the *goyavier*, of the *jacqs*, and of the jamrose. Most of these trees already yielded to their young master both shade and fruit. His industrious hand had diffused fecundity even over the most steril spot of the enclosure. Aloës of various kinds, the raquet loaded with yellow flowers striped with red, the prickly tapers, arose on the dusky summits of the rocks, and seemed desirous of mounting up to the *lianes*, garnished with blue or scarlet flowers, which hung down here and there along the precipices of the mountain.

He had disposed these vegetables in such a manner that you could enjoy the sight of them by a single glance of the eye. He had planted in the

middle of the bason a herbage, which grows to no great height, after that the shrubbery, then the trees of small stature, and last of all the great trees which garnished it's circumference; so that this vast enclosure appeared, from it's centre, like an amphitheatre of verdure, of fruits and flowers, containing pot-herbs, stripes of meadow-ground, and fields of rice and corn. But in subjecting thus the vegetable kingdom to his plan, he had not deviated from the plans of Nature. Directed by the indications which she vouchsafes to give, he had placed in elevated situations the plants whose seeds are volatile, and by the side of the waters those whose grains are adapted to floating. Thus each vegetable grew in it's proper site, and each site received from it's vegetable it's natural dress. The streams, which descended from the summit of these rocks, formed below in the valley, here fountains, there broad and capacious mirrors, which reflected in the midst of the verdure, the trees in bloom, the rocks, and the azure of the Heavens.

Notwithstanding the great irregularity of the soil, these plantations were for the most part as accessible to the foot as to the eye. In truth we all assisted him with our advice, and with our exertions, in order to accomplish his purpose. He had traced a path which winded round the bason, and of which several ramifications converged from the circumference to meet at the centre. He had availed himself of the most rugged places of his domain, and united, by a harmony the most delicious, facility of walking with the asperity of the soil, and domestic with forest trees.

Of

Of that enormous quantity of rolling stones, which now obstruct these roads as well as mar the greatest part of the surface of this island, he had formed in various places huge pyramids, in the layers of which he had mixed with earth, and the roots of rose-trees, the *poincillade* and other shrubs which take pleasure in the rocks. In a very short time, these gloomy and inanimate piles were covered with verdure, or with the dazzling lustre of the most beautiful flowers. The cavities worn by the torrent in the sides of the mountain, bordered with aged trees inclined toward each other, formed arched subterraneans inaccessible to the heat, to which they retired for coolness during the sultry ardor of the meridian Sun. A narrow path conducted into a thicket of wild trees, at the centre of which grew, sheltered from the winds, a household-tree loaded with fruit. There was a corn-field whitening to the harvest; here an orchard. Through this avenue you could see the houses; through that the inaccessible summits of the mountain. Under a tufted grove of *tatamaques*, interlaced with *lianes*, no one object was distinguishable even in the brightness of noon day. On the point of that great rock adjoining, which juts out of the mountain, you could discern all those contained within the enclosure, with the Sea at a distance, on which sometimes appeared a vessel arriving from Europe, or returning thither. On this rock it was that the two families assembled of an evening, and enjoyed in silence the coolness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the bubbling of the fountains, and the last harmonies of light and shade.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the names imposed on the greatest part of the charming retreats of this lybyrinth. The rock of which I have just now been speaking, from whence they could discern my approach at a considerable distance, was called FRIENDSHIP'S DISCOVERY. *Paul* and *Virginia*, in their sportiveness, had planted a bamboo upon it, on the summit of which they hoisted a small white handkerchief, as a signal of my arrival as soon as they perceived me; in imitation of the flag which is displayed on the neighbouring mountain on seeing a vessel at sea. I took a fancy to engrave an inscription on the stem of this reed. Whatever pleasure I may have enjoyed in the course of my travels, in contemplating a statue, or a monument of Antiquity, I have enjoyed still more in perusing a well-conceived inscription. It seems to me, in that case, as if a human voice issued out of the stone, made itself audible through the mighty void of ages, and addressing itself to Man in the midst of deserts, told him that he was not alone; and that other men, in these very places had felt, thought, and suffered like himself. Should it happen to be the inscription of some ancient Nation, which subsists no longer, it conveys our soul into the regions of infinity, and communicates to it the sentiment of it's own immortality, by shewing that a thought has outlived the ruins even of an Empire.

I inscribed then on the little mast which carried the flag of *Paul* and *Virginia*, these verses of *Horace*.

....Fratres

....Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat Pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter lapyga.*

"May the brothers of *Helen*, stars radiant like "yourselves, and may the Ruler of the winds di- "rect your course; binding up every ruder blast, "and filling your sails only with the breath of the "Zephyr."

I engraved the following line from *Virgil*, on the rind of a *tatamaque*, under the shade of which *Paul* sometimes sat down to contemplate from afar the agitated Ocean;

Fortunatus & ille deos qui novit agrestes!

"Happy too is he in knowing no deities but "those who make the plains their care!"

And that over the door of Madame *de la Tour*'s cottage, which was the place of general rendezvous:

At secura quies, & nescia fallera vita.
"Peace undisturbed, and hearts devoid of guile."

But *Virginia* did not approve of my Latin; she said that the inscription which I had placed below her weathercock, was too long and two learned. I should have rather preferred this, added she: ALWAYS AGITATED, BUT EVER CONSTANT. That device, replied I, is still better adapted to virtue. My observation excited a blush in her cheek.

* Thus imitated:

May *Helen's* brothers, stars so bright,
And *Æolus* guide your course aright,
That, safe from every ruder gale,
Zephyrs alone may swell the sail.

These

These happy families extended their benevolent dispositions to all that surrounded them. They bestowed the most tender appellations on objects apparently the most indifferent. To an inclosure of orange-trees and bananas, planted in form of a circle round a portion of mossy ground, in the middle of which *Paul* and *Virginia* sometimes used to dance, they gave the name of THE CONCORD. An ancient tree, under the shade of which Madame *de la Tour* and *Magaret* related to each other their misfortunes, was called THE TEARS WIPED AWAY. They gave the names of BRITTANY and NORMANDY to small spots of ground where they had planted corn, strawberries, and pease. *Domingo* and *Mary*, wishing after the example of their mistresses, to call to remembrance the places of their birth in Africa, denominated two pieces of ground where that grass grew of which they made baskets, and where they had planted a great gourd, ANGOLA and FOULLEPOINTE. Thus, by those productions of their own climates, these exiled families cherished fond ideas of their native country, and soothed their sorrows in a foreign land. Alas! I have seen the trees, the fountains, the rocks, of this spot, now so changed, animated by a thousand charming appellations; but in their present state, like a Grecian plain, they only present to view ruins and heart-affecting inscriptions.

Of the whole enclosure however no spot was more agreeable than that which went by the name of VIRGINIA'S REST. At the foot of the rock named THE DISCOVERY OF FRIENDSHIP, is a hollow place, whence issues a fountain, which forms from

from it's source a little lake, in the middle of a meadow of fine grass. When *Margaret* had brought *Paul* into the World, I made her a present of an Indian cocoa-nut which had been given me. She planted this fruit on the borders of the lake, intending that the tree which it should produce might serve one day as an epocha of her son's birth. Madame *de la Tour*, after her example, planted another there likewise, with a similar intention, as soon as she was delivered of *Virginia*. From these nuts grew two cocoa-trees, which formed the whole archives of the two families; one was called the tree of *Paul*, the other that of *Virginia*. They both grew in the same proportion as their young master and mistress, of a height rather unequal, but which surpassed at the end of twelve years that of the cottages. Already they interwove their branches, and dropped their young clusters of cocoas over the bason of the fountain.

This plantation excepted, they had left the cavity of the rock just as Nature had adorned it. On it's brown and humid sides radiated, in green and dusky stars, large plants of maiden-hair; and tufts of the scolopendra, suspended like long ribands of a greenish purple waved at the pleasure of the winds. Near to that grew long stripes of the periwinkle, the flowers of which nearly resemble those of the red gilly-flower, and pimentos, whose blood-coloured husks are brighter than coral. Round about these the plants of balm, with their leaves resembling a heart, and basilicons, with a carnation smell, exhaled the sweetest of perfumes. From the summit of the rugged precipices

of

of the mountain hung the *lianes*, like floating drapery, which formed on the sides of the rocks large festoons of verdure. The sea-birds, attracted by these peaceful retreats, flocked thither to pass the night. At sun-set you might see the rook and the sea-lark fly along the shore of the Sea; and high in air the black frigat and the white bird of the tropics, which abandon, together with the orb of day, the solitudes of the Indian Ocean.

Virginia delighted to repose herself on the borders of this fountain, decorated with a pomp at once magnificent and wild. Thither did she often resort to wash the linen of the family, under the shade of the two cocoa-trees: and sometimes she led her goats to pasture there. While she prepared cheeses of their milk, she took delight to see them browse on the maiden-hair which grew on the steep sides of the rock, and suspend themselves in the air on one of it's cornices as on a pedestal.

Paul, perceiving this to be the favourite retreat of *Virginia*, brought thither from the neighbouring forest the nests of all kinds of birds. The parents of these birds followed their young ones, and established themselves in this new colony. *Virginia* scattered among them from time to time grains of rice, of maize, and of millet. As soon as she appeared, the whistling blackbirds, the bengali, whose warbling is so sweet, and the cardinal with his flame-coloured plumage, left the bushes; the paroquets, as green as the emerald, descended from the neighbouring lataniers; the partridges ran nimbly along the grass: all hastened in variegated groupes to her very feet, like little chickens, while

Paul

Paul and she amused themselves with transport, at their playfulness, their appetites, and their loves.

Amiable children, thus did you pass your early days, in perfect innocence, and employing yourselves in acts of virtue! How many times, in that spot, did your mothers, folding you in their arms, give thanks to Heaven for the consolation which you were preparing for their old age, and at seeing you enter into life under auspices so happy! How many times, under the shadow of these rocks, have I partaken with them your rural repast, by which no animal was deprived of live! Gourds filled with milk, fresh eggs, cakes of rice served up on the leaves of the banana-tree, baskets filled with potatoes, mangoes, oranges, pomegranates, bananas, *attés*, and pine-apples, presented at once the most nourishing aliment, the gayest colours, and the most agreeable juices.

Their conversation was as sweet and as innocent as the repasts. *Paul* frequently talked of the labours of the day past, and those of to-morrow; he was always meditating something which would be subservient to the general good: here the paths were not commodious; there they were indifferently seated; these young bowers did not give a sufficient shade; *Virginia* would be more comfortable in another place.

In the rainy season, in the day-time, they assembled all together in one of the cottages, masters and servants, and employed themselves in weaving mats of the herbage, and baskets of bamboo. You saw displayed, in the most perfect order, along the boards of the wall, rakes, hatchets, spades; and close

close by these instruments of agriculture, the productions which were the fruit of them, bags of rice, sheaves of corn, and rows of bananas. Delicacy was there ever blended with abundance. *Virginia*, assisted by the instructions of *Margaret* and her mother, amused herself with preparing sherbets and cordials, with the juice of the sugar-cane, of citrons, and of *cedrats*.

When night arrived, they supped by the glimmering light of a lamp; after which Madame *de la Tour*, or *Margaret*, related the histories of travellers who had lost their way by night, in the forests of Europe infested by robbers; or of the shipwreck of some vessel driven by the tempest on the rocks of a desert island. On hearing melancholy details of this kind the hearts of these sensible young folks caught fire. They implored of Heaven the grace to put in practice, one day, the duties of hospitality to unhappy persons in such circumstances. Afterwards the two families separated to enjoy the gift of sleep, but in the ardor of impatience to meet again next morning. Sometimes they were lulled to rest by the noise of the rain rushing down in torrents on the roof of their cottages; or by the roaring of the winds, conveying to their ears the distant murmuring of the billows which broke upon the shore. They united in giving thanks to GOD for their personal security, the sentiment of which was heightened by that of danger remote.

Madame *de la Tour* from time to time read aloud to the company some interesting portion of the History of the Old or New Testament. They reasoned sparingly on the subject of those Sacred Books; for their

their Theology consisted wholly in sentiment, like that of Nature; and their morality, wholly in active benevolence, like that of the Gospel. They had no days destined some to mirth others to melancholy. Every day was to them a season of festivity, and every thing that surrounded them a divine Temple, in which they incessantly admired an intelligent infinite, omnipotent, and graciously disposed toward Man. This sentiment of confidence in the Power Supreme filled them with consolation respecting the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the time to come. Thus it was that those females, constrained by calamity to fall back into Nature, had unfolded in themselves, and in their children, those feelings which are the gift of Nature, to prevent our sinking under the pressure of calamity.

But as there sometimes arise in the best regulated spirit clouds to disturb it's serenity, when any member of this society had the appearance of pensiveness, all the rest felt attracted toward that one, and dissipated the bitterness of thought rather by feelings than by reflections. Each exerted, to this effect, their particular character: *Margaret*, a lively gaiety; Madame *de la Tour*, a mild theology; *Virginia*, tender caresses; *Paul*, frankness and cordiality. Nay *Mary* and *Domingo* contributed their share of consolation. When they beheld affliction they were afflicted; when they saw tears shed they wept. Thus the feeble plants interlace their boughs, in order to resist the violence of the hurricane.

When the weather was fine they went every Sunday to mass to the church of Pamplemousses, the

the tower of which you see below in the plain. The wealthy Planters resorted thither in their palanquins; and made many efforts to form an acquaintance with these happily united families, and invited them to partake of their parties of pleasure. But they uniformly declined accepting such tenders, civilly and respectfully, under the conviction that persons of consequence court the obscure, only for the pleasure of having compliant hangers-on, and that it is impossible to be complaisant but by flattering the passions of another, whether they be good or bad. On the other hand they shunned, with no less circumspection, all intimacy with the lower settlers, who are for the most part jealous, back-biters, and vulgar. They passed, at first, with one of those sets, for timid; and with the other, for haughty; but their reserved behaviour was accompanied with marks of politeness so obliging, especially to persons in distress, that they imperceptibly acquired the respect of the rich, and the confidence of the poor.

When mass was over, they were frequently sought unto, for the interposition of some gracious office or another. It was a person in perplexity who applied to them for their kind advice; or a child importuning them to visit a sick mother in one of the adjoining hamlets. They always carried about them some receipts adapted to the diseases incident to the inhabitants, and they administered their prescriptions with that good grace which communicates such a value to small services. They succeeded particularly in curing

curing the maladies of the mind, so oppressive in a state of solitude, and in an infirm state of body. Madame *de la Tour* spoke with so much confidence of the DEITY, that the sick person, listening to her discourse, felt the impression of his presence. From these visits *Virginia* frequently returned with her eyes bathed in tears, but her heart overflowing with joy; for she had been blessed with an opportunity of doing good. She it was who prepared, beforehand, the medicines necessary to the sick, and who presented them with a grace ineffable.

After those visits of humanity, they sometimes extended their walk by the valley of the long mountain, as far as my habitation, where I expected them to dinner, on the banks of the little river which flows in my neighbourhood. I provided myself for such occasions with some bottles of old wine, in order to enliven the gaiety of our Indian repasts by those pleasant and cordial productions of Europe. At other times we had our rendezvous on the shore of the Sea, at the mouth of some other small rivers, which in this part of the World can hardly be called any thing more than a larger kind of brook. Thither we carried from the plantation various kinds of vegetable provision, which we added to the abundant supplies furnished by the Ocean. We fished along the shore for cabots, polypuses, lobsters, roaches, shrimps, crabs, urchins, oysters, and shell-fish of every kind. Situations the most terrible frequently procured us pleasures the most tranquillizing. Sometimes seated on a rock under the shade of a velvet-tree, we contemplated the billows from the main rol-

ling on, and breaking under our feet with a tremendous roar. *Paul*, who beside his other qualities could swim like a fish, now and then advanced upon the shallows to meet the surge, then, as it approached, fled toward the shore, pursued by it's vast, foaming, and raging swell, a considerable way up the strand. But *Virginia*, as often as she saw this, screamed aloud, and declared that such kind of amusement terrified her exceedingly.

Our meals were followed up by the singing and dancing of these two young people. *Virginia* chanted the felicity of a rural life, and the wretchedness of sea-faring men, whom avarice prompts to encounter a furious element, rather than to cultivate the earth, which confers so many benefits in peace and tranquillity. Sometimes, after the manner of the negroes, *Paul* and she performed a pantomime. Pantomime is the first language of Man; it is practised among all Nations. It is so natural and so expressive, that the children of the whites quickly learn it, from seeing those of the blacks thus amuse themselves. *Virginia*, recollecting the histories which her mother used to read, those especially which had affected her the most, exhibited the principle events of them with much natural expression. Sometimes, to the sound of *Domingo*'s tam-tam, she made her appearance on the downy stage, bearing a pitcher on her head. She advanced with timidity, to fill it with water at the source of a neighbouring fountain. *Domingo* and *Mary*, representing the shepherds of Midian, obstructed her passage, and feigned to repel her. *Paul* flew to her assistance, beat off the shepherds,

shepherds, filled the pitcher of *Virginia*, and placing it upon her head, at the same time bound around it a garland of the scarlet flowers of the periwinkle, which heightened the fairness of her complexion. Then, taking a part in their innocent sports, I assumed the character of *Raguel*, and bestowed on *Paul* my daughter *Zipporah* in marriage.

At another time, she represented the unfortunate *Ruth*, who returns to her lamented husband's country a widow, and in poverty, where she finds herself treated as a stranger, after a long absence. *Domingo* and *Mary* acted the part of the reapers. *Virginia* appeared, gleaning up and down after them, and picking up the ears of corn. *Paul*, imitating the gravity of a Patriarch, interrogated her; she, trembling, replied to his questions. Moved with compassion, he immediately granted an asylum to innocence, and the rights of hospitality to misfortune. He filled *Virginia*'s apron with provisions of every kind, and brought her before us, as before the elders of the city, declaring that he took her to wife, notwithstanding her extreme indigence. At this scene, Madame *de la Tour*, calling to remembrance the state of desertion in which she had been left by her own relations, her widowhood, the kind reception which *Margaret* had given her, now succeeded by the hope of a happy union between their children, could not refrain from tears; and this blended recollection of good and evil, drew from the eyes of us all the tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were exhibited with such a truth of expression, that we actually imagined ourselves

transported to the plains of Syria or of Palestine. There was no want of decorations, of illuminations, and of orchestras, suitable to this spectacle. The place of the scene usually was at the cross-paths of a forest, the openings of which formed around us several arcades of foliage. We were at their centre sheltered from the heat, all day long; but when the sun had descended to the horizon, his rays, broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged into the shades of the forest in long luminous emanations, which produced the most majestic effect. Sometimes his complete disk appeared at the extremity of an avenue, and rendered it quite dazzling with a tide of light. The foliage of the trees, illumined on the under side with his saffron-coloured rays, sparkled with the fires of the topaz and of the emerald. Their mossy and brown trunks seemed to be transformed into columns of antique bronze, and the birds, already retired in silence under the dark foliage for the night, surprised by the sight of a new *Aurora*, saluted all at once the luminary of day, by a thousand and a thousand songs.

The night very often surprised us regaling ourselves with these rural festivities; but the purity of the air, and the mildness of the climate, permitted us to sleep under an ajoupa in the midst of the woods, free from all fear of thieves either at hand or at a distance. Every one returned next morning to his own cottage, and found it in the same state in which it had been left. There reigned at that time so much honesty and simplicity in this un-commercial island, that the doors of many houses did not fasten by a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many Creoles. But

But there were certain days of the year celebrated by *Paul* and *Virginia* as seasons of peculiar rejoicing; these were the birth-days of their mothers. *Virginia* never failed, the evening before, to bake and dress cakes of the flour of wheat, which she sent to the poor families of whites born in the island, who had never tasted the bread of Europe, and who, without any assistance from the blacks, reduced to live on maize in the midst of the woods, possessed, toward the support of poverty, neither the stupidity which is the concomitant of slavery, nor the courage which education inspires.

These cakes were the only presents which *Virginia* had it in her power to make, from the affluence of the plantation; but they were bestowed with a grace which greatly enhanced their value. First *Paul* himself was desired to undertake the charge of presenting them to those families, and they were invited on receiving them, to come on the morrow and pass the day at the habitation of Madame *de la Tour* and *Margaret*. There arrived, accordingly, a mother with two or three miserable daughters, yellow, meagre, and so timid that they durst not lift up their eyes. *Virginia* presently set them all at their ease: she served them with a variety of refreshments, the goodness of which she heightened by some particular circumstances which, according to her increased it's relish. That liquor had been prepared by *Margaret*; this by her mother; her brother himself had gathered that fruit on the summit of a tree. She prevailed on *Paul* to lead them out to dance. She never gave over till she saw them content and happy. It was her wish that

they should become joyful in the joy of the family. "No one," said she, "can find happiness for him-"self but in promoting the happiness of another." On taking their leave to return home, she pressed them to carry away any thing which seemed to have given them peculiar satisfaction, veiling the necessity of accepting her presents, under the pretext of their novelty, or of their singularity. If she remarked their clothes to be excessively tattered, she, with the consent of her mother, selected some of her own, and charged *Paul* to go by stealth and deposit them at the door of their cottages. Thus she did good, after the manner of the DEITY; concealing the benefactress and shewing the benefit.

You gentlemen of Europe, whose minds are tainted from your early infancy by so many prejudices incompatible with happiness, you are unable to conceive how Nature can bestow so much illumination, and so many pleasures. Your souls, circumscribed within a small sphere of human knowledge, soon attain the term of their artificial enjoyments; but nature and the heart are inexhaustible. *Paul* and *Virginia* had no time pieces, nor almanacs, nor books of chronology, of history or of philosophy; the periods of their lives were regulated by those of Nature. They knew the hour of the day by the shadow of the trees; the seasons, by the times when they produced their flowers, or their fruits; and years, by the number of their harvests. These delightful images diffused the greatest charms over their conversation, "It is dinner-"time," said *Virginia*, to the family, the sha-"dows of the bananas are at their feet;" or else,

else, "night approaches, for the tamarinds are clos-
"ing their leaves." "When shall we see you?"
said some of her companions of the vicinity to her;
"at the time of the sugar-canes," replied *Virginia*;
"your visit will be still sweeter and more agreeable
"at that time," returned these young people. When
enquiries were made respecting her own age and
that of *Paul*, "My brother," said she, "is of the
"same age with the great cocoa-tree of the foun-
"tain, and I, with that of the small one. The
"mango-trees have yielded their fruit twelve times,
"and the orange-trees have opened their blossoms
"twenty-four times, since I came into the World."
Like Fauns and Dryads their lives seemed to be at-
tached to those of the trees. They knew no other
historical epochs but the lives of their mothers;
no other chronology but that of their orchards;
and no other philosophy but universal beneficence,
and resignation to the will of GOD.

After all, what occasion had these young crea-
tures for such riches and knowledge as we have
learnt to prize? Their ignorance and their wants
were even a farther addition to their happiness.
Not a day passed in which they did not communi-
cate to each other some assistance, or some infor-
mation; I repeat it, information; and though it
might be mingled with some error, yet man in a
state of purity has no dangerous error to fear. Thus
did these two children of Nature advance in life:
hitherto no care had wrinkled their foreheads, no
intemperance had corrupted their blood, no unhap-
py passion had depraved their hearts; love, inno-
cence, piety, were daily unfolding the beauties of

their soul in graces ineffable, in their features, in their attitudes, and in their motions. In the morning of life they had all the freshness of it; like our first parents in the garden of Eden, when, proceeding from the hands of their Creator, they saw, approached, and conversed with each other, at first, like brother and sister. *Virginia*, gentle, modest and confident like *Eve*; *Paul* like *Adam*, with the stature of a man, and all the simplicity of a child.

He has a thousand times told me, that sometimes being alone with her, on his return from labour, he had thus addressed her: "When I am weary the "sight of thee revives me; when from the moun- "tain's height I descry thee at the bottom of this "valley, thou appearest like a rose-bud in the midst "of our orchards; when thou walkest toward the "dwelling of our mothers, the partridge which trips "along to it's young one's, has a chest less beauti- "ful, and a gait less nimble than thou hast. Al- "though I lose sight of thee through the trees, "there is no occasion for thy presence in order to "find thee again; something of thee which I am un- "able to express, remains for me in the air through "which thou hast passed, and upon the grass upon "which thou hast been seated. When I approach "thee all my senses are ravished; the azure of the "Heavens is less radiant than the blue of thine eyes; "the warbling of the bengali is less sweet than the "tone of thy voice; if I touch thee only with the "tip of my finger, my whole body thrills with "pleasure. Dost thou remember that day on which "we passed across the pebbly bed of the river of "the mountain of the Three Paps; when I arrived on

"it's

"it's banks I was very much fatigued, but as soon
"as I had taken thee on my back, it seemed as if
"I had gotten wings like a bird: Tell me, by what
"charm thou hast been able thus to enchant me:
"Is it by thy understanding? Our mothers have
"more than either of us: Is it by thy caresses?
"Our mothers embrace me still oftener than thou
"dost: I believe it is by thy benevolence; I shall
"never forget that thou walkest barefoot, as far as
"the Black River, to solicit the pardon of a wretch-
"ed fugitive slave. Receive, my much-loved *Vir-*
"*ginia*, receive this flowery branch of the lemon-
"tree, which I have gathered for thee in the fo-
"rest; place it at night by thy pillow: eat this
"morsel of honey-comb, which I took for thee
"from the top of a rock. First however repose
"thyself upon my bosom, and I shall be again re-
"vived."

Virginia replied, "Oh, my brother! the rays of
"the rising Sun on the summits of these rocks af-
"ford me less delight than thy presence: I love my
"own mother dearly; I love thine; but when they
"call thee, Son, I love them still more. The ca-
"resses which they bestow on thee are felt more
"sensibly by me than those which I myself receive
"from them. Thou askest me, Why thou lovest
"me? But those that are reared together always
"love each other: behold our birds, brought up
"in the same nest, they love like us, like us they
"are always together: hearken how they call and
"reply to each other from bush to bush: in like
"manner, when the echoes bring to my ear the
"airs which thou playest on thy flute from the
"mountain-

" mountain-top, I repeat the words of them at the " bottom of this valley; thou art most dear to me, " but above all, since that day on which thou wert " determined to fight the master of the slave for " my sake: since that period I have said to myself " a thousand times: Ah! my brother has an ex- " cellent heart: but for him I should have died " with terror. I daily implore the blessing of the " Almighty on my own mother, and on thine, on " thyself, and on our poor domestics: but when I " pronounce thy name my devotion seems to glow, " I so earnestly intreat the Almighty that no evil " may befal thee. Why dost thou go so far off, and " climb to such heights, to find me fruits and flow- " ers? Have we not enough in the garden? How " fatigued, and in what a heat thou art just now?" Then with her little white handkerchief she wiped his forehead and his cheeks, and gave him a thousand kisses.

Nevertheless for some time past *Virginia* had felt herself disturbed with an unknown malady. Her fine blue eyes were tinged with black, her colour faded, and an universal langour weakened her body. Serenity no longer sat upon her forehead, nor smiles upon her lips: all at once might be seen in her, gaiety without joy, and sadness without sorrow. She withdrew herself from her innocent amusements, from her sweet occupations, and from the society of her much-loved family. She wandered here and there in the most solitary places of the plantation, seeking rest and finding none. Sometimes, at the sight of *Paul*, she ran up to him in a playful manner; when all of a sudden, as she was on the point of coming

ing in contact with him, an unaccountable embarrasment seized her: a lively red coloured her pale cheeks, and her eyes no longer dared to fix themselves on his. *Paul* thus addressed her: "These rocks are covered with verdure, the birds "warble when they see thee: all is gay around "thee, and thou alone art sad." Thus, with embraces did he endeavour to re-animate her; but she, turning away her head, flew trembling to her mother. The unhappy girl felt herself discomposed by the caresses of her brother. *Paul* was quite ignorant of the cause of caprices so new and so strange.

Misfortunes seldom come singly. One of those Summers which desolate from time to time the lands situated between the Tropics, happened to extend it's ravages here also. It was toward the end of December, when the Sun, in Capricorn scorches with his vertical fires the whole Isle of France, for three weeks together: the south-east wind, which reigns there almost all the year round, now blew no longer. Huge whirlwinds of dust raised themselves from the high-ways, and hung suspended in the air. The earth was cleft asunder in all parts, and the grass entirely burnt up; ardent exhalations issued from the sides of the mountains, and most of the rivulets were dried up. No cloud arose out of the sea; during the day-time, only red vapours ascended above it's surface, and appeared at sun-set like the flames of a great conflagration. Even the night season diffused no coolness over the burning atmosphere. The bloody disk of the moon rose, of an enormous size, in the hazy horizon; the languid flocks, on the sides of the

the mountains, with their necks stretched out toward Heaven, and drawing in the air with difficulty, made the vallies resound with their mournful cries; even the cafre who conducted them lay along the ground, endeavouring to cool himself in that position. Every where the soil was scorching hot, and the stifling air resounded with the buzzing of insects, which sought to quench their thirst with the blood of men and of animals.

One of those parching nights *Virginia* felt all the symptoms of her malady redouble. She got up, she sat down, she returned to bed, but in no attitude could she find either sleep or repose. She rambled by the light of the moon toward the fountain; she perceived it's source, which in defiance of the drought, still flowed in silver fillets over the dusky sides of the rock. Without hesitation she plunged herself into it's bason; at first the freshness re-animated her; and a thousand agreeable recollections presented themselves to her mind. She remembered how, in the days of infancy, her mother and *Margaret* amused themselves with bathing *Paul* and her in that very stream, and how *Paul* afterwards, appropriating this bath solely to her use, had deepened it's bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sowed aromatic herbs around it's brink. On her naked arms, and on her bosom, she perceived the reflexes of the two palm-trees, which had been planted at the birth of her brother and at her own, and which now interwove their green boughs, and their young cocoas, over her her head. She called to remembrance the friendship of *Paul*, sweeter than perfumes, purer than

the

the water of the fountain, stronger than united palm-trees, and she heaved a sigh. She then reflected that it was the night season, and that she was in solitude; a consuming fire enflamed her breast. Immediately she hastened in dismay, from these dangerous shades, and from waters more ardent than the suns of the Torrid Zone: she hurried to her mother to seek refuge from herself. A thousand times, wishing to disclose her anguish, she pressed the maternal hands between her own: a thousand times she was on the point of pronouncing the name of *Paul*, but her heart was so full as to deprive her tongue of utterance, and reclining her head on the bosom of her mother, she bedewed it with a shower of tears.

Madame *de la Tour* plainly perceived the cause of her daughter's disorder, but even she herself had not the courage to speak to her about it. "My "child," said she to her, "address yourself to the "Almighty, who dispenses health and life according to his good pleasure. He makes trial of "your virtue to-day, only in order to recompense "you to-morrow; consider that the chief end of "our being placed on the earth is to practise virtue."

In the mean time, those excessive heats raised out of the bosom of the Ocean an assemblage of vapours, which, like a vast parasol, covered the face of the island. The summits of the mountains collected these around them, and long furrows of flame from time to time issued out of their cloud-capt peaks. Presently after tremendous thunder-claps made the woods, the plains, and the vallies, reverberate the noise of their explosions. The rain

in

in cataracts gushed down from the Heavens. Foaming torrents precipitated themselves down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of the bason was transformed into a Sea; the platform on which the cottages were raised into a little island; and the entrance into the valley had become a sluice, out of which rushed, with awful impetuosity, by the force of the roaring waters, the earth, the trees, and the rocks.

The whole family, seized with trembling, addressed their prayer to GOD in Madame *de la Tour*'s cottage, the roof of which cracked dreadfully by the fury of the tempest. Though the door and the outside window-shutters were closely barred, every object was clearly distinguishable within through the jointings of the boards, so bright and so frequent were the flashes of lightning. The intrepid *Paul*, attended by *Domingo*, went from the one cottage to the other, notwithstanding the raging of the elements, here securing a wall by a cross beam, and there by driving in a stake; he went in only now and then, to comfort the family with the hope of the speedy return of fine weather. In reality, towards evening the rain ceased; the trade-wind from the South-east resumed it's usual current; the stormy clouds were driven to the North-west, and the setting Sun appeared in the horizon.

The first wish which *Virginia* expressed was to re-visit the place of her repose: *Paul* approached her with a timid air, and offered her his arm to assist her in walking thither. She accepted it with a smile, and they set out together from the cottage:

tage: the air was cool and sonorous; clouds of white smoke arose on the ridges of the mountains, furrowed here and there by the foam of the torrents, which were now drying up on every side. As for the garden, it was entirely destroyed by deep gutters; most of the fruit-trees were torn up by the roots; immense heaps of sand covered the stripes of meadow-ground, and completely choked up *Virginia*'s bath: the two cocoa-trees however were still standing, and in full verdure: the bowers and the grassy turfs were no more, and the ear was no longer charmed with the warbling of the birds, except a few bengalis on the summit of the neighbouring rocks, which deplored with plaintive notes the loss of their young.

At sight of this desolation *Virginia* said to *Paul*, "You brought the birds hither, and the hurricane "has destroyed them; you planted this garden, "and it is now no more: every thing on earth pe- "rishes; Heaven alone is unchangeable. *Paul* re- "plied: Oh! then, that it were in my power to "bestow some gift of Heaven upon you! But alas! "I possess nothing now, even on the Earth." *Virginia*, with a blush returned: "You have certainly "the portrait of St. Paul that you can call your "own." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, than *Paul* flew to his mother's cottage to seek for it. This portrait was a small miniature representing Paul the hermit. *Margaret* regarded it with singular devotion: while a girl she wore it long round her own neck; but when she became a mother she suspended it round the neck of her child. It happened that when pregnant of him, and abandoned by all the World, from merely contemplating

the image of this blessed Recluse, the fruit of her womb contracted a strong resemblance to it; this determined her to bestow the same name on him; and likewise to give him for a patron, a Saint who had passed his life far from Man, by whom he had been first abused and then deserted. *Virginia* on receiving this small portrait from the hands of *Paul*, said with much emotion: "My brother, "while I live this shall never be taken from me, "and I shall always remember that you gave me the "only possession you had in the world." On hearing those tones of cordiality, on this unexpected return of familiarity and tenderness, *Paul* was going to clasp her in his arms; but as nimbly as a bird she sprung away, leaving him quite confounded, and totally unable to account for a conduct so extraordinary.

Meanwhile *Margaret* said to Madame *de la Tour*: "Why should we not marry our children? Their "passion for each other is extreme; my son indeed, "is not yet sensible of it; but when Nature shall "have begun to speak to him, to no purpose will "we employ all our vigilance over them; every "thing is to be feared." Madame *de la Tour* returned: "They are too young and too poor; "what anxiety would it cost us should *Virginia* "bring into the world unhappy children, whom "perhaps she would not have strength to rear. "*Domingo* is very much broken; *Mary* is infirm; "I myself, my dear friend for these last fourteen "years feel my health very much impaired. A "person soon grows old in these hot coun-"tries, especially when that period is so greatly "accelerated by sorrow. *Paul* is our only hope; "let

" let us wait till age has strengthened his consti-
" tution, and till he is able to support us by the
" labour of his hands. At present you well know
" we have hardly any thing more than a scanty
" supply from day to day. But if we send *Paul* to
" India for a short space of time, commerce will
" supply him with the means of purchasing some
" slaves. On his return hither we will marry him
" to *Virginia*; for I am well assured that no one
" can make my beloved daughter so happy as your
" son *Paul*. Let us mention the matter to our
" neighbour."

These ladies accordingly consulted me, and I approved of their plan. " The seas of India are de-
" lightful," said I to them; " if we chuse a favour-
" able season for going from hence to that country,
" the voyage outward is but six weeks at most,
" and as long to return; we will make up a small
" assortment of goods for *Paul*; for I have some
" neighbours who are very fond of him; were we
" but to provide him with a parcel of raw cotton,
" of which we can here make no use for want of
" mills to dress it; some ebony wood, which is so
" common here that we use it for fuel; and several
" sorts of rosin, which go to waste in these woods;
" all of those commodities will find a market in
" India, though they are of no value at all here."

I took upon myself the charge of obtaining M. *de la Bourdonaye*'s permission for this embarkation; but I thought it necessary, beforehand, to open the business to *Paul*. How was I astonished however when that young man said to me, with a good sense far above his years: " Why would you have

"me quit my family for a visionary project of for-
"tune? Can there be a more advantageous com-
"merce in the World than the cultivation of a field,
"which sometimes yields fifty and a hundred fold?
"If we wish to engage in trade, can we not do so
"by carrying our superfluities from hence to the
"city, without the necessity of my rambling to the
"Indies? Our parents tell me that *Domingo* is old
"and worn out; but I am young, and daily ac-
"quiring fresh vigour. What if any accident
"should befal them during my absence, more es-
"pecially to *Virginia*, who even now suffers very
"severely? Ah, no! no! I can never bring myself
"to the resolution of quitting them."

His answer greatly embarrassed me; for Madame *de la Tour* had not concealed from me *Virginia*'s condition, and the desire which she herself had of deferring their union till they were of a more mature age, by separating them from each other. I durst not so much as hint to *Paul* that such were her motives.

Whilst these transactions were going on, a vessel newly arrived from France brought a letter to Madame *de la Tour* from her aunt. The fear of death, without which obdurate hearts would never soften, had appalled her. She had just recovered from a dangerous disorder, which produced a deep melancholy, and which age rendered incurable. She requested her niece to return to France: or if the state of her health were such as to prevent her taking so long a voyage, she enjoined her to send *Virginia* thither, on whom she intended to bestow a good education, a place at Court, and a bequest of all

all her possessions: the return of her favour, she added, depended entirely on compliance with these injunctions.

No sooner had this letter been read than it spread universal consternation in the family; *Domingo* and *Mary* began to weep; *Paul*, motionless with astonishment, seemed ready to burst with rage; *Virginia*, her eyes stedfastly fixed on her mother, dared not to utter a syllable. "Can you bring "yourself to the resolution of quitting us?" said *Margaret* to Madame *de la Tour*. "No, my friend, "no, my children," replied Madame *de la Tour*; "I will never leave you; with you I have lived, "and with you I mean to die: I never knew what "happiness was till I experienced your friendship: "if my health is impaired, ancient sorrows are the "cause: my heart has been pierced by the harsh- "ness of my relations, and by the loss of my be- "loved husband: but since that period I have en- "joyed more consolation and felicity with you, in "these poor cottages than ever the riches of my "family gave me reason to expect, even in my na- "tive country." At these words tears of joy bedewed the cheeks of the whole household: *Paul*, folding Madame *de la Tour* in his arms, exclaimed: "And I will never, never quit you, nor go from "hence to the Indies; you shall experience no "want, my dear mother, as long as we are able to "work for you." Of all the society, however, the person who testified the least joy, and who nevertheless felt it the most, was *Virginia*. A gentle cheerfulness appeared in her the remainder of the day, and the return of her tranquillity redoubled the general satisfaction.

Next morning at sun-rise, as they were offering up their accustomed matin prayer which preceded breakfast, *Domingo* informed them that a gentleman on horseback was approaching the plantation, followed by two slaves. It was M. *de la Bourdonaye*. He entered the cottage where the whole family were at table: *Virginia* was serving up, according to the custom of the country, coffee and boiled rice; there were likewise hot potatoes and fresh bananas: the only dishes which they had were the halves of a gourd; and all their table linen consisted of the leaves of the plantain. The Governor at first expressed some surprize at the meanness of their dwelling; then, addressing himself to Madame *de la Tour*, he said that his public situation sometimes prevented him from paying attention to individuals, but that she however had a title to claim his more immediate regard. "You have, madam," added he, "an aunt at Paris, a lady of quality and very "rich, who designs to bestow her fortune upon you, "but at the same time expects that you will attend "her." Madame *de la Tour* replied, that her unsettled state of health would not permit her to undertake so long a voyage. "Surely then," cried M. *de la Bourdonaye*, "you cannot, without, in- "justice, deprive your young and beautiful daugh- "ter of so great an inheritance: I will not conceal "from you, that your aunt has employed authority, "to secure your daughter's compliance with her "wish. The minister has written to me on the sub- "ject, authorising me, if necessary, to exercise the "hand of power; but my only aim in employing "that, is to promote the happiness of the inhabi- "tants of this colony; I expect therefore that you "will,

" will, with cheerfulness submit to the sacrifice of " a few years, on which depend the establishment " of your daughter, and your own welfare for the " remainder of life. For what purpose do people " resort to these islands? Is it not in the view of " making a fortune? Surely however it is far more " agreeable to return, and obtain one in our native " country."

As he said these words, he placed upon the table a large bag of piastres, which one of his slaves had brought. " This," added he " is what your aunt " has remitted, to make the necessary preparations " for the voyage of the young lady your daughter." He then concluded with gently reproaching Madame *de la Tour* for not having applied to him in her necessities: at the same time applauding the noble firmness which she had displayed. *Paul* upon this broke silence, and thus addressed the Governor: " Sir, my mother did apply to you, and your " reception was unkind to the last degree." " Have " you then another child?" said M. *de la Bourdonaye* to Madame *de la Tour*: " No, Sir," replied she; " this is the son of my friend; but he and " *Virginia* are our common property, and equally " beloved by both." " Young man," said the Go- " vernor, addressing himself to *Paul*, " when you " shall have acquired experience of the World, " you will learn to what distresses people in " place are exposed; you will discover how easy " it is to prejudice them, and how often intriguing " vice obtains for them what, in justice, should be " bestowed on concealed merit."

M. *de la Bourdonaye*, on the invitation of Ma-

dame *de la Tour*, seated himself by her at the table. He breakfasted, as the Creoles do, upon coffee mixed with boiled rice. He was charmed with the order and neatness of the little cottage, with the union of the two happy families, and even with the zeal of their old domestics. "Here," said he, "is "no furniture but what the woods supply, but I "see countenances serene, and hearts of gold." *Paul*, delighted with the familiarity of the new Governor, said to him: "I desire your friendship, for "you are an honest man." M. *de la Bourdonaye* received this mark of insular cordiality with pleasure. He embraced *Paul*, and pressing him by the hand, assured him that he might rely upon his friendship.

After breakfast he took Madame *de la Tour* apart, and informed her that a favourable opportunity just now offered of sending her daughter into France, by means of a vessel on the point of sailing; and that he would recommend her to the care of a lady, a relation of his own, who was going passenger in it; representing at the same time that it would be very wrong to sacrifice the prospect of an immense fortune, to the pleasure of her daughter's company for a few years. "Your aunt," added he, as he was departing, "cannot hold out more than two years "longer; her friends have assured me of it: consi- "der the matter therefore seriously, I pray you; "consult your own mind; surely every person of "common sense must be of my opinion." Madame *de la Tour* replied: "As I desire nothing hencefor- "ward but the welfare of my daughter, the voyage "to France shall be left entirely to her own disposal."

Madame *de la Tour* was not sorry at finding an oppor-

opportunity of separating *Paul* and *Virginia* for a short time; but it was only in the view of securing their mutual happiness at a future period. She accordingly took her daughter aside, and said to her: "My dear child, our domestics are growing old; "*Paul* is still very young; age is stealing upon "*Margaret*, and I myself am already infirm: should "I happen to die, what will become of you in the "midst of these deserts? You will be left entirely "alone with no person to assist you, and you will "be obliged to procure yourself a livelihood by la- "bouring incessantly in the ground, like a hire "ling: such an idea overwhelms me with grief." *Virginia* thus replied: "GOD has doomed us to "labour: you have taught me how to work, and "to offer up daily thanksgiving to Him. Hitherto "He has not abandoned us, nor will he abandon "us now. His providence watches with peculiar "care over the unhappy; you have told me so a "thousand times, my dear mother! Oh, I shall "never have resolution to quit you." Madame *de la Tour*, much affected returned, "I have no other "intention than that of rendering you happy, and "of uniting you one day to *Paul*, who is not your "brother: Consider likewise that his fortune now "depends entirely on you."

A young girl in love thinks that every one is ignorant of it. She spreads the same veil over her eyes which she wears on her heart; but when it is removed by the hand of a beloved friend, immediately the secret torments of her love transpire, as through an opened barrier, and the gentle expansions of confidence succeed to the mysterious re-

serve in which she had enveloped herself. *Virginia*, sensibly alive to the new testimonies of her mother's kindness, freely related the many struggles which she had experienced within herself, and of which GOD alone had been the witness; that she perceived the hand of his providence in the consolation administered by a tender mother, who approved of her inclination, and who would direct her by wholesome counsel; and that now, resting entirely on her support, every thing operated as an inducement to remain where she was, without uneasiness for the present, or anxiety for the future.

Madame *de la Tour*, perceiving that her confidence had produced an effect entirely different from what she had expected, said to her: "My "dear child, I have no wish to constrain your in- "clinations; consider the matter at your leisure; "but conceal your love from *Paul:* when the "heart of a young woman is gained, her lover has "nothing more to ask of her."

Toward the evening, while she was alone with *Virginia*, a tall man dressed in a blue cassock came in. He was an ecclesiastical missionary of the island, and confessor to Madame *de la Tour* and *Virginia*, and had been sent thither by the Governor. "My children," said he, as he entered, "there is wealth in store for you now, thank Hea- "ven! You have at length the means of gratify- "ing your benevolent feelings, by administering "assistance to the wretched. I well know what "the Governor has said to you, and also your re- "ply. My good madam, the state of your health "obliges you to remain here; but as for you, young

"lady

" lady, you have no excuse. We must obey the " will of Providence, in respecting our aged rela- " tions, however unjust they may have been to us. " It is a sacrifice I grant, but it is the command of " the Almighty. He devoted himself, for us, and " it is our duty to devote ourselves for the welfare " of our kindred. Your voyage into France will " finally come to a happy issue: Can you possibly, " my dear child, have any objection to go thither?" *Virginia*, with her eyes cast down, and trembling as she spake, replied: " If it is the command of " GOD that I should go, I have nothing to say " against it; the will of GOD be done," said she, bursting into tears.

The missionary took his departure, and gave the Governor an account of the success of his embassy. Madame *de la Tour* however sent a message to me by *Domingo*, intreating me to come over, and consult about *Virginia*'s departure. It was my firm opinion that she ought not to be permitted to go. I maintain, as infallible principles of happiness, that the advantages of Nature ought always to be preferred before those of fortune; and that we should never seek from abroad those blessings which we can find at home. I extend these maxims in all cases, without a single exception. But of what avail could my moderate counsels prove against the illusions of an immense fortune, and my natural reason against the prejudices of the world, and against an authority held sacred by Madame *de la Tour?* This lady consulted me only out of politeness, for she no longer deliberated in her own mind after the decision of her confessor. Even *Margaret* who, in spite of

the advantages which she thought her son might derive from *Virginia*'s fortune, had warmly opposed her departure, no longer made any objections. As for *Paul*, entirely ignorant of the resolutions which might be formed, and alarmed at the secret conversations of Madame *de la Tour* and her daughter, he abandoned himself to a gloomy sadness: "Surely," said he, "they are contriving some "mischief against me, from the mysteriousness of "their conduct toward me."

A report meanwhile being soon circulated in the island, that fortune had visited these solitudes, merchants of every description might be seen scrambling up hither; they displayed, amidst these poor cottages, the richest stuffs of India; the superfine dimities of Goudelour; the handkerchiefs of Poulicat and Mazulipatam, and the muslins of Decca, plain, striped, embroidered, and transparent as the day; the baftas of Surat, so beautifully white, and chintzes of all colours, and of the rarest sort, with a sable ground and green sprigs. They unrolled the magnificent silks of China; lampas pinked into transparency; satiny-white damasks; some of a meadow-green, others of a dazzling red; rose-coloured taffetas, satins in whole bales, Pekins soft as wool, white and yellow nankeens, and even the stuffs of Madagascar.

Madame *de la Tour* gave her daughter permission to purchase whatever pleased her, carefully examining however the quality of the goods and their prices, lest the merchants should impose upon her. *Virginia* made choice of what she thought would be agreeable to her mother, to *Margaret*, and to *Paul*. "This," said she, "will be useful for

for furniture, that for *Domingo* and *Mary*." In short, the bag of piastres was expended before she thought of her own wants. It became necessary to cull her portion out of the presents which she had distributed among the household.

Paul, overwhelmed with sorrow at sight of these gifts of fortune, which presaged the departure of *Virginia*, came to my house a few days afterwards; he said to me, with a melancholy air: "My sister "is going to leave us; preparations are already "made for her departure. Come over to our "habitation I entreat you, and make use of your "influence on the minds of her mother and of "mine." I accordingly yielded to his importunity, though well assured that my representations would be ineffectual.

If *Virginia* had appeared beautiful to me in her dress of blue Bengal cloth, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, how was she improved when I saw her habited like the ladies of this country! She was dressed in white muslin, lined with rose-coloured taffeta: her stays displayed to great advantage her elegant and majestic shape; and her beautiful flaxen hair, in long double tresses, adorned her virgin head: her fine blue eyes had assumed a cast of melancholy, and the agitation which her heart endured, by struggling with a smothered passion, gave a glowing tint to her complexion, and tones full of emotion to her voice. The very contrast of her elegant dress, which she seemed to wear against her will, rendered her languor still more affecting. No one could see or hear her without being moved. *Paul*'s sadness was increased by it. *Margaret*, afflicted at her son's situation, took him apart, and thus

thus addressed him: "Why, my son, do you feed "yourself with false hopes, which only serve to "render the disappointment of them more bitter? "It is now time to disclose to you the secret "of your life, and of my own. Mademoiselle *de la* "*Tour* is related by her mother's side to a person "of immense wealth, and of high rank. As to "yourself, you are only the son of a poor low-born "woman; and what is still worse you are a bastard."

The word bastard greatly surprized *Paul;* he had never heard it made use of before, and he asked his mother the meaning of it: she replied "You "had no legitimate father; when I was a girl, love "betrayed me into a folly, of which you are the "fruit. My frailty deprived you of the family of "your father, and my repentance of that of your "mother. Unfortunate boy! I am the only rela- "tion you have in the world." She concluded by bursting into a flood of tears. *Paul* folding her in his arms, exclaimed; "Alas! my mother, since I "have no other relation but you, I will love you "still the more; but what a secret have you just di- "vulged to me! I now plainly perceive the reason "why Mademoiselle *de la Tour* has for these two "months shunned me, and which has at length de- "termined her to take her departure. Alas! with- "out doubt she despises me!"

However, the hour of supper came; each of the guests took a place at table, agitated with different passions; they ate little, and did not utter a single syllable. *Virginia* retired first, and came and seated herself on the spot where we now are; *Paul* soon followed, and placed himself by her side; a profound silence ensued for some time. It was

one

one of those delightful nights, so common between the Tropics, and whose beauty baffles all description. The moon appeared in the middle of the firmament, enveloped with a cloudy curtain, which was gradually dissipated by her rays. Her light insensibly diffused itself over the mountains of the island, and over their peaks, which glittered with a silvery verdure. Not a breath of wind was to be heard. In the woods, at the bottom of the valley, and at the top of these rocks, the soft warblings and gentle murmurings of the birds, which were caressing each other in their nests, delighted with the beauty of the night, and the tranquillity of the air, stole on the ear. All, even to the very insects, were humming along the grass; the stars twinkling in the Heavens, reflected their trembling images on the surface of the Ocean. As *Virginia* was surveying with wandering eyes, the vast and gloomy horizon, distinguishable from the shores of the island by the red fires of the fishermen, she perceived, at the entrance of the port, a light fixed to a large dark body; it was the lanthorn of the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe, and which ready to set sail, only lay at anchor till the breeze should spring up. At this sight she was so deeply affected that she turned her head aside, lest *Paul* should perceive her tears.

Madame *de la Tour*, *Margaret*, and I, were seated a few paces from them, under the shade of the banana trees; and, owing to the stillness of the night, we distinctly heard their conversation, which I shall never forget.

Paul said to her: "I understand madam, that "you are to take your departure hence in three "days:

" days: have you no apprehension at the thought " of exposing yourself to the dangers of the Sea..... " the Sea at which you used to be so terrified?" " It is my duty, you know," replied *Virginia*, " to " obey the command of my relations." " You are " going then," said *Paul*, " to quit our society for " a female relation who lives far from hence, and " whom you have never seen!"—" Alas!" returned " *Virginia*, had I been permitted to follow my own " inclination I should have remained here all my " life long; but my mother is of a contrary opi- " nion, and my confessor has told me it is the will " of GOD that I should depart; that life is a state " of probation....Alas! how severe that probation is."

" How," replied *Paul*, " so many reasons to de- " termine thee to leave us, and not one to induce " thee to remain! Ah! of the former there is " still one which you have not mentioned: the at- " tractions which wealth holds out are powerful. " You will soon find in a world entirely new to " you, another person on whom to bestow the name " of brother, by which you now no longer address " me: you will find this brother among your " equals, and such as have riches and high birth, " which I can never offer you. But, whither can " you go to be more happy than where you are? " On what land can you set your foot dearer to " you than that which gave you being? Where " can you find a society more amiable than that " one of which you are entirely beloved? How " can you exist without the caresses of your mo- " ther, to which you have been so long accustom- " ed? What will become of your mother herself, " already far advanced in life, when she no longer

" sees

" sees you by her side, at her table, in the house,
" and in her walks, where you used to be her sup-
" port? To what a state will my parent be re-
" duced, who is as fondly attached to you as your
" own? What can I say to give them consolation,
" when I see them mourning your absence? Cruel
" girl! I say nothing of myself: but, What shall
" become of me, when in the morning I no longer
" enjoy your company, and when night comes on,
" without bringing us together again; and when
" I shall behold these palm-trees, planted at our
" birth, and which so long have been the witnesses
" of our mutual affection. Ah! since a new des-
" tiny attracts you; since you will seek other coun-
" tries far from the spot where you was born, and
" other possessions than those which the labour of
" my hands has procured for you, allow me to
" accompany you in your voyage; I will en-
" courage you during those tempests which
" caused such apprehensions in you while on shore.
" Thy head shall repose upon my bosom; I will
" clasp thee to my breast; and, in France, whither
" thou art going in quest of fortune and of great-
" ness, I will follow thee as thy slave; in the pa-
" laces where I shall behold thee served and adored,
" I will rejoice at thy happiness; even then I shall
" be rich enough to offer thee the greatest of sacri-
" fices, by dying at thy feet."

His voice was entirely stifled with sobbing; we presently heard that of *Virginia*, who addressed him in these words, frequently interrupted by sighs.....
" It is for thy sake that I go away.....for thee,
" whom I have daily seen bowed down to the
" ground, labouring to support two infirm families.

If

" If I have embraced this opportunity of acquiring " wealth, it is only to return a thousand fold the " good which thou hast done to us all. Can there " be a fortune worthy of thy friendship? Why men- " tion thy birth to me? Ah! were it even possible that " another brother should be offered to me, could I " chose any but thee? Oh, *Paul! Paul!* thou art " far dearer to me than a brother. What a strug- " gle hath it cost me to keep thee at a distance! I " even wished thee to assist me in separating me " from myself, till Heaven could bless our union. " But now, I remain! I depart! I live! I die! Do " what thou wilt with me: Oh, irresolute girl that " I am! I had fortitude to repel thy caresses, but " thy sorrow quite overpowers me."

At these words *Paul* took her in his arms, and holding her closely embraced, exclaimed with a ter- rible voice: " I am resolved to go with her, nor " shall any thing shake my resolution." We imme- diately flew toward him, and Madame *de la Tour* ad- dressed him in these words: " My son, should you " go away what is to become of us?"

He repeated these words, shuddering: My son, my son!...." Dost thou," cried he, " act the part of " a mother, thou, who separatest brother and sister? " We both were nourished by thy milk; we both " were nursed upon thy knees; from thee too we " learnt to love each other; we have said so to each " other a thousand times; yet now you are going to " remove her from me; you are not only sending her " to Europe, that barbarous country which denied " thyself shelter, but even to those cruel relations " who abandoned you. You may say to me, You

" have

" have no authority over her, sne is not your sister.
" Yes she is every thing to me, my riches, my fa-
" mily, my birth, my all, I know no other blessing;
" we were brought up under the same roof, we re-
" posed in the same cradle, and the same grave shall
" contain us. If she goes, I am resolved to follow.
" The Governor will prevent me! Can he prevent
" me from throwing myself into the Sea? I will
" swim after her; the Sea cannot be more fatal to
" me than the dry land. As I cannot live near her,
" I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying be-
" fore her eyes, far, far from thee. Barbarous mo-
" ther! pitiless woman! Oh, may that Ocean, to the
" perils of which thou art going to expose her, never
" give her back to thy arms! May these billows bear
" my body back to thee, and casting it, together
" with her's, on this rocky shore, cause an eternal
" melancholy to settle on thee, by presenting to
" thy view the unhappy fate of thy two children."

While he spake I seized him in my arms, for I perceived that despair had overpowered his reason: his eyes sparkled; large drops of sweat ran down his inflamed countenance; his knees trembled, and I felt his heart beat with redoubled violence in his burning bosom.

Virginia, terrified, said to him: "Oh, my friend,
" I swear, by the pleasures of our early age, by thy
" misfortunes and my own, and by all that ever
" could unite two unfortunate wretches, that if I
" remain here I will only live for thee; and if I de-
" part I will one day return to be thine. I call you
" to witness all ye who have watched over my in-

"fant steps, you who have the disposal of my life, "and who now behold the tears which I shed: I "swear it, by high Heaven, which now hears me; "by that Ocean which I am going to brave: by the "air which I breathe, and which hitherto I have "never polluted with a falsehood."

As the heat of the Sun dissolves and precipitates an icy rock from the summit of the Appenines, so did the impetuous rage of this young man subside at the voice of the beloved object. His lofty head drooped down, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes. His mother, mingling her own tears with his, held him locked in her arms, without the power of utterance. Madam *de la Tour*, quite distracted, said to me: "I can contain myself no longer: my "soul is torn with contending passions. This "unfortunate voyage shall not take place. Do, my "dear neighbour, endeavour to persuade my son to "accompany you homewards: eight days have "elapsed since any of us have enjoyed a single "moment of sleep."

I accordingly said to *Paul:* "My good friend, "your sister shall remain with us; to-morrow we "will mention the matter to the Governor; mean- "while leave your family to repose, and come and "pass the night at my habitation. It is late, it is "midnight: the cross of the South is directly over "the horizon."

He allowed me to conduct him in silence. After a very restless night he rose at day-break, and returned to his own home.

But wherefore should I continue the recital of this melancholy story to you any longer? There is

only one agreeable side to contemplate in human life. Like the Globe on which we revolve, our rapid career is only that of a day, and part of that day cannot receive illumination till the other be involved in darkness.

"Father," said I to him, "I must entreat you to "finish the account of what you have begun in a "manner so affecting. Images of happiness delight "the fancy, but the recital of misfortunes conveys "instruction to the mind. I am anxious to learn "what became of the unfortunate *Paul*."

The first object which struck *Paul*, on his return to the plantation, was the negress *Mary*, who, mounted on a rock, had her eyes steadfastly fixed on the main Ocean. The moment that he perceived her he exclaimed: "Where is *Virginia*? *Mary* turned her head toward her young master and burst into tears. *Paul*, in delirium, turned round, and flew to the port. He there learned that *Virginia* had embarked at day-break, that the vessel had set sail immediately, and was now no longer in sight. He directed his steps back to his place of habitation, and walked up and down in profound silence.

Although this enclosure of rocks appears almost perpendicular behind us, those green flats which subdivide their heights are so many stages, by which you arrive, by means of some intricate paths, at the foot of that inclining and inaccessible cone of rocks, which is called the THUMB. At the bottom of this rock is an esplanade, covered with great trees, but so lofty and so steep that they appear like a large forest in the air, surrounded with fearful precipices.

The clouds which the summit of the THUMB attracts continually around it, incessantly feed several cascades of water, which are precipitated to such a depth into the bottom of the valley, situated at the back of this mountain, that when you are at it's top you no longer hear the noise of their fall. From this place a great part of the island is perceptible, as well as the peaks of several of it's mountains; among others, those of Piterboth, and of the Three Paps, and their vallies covered with forests; then the open Sea, and the island of Bourbon, which is forty leagues to the westward. From this elevation *Paul* perceived the vessel which bare away *Virginia*. He descried it at more than ten leagues distance, like a black speck in the middle of the vast Ocean. He spent a considerable part of the day in contemplating it, and though it had actually disappeared from his sight, he still imagined that he perceived it; and when he had entirely lost it in the thick vapour of the horizon, he seated himself in this desolate spot, which is always agitated by the winds which blow incessantly on the tops of the palm-trees, and of the tatamaques. Their loud and hollow murmurs resemble the deep tones of an organ, and inspire a profound melancholy.

There I found *Paul*, his head leaning against the rock and his eyes rivetted to the ground. I had been seeking him since sun-rise, and it was with much difficulty that I could prevail on him to descend, and re-visit his family. At length however I brought him back to his habitation; but the moment he cast his eyes on Madam *de la Tour*, he began to reproach her bitterly for having so cruelly deceived him. She informed

informed us, that a breeze having sprung up about three in the morning, and the vessel being in full trim to depart, the Governor attended by his principal officers and the missionary, came with a palanquin to carry off *Virginia*; and in spite of her expostulations, her tears and those of *Margaret*, all of them exclaiming that it was for their interest, had hurried away her daughter, who was almost expiring. "Alas!" exclaimed *Paul*, "if I had only "enjoyed the satisfaction of bidding her fare-"wel, I should now have been happy. I would "have said to her; *Virginia*, if during the time "that we have lived together, I have made use of "any one word which may have given you of-"fence, tell me that I have your forgiveness, be-"fore we part for ever. I would have said; Since "Fate has decreed an eternal separation, adieu, my "dear *Virginia*, adieu; may you live, far from "hence, contented and happy." Perceiving Ma-"dame *de la Tour* and his mother weeping: "Go," said he to them, "go, and seek some other hand "than mine to wipe away your tears." He then hastened from them, sighing deeply, and wandered up and down through the plantation. He went over all those places which had been the most favourite retreats of *Virginia*. He said to her goats, and to the kids, which followed him bleating: "What do you ask of me? Alas! you will never "more see in my company the person whose hand "used to feed you." He then wandered to *Virginia*'s Rest, and at sight of the birds which fluttered around him, he exclaimed: "Unhappy songsters! "No longer will you fly to meet her from whom

" you received you nourishment." Perceiving Fidèle following the scent up and down, and ranging around, he sighed, and said to him: "Alas! thou wilt never find her more!" At length he went and seated himself on the rock where he had spoken to her the evening before; and, at sight of the Sea where he had perceived the vessel disappear, he wept bitterly.

We followed him however step by step, fearing lest the agitation of his mind should take some fatal turn. His mother and Madame *de la Tour* entreated him, by the most tender appellations, not to aggravate their affliction by his despair. At length the latter calmed him in some degree, by lavishing upon him the names which were most calculated to revive his hopes. She called him her son, her dear son, her son-in-law, the only person on whom she intended to bestow her daughter. She at length persuaded him to return to the house and take some nourishment. He seated himself at table with us, near the spot where the companion of his infancy used to place herself; and as if she had still occupied it, he addressed himself to her, and tendered that food which he knew was most agreeable to her; but, perceiving his error, he burst into tears. For some days following he collected every thing which she was accustomed to keep for her particular use; the last nosegay which he had worn, and a cup made of the cocoa-nut out of which she usually drank: and as if the relics of his friend had been the most precious treasures in the World, he kissed them, and put them in his bosom. The ambergris does not shed so sweet a perfume as those things which

which have been touched by a beloved object. But *Paul* at length perceiving that his dejection only augmented that of his mother, and of Madame *de la Tour*, and likewise observing that the necessities of the family called for continual labour, he began with *Domingo*'s help to repair the garden.

In a short time this young man, before as indifferent as a Creole about what was passing in the World, entreated me to teach him to read and to write, that he might be able to keep up a correspondence with *Virginia*. He afterwards seemed eager to be instructed in geography, in order to form an idea of the country whither she was steering, and in history that he might learn what were the manners of the people among whom she was going to live. Thus did he attain to perfection in agriculture, and in the art of disposing in order the most irregular spot of ground, merely by the sentiment of love. Doubtless, it is to the delights of this ardent and restless passion, that men must ascribe the origin of the generality of arts and sciences; and it is from it's privations, that the philosophy derives it's birth, which teaches us to console ourselves for every loss. Thus nature, having made love the bond of union to all created beings, has rendered it the grand moving principle of Society, and the principal source of our illuminations and of our pleasures.

Paul did not greatly relish the study of geography, which, instead of unfolding the nature of each country, only presents it's political divisions. History, and especially modern history, did not interest him much more. It only presented to his mind ge-

neral and periodical misfortunes, the reason of which it was impossible for him to penetrate; wars without a cause, and with no object in view; contemptible intrigues; nations destitute of character, and sovereigns without a principle of humanity. He even preferred to such reading, that of romance, which having only in view the feelings and the interests of Man, sometimes displayed situations similar to his own. Accordingly, no book delighted him so much as *Telemachus*, from the pictures which it delineates of a country life, and of the passions which are natural to the human heart. He read to his mother and to Madame *de la Tour*, those passages which affected him the most: at times, mournful recollections striking his mind, he lost the power of utterance, and tears gushed from his eyes. He thought he could trace the dignity and the wisdom of *Antiope*, together with the misfortunes and the tenderness of *Eucharis*, in his beloved *Virginia*. On the other hand, he was quite shocked at reading our fashionable romances, so full of licentious maxims and manners; and when he understood that these romances diplayed a real picture of European nations, he feared and not without reason, that *Virginia* might be there corrupted, and cast him from her remembrance.

In truth near two years had elapsed before Madame *de la Tour* heard any intelligence of her aunt, or of her daughter: she had only been informed by the report of a stranger, that the latter had arrived safely in France. At length however she received, by a vessel on her way to India, a packet, together with a letter, in *Virginia*'s own hand-writing; and, notwithstanding

withstanding the circumspection of her amiable and gentle daughter, she apprehended her to be very unhappy. This letter so well depicted her situation and her character, that I have retained it in my memory almost word for word:

" *My dear and much-loved Mother,*

" I have already written to you several letters, in " my own hand; but as I have received no answer, " I must suspect that they have never reached you. " I hope this will be more fortunate, both from the " precaution which I have taken to send you news " of myself, and to receive your's in return.

" Many tears have I shed since our separation, I, " who scarcely ever before wept, except at the mis- " fortunes of another! On my arrival, my grand- " aunt was much surprized, when, on questioning " me concerning my attainments, I informed her " that I could neither read nor write. She asked " me what I had been doing then since I came in- " to the World; and when I told her that my " whole study had been the care of a family, and " obedience to you, she replied, that I had received " the education of a menial servant. The day " following, she placed me as a boarder in a large " convent near Paris, where I had masters of every " description: among other things, they instruct- " ed me in history, in geography, in grammar, in " mathematics, and in horsemanship; but my " inclination for all these sciences was so faint, " that I profited very little by the lessons of the " gentlemen who taught them. I feel that I am " a poor creature, and of little spirit, as they inter- " pret the word here. My aunt's kindness how-

" ever

"ever does not diminish: she is continually giving "me new dresses, according to the season: I have "two women to attend me, who are habited as ele- "gantly as ladies of quality. She has likewise made "me assume the title of Countess, but has obliged "me to relinquish the name of La Tour, which "was as dear to me as to yourself, from the troubles "which you have told me my poor father under- "went, to obtain you in marriage. She has substi- "tuted your family name in it's place, which I like- "wise esteem, because it was your's when a girl. "As she has raised me to a situation so exalted, I "entreated her to send you some supply: How "can I repeat her answer? You however have "always commanded me to speak the truth; this "then was her reply, that a small matter would be "of no use to you; and that, in the simple style "of life which you lead, a great deal would only "embarrass you.

"At first I attempted to communicate to you tid- "ings of my situation, by the hand of another as "I was incapable of writing myself; but not being "able to find, since my arrival here, a single person "on whose fidelity I could rely, I applied myself "night and day to the means of learning how to "read and write; and by the assistance of Heaven I "accomplished this in a very little time. I entrusted "the ladies who attended me with the dispatch of "my former letters, but I have reason to suspect that "they delivered them to my grand-aunt. On the "present occasion, I have had recourse to one of my "friends, who is a fellow-boarder; and under her "address, which I have subjoined, I must beg you to

"convey

" convey an answer. My grand-aunt has prohibited
" all foreign correspondence, which might, as she
" alledges, oppose insurmountable obstacles to the
" splendid views which she entertains with regard
" to me. The only person, besides herself, who vi-
" sits me at the grate, is an old nobleman of her
" acquaintance, who she informs me has taken a
" great liking to my person. To say truth, I have
" not the least for him, even were it possible I
" should conceive a partiality for any one whatever.

" I live in the midst of gaudy wealth, and have
" not the disposal of a single farthing. They tell me
" that if I had the command of money, it might lead
" to dangerous consequences. My very gowns are
" the property of my waiting-women, who are
" disputing which shall have them even before I
" have left them off myself. In the very bosom of
" of riches I am much poorer than when I was with
" you, for I have nothing to give away. When
" I found that the many magnificent accomplish-
" ments which I was destined to acquire, were not
" to procure me the power of doing the smallest
" good, I had recourse to my needle, in the use of
" which, by good fortune, you had instructed me.
" I accordingly send you some pairs of stockings,
" of my own manufacture, for yourself and my
" mama *Margaret* ; a cap for *Domingo*, and one of
" my red handkerchiefs for *Mary* : I enclose you
" likewise, in this packet, the kernels of the fruits
" of which our deserts are composed, together with
" the seeds of all kinds of trees, which I ga-
" thered during my hours of recreation in the gar-
" den of the convent. To these I also add the

" seeds

" seeds of the violet, the daisy, the butter-flower,
" the poppy, the blue bottle, and the scabious, which
" I have picked up in the fields. In the meadows of
" this country the flowers are far more beautiful
" than in ours, but no one pays any regard to them.
" I am very well assured, that you and my mama
" *Margaret* will be much better pleased with this
" bag of seeds than with the bag of piastres which
" was the cause of our separation, and the tears
" which I have since shed. I shall feel the greatest
" pleasure, if one day you have the satisfaction of
" seeing apple-trees growing beside our bananas,
" and beech-trees mixing their foliage with that of
" the cocoas: you will fancy yourself in Normandy
" again, which you still love so much.

" You enjoin me to communicate to you my joy
" and my sorrows: joy I can never experience when
" at a distance from you; and as for my sorrows,
" I soothe them by reflecting that I am in a situa-
" tion where you thought proper to place me, in
" obedience to the will of Heaven. My most cruel
" mortification is that not a person here mentions
" your name to me, and that I am not allowed to
" talk of you to any one. My waiting-women, or
" rather those of my grand-aunt, for they are
" her's more than mine, tell me, when I attempt to
" converse about those objects which are so dear
" to me. Madam, remember that you are now a
" Frenchwoman, and that you must forget the
" country of savages. Ah! I shall sooner forget
" myself than forget the place where I was born,
" and where you still live! It is the country
" where I am, which to me is the country of sa-
" vages,

" vages, for I live alone, without a single person
" to whom I can communicate that love for you
" which I shall carry with me to the grave.

" Dear and much-loved mother, I remain your
" obedient and affectionate daughter.

" VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR."

"I recommend to your kindest regards *Mary* and
" *Domingo*, who took such care of my infancy:
" stroke Fidèle for me, who found me again when
" I was lost in the woods."

Paul was much surprized that *Virginia* had not made the least mention of him; she who had not even forgotten the house-dog: he was entirely ignorant that be the letter of a female as long as it may, the fondest idea always comes in last.

In a postscript *Virginia* particularly recommended to *Paul* two kinds of seeds, those of the violet and of the scabious. She gave him some information respecting the characters of these plants, and about the places in which it was most proper to sow them. The violet, she told him, produced a small flower of a deep purple hue, which delights to hide itself under the bushes, but is soon discovered by it's delicious perfume. She desired him to plant it on the brink of the fountain, at the foot of her cocoa-tree. " The scabious," added she, " bears
" a pretty flower of a pale blue, and it's bottom is
" black, interspersed with white spots. One would
" think it to be in mourning: it is likewise for
" this very reason called the widow's flower.
" It flourishes best in places rugged and agitat-
" ed by the winds." She requested him to sow it on the rock where she had talked with him

by night, for the last time, and to give that rock, for her sake, the name of ROCK-FAREWEL.

She had inclosed these seeds in a little purse, the embroidery of which was very simple, but which appeared inestimable to *Paul*, when he perceived a P and a V interwoven in it, and formed of hair, which he knew from it's beauty to be that of *Virginia*.

The letter of this sensible and virtuous young lady drew tears from the whole family. Her mother replied in name of the rest, desiring her either to remain or return as she thought best, but assuring her that they had all lost the greatest portion of their happiness since her departure, and that for herself in particular she was quite inconsolable.

Paul wrote her a very long letter, in which he assured her that he would render the garden worthy to receive her; and in like manner as she had interwoven their names in her purse, so would he mingle the plants of Europe with those of Africa. He sent her some of the fruit of the cocoa-trees of her fountain, which had now arrived to perfect maturity. He added, that he would not send her any of the other seeds of the island, that the desire of seeing it's productions once more might determine her to return thither immediately. He importuned her to do this without delay, and thus gratify the ardent wishes of their family, and his own more particularly, as henceforward he could taste no joy at a distance from her.

Paul planted with the greatest care these European grains, and above all those of the violet and of the scabious, the flowers of which seemed to have some analogy with the character and the situation

of

of *Virginia*, who had so particularly recommended them to him: but whether they had been corrupted on their passage, or whether, which is more probable, the climate of that part of Africa was not favourable to them, only a very small number of them sprung, and even these never attained to a state of perfection.

Envy meanwhile which frequently even outruns the happiness of man, especially in the French Colonies, soon circulated reports all over the island which gave *Paul* the greatest uneasiness. The people belonging to the vessel which had brought *Virginia*'s letter asserted, that she was on the point of marriage; they went so far as to name the nobleman who was to obtain her hand; nay some even declared that the affair was over, and that they had been witnesses of it. *Paul* at first despised these rumours, conveyed by a trading-vessel, which often brings false reports from the places which it touches at on it's passage: but as many of the inhabitants of the island, from a perfidious pity, officiously interposed to condole with him on this event, he began to give some credit to it. Beside in some of the romances which he had read he saw treachery treated with pleasantry, and as he knew that these books exhibited a faithful picture of the manners of Europe, he was apprehensive that the daughter of Madame *de la Tour* might have become corrupt, and have forgotten her earlier engagements. The light which he had acquired made him anticipate misery, and what gave a finish to his suspicions was, that several European vessels had arrived

rived within the year, without bringing any news whatever of *Virginia*.

That unfortunate young man, abandoned to all the agitations of a heart in love, came frequently to see me, in order to confirm or to dissipate his uneasiness, by my experience of the World.

I live, as I have told you, about a league and a half from hence, on the bank of a small river which flows by Long Mountain. There I pass my life in solitude, without a wife, without children, and without slaves.

Next to the rare felicity of finding a female partner perfectly suited to a man, the least unhappy situation is that of living alone. Every one who has had much reason to complain of Mankind seeks for solitude. Nay it is very remarkable, that all Nations rendered miserable by their opinions, their manners, or by their governments, have produced numerous classes of citizens entirely devoted to solitude and to celibacy. Such were the Egyptians in their decline, and the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and such are in our own days the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and the greatest part of the eastern and southern Nations of Europe. Solitude, in some degre, brings Man back to his natural state of happiness, by removing the misfortunes of social life. In the midst of our societies, torn asunder by so many prejudices, the soul is in a state of perpetual agitation; it is continually revolving within itself a thousand turbulent and contradictory opinions, by which the members of an ambitious and miserable society are aiming at mutual subjection; but

but in solitude it lays aside those extraneous illusions which disturb it, and resumes the simple sentiment of itself, of Nature, and of it's AUTHOR. Thus the muddy water of a torrent, which lays waste the country, spreading itself into some little bason remote from it's current, sinks the miry particles to the bottom of it's bed, recovers it's former limpidness, and having again become transparent, reflects, together with it's own banks, the verdure of the Earth and the light of the Heavens.

Solitude restores the harmony of the body as well as that of the soul. It is among solitary classes of people that we find persons who live to the greatest age, as among the Bramins of India. In short, I believe it so necessary to happiness, even in the commerce of the World, that I conceive it impossible to taste a durable pleasure in it, be the sentiment what it may, or to regulate our conduct by any established principle, unless we form an internal solitude, from which our own opinion seldom takes it's departure, and into which that of another never enters. I do not however mean to assert that it is the duty of man to live entirely alone, for by his necessities he is united to the whole human race; he for that reason owes his labour to Mankind, but he owes himself likewise to the rest of Nature. As GOD has given to each of us organs exactly suited to the elements of the Globe on which we live, feet to the soil, lungs to the air, eyes to the light, without the power of interchanging the use of these senses: He, who is the author of life, has reserved for himself alone the heart, which is it's principal organ.

I pass my days then remote from men, whom I have wished to serve, and who have repaid me with persecution. After having travelled over a great part of Europe, and several regions of America and of Africa, I am now settled in this island, poorly inhabited as it is, seduced by the mildness of the air, and by it's enchanting solitudes. A cottage, which I have built in the forest at the foot of a tree, a little field cleared for cultivation by my own hands, and a river which flows before my door, are fully adequate to all my wants, and all my pleasures. I add to these enjoyments a few good books, which teach me to become better: they even make the World, which I have quitted, still contribute to my happiness, by presenting me with pictures of those passions which render it's inhabitants so miserable; and by the comparison which I make between their condition and my own, they procure for me a negative felicity. Like a man saved from shipwreck, seated on a rock I contemplate in my solitude, the storms which are raging in the rest of the World; nay my tranquillity is increased by the fury of the distant tempest. Since men stand no longer in my way, and as I am no longer in theirs, I have ceased to hate, and now I pity them. If I meet with any unfortunate wretch, I try to assist him by my counsels: as one passing along the brink of a torrent stretches out his hand to an unhappy creature drowning in it. I however have found innocence alone attentive to my voice. Nature to no purpose allures to herself the rest of mankind; each one forms in his mind an image of her, which he invests with his own passions. He pursues, through

the

the whole of life, the vain phantom which still misleads him; and he then complains to Heaven of the illusion which he had practised upon himself. Amongst a great number of unfortunate wretches whom I have endeavoured to bring back to Nature, I have not found a single one who was not intoxicated with his own miseries. They listened to me at first with attention, in hopes that I was going to assist them in acquiring either glory or fortune, but perceiving that I only meant to teach them to do without such things, they looked upon me myself as a miserable wretch, because I did not pursue their wretched felicity: they condemned the solitary style of life which I led, pretended that they alone were useful to Mankind, and endeavoured to draw me into their vortex. But though my heart is open to all the World, my opinions are biassed by no one. I frequently find enough within my own breast to make me serve as a lesson to myself. In my present calm I make a second passage through the agitations of my own past life, which I once prized so highly; the protections, the fortune, the reputation, the pleasures and the opinions, which maintain a constant conflict all the World over. I compare those successive tribes of Men, whom I have seen contending with so much fury about mere chimeras, and who are now no more, to the little waves of my rivulet, which dash themselves foaming against the rocks of it's bed, and then disappear never more to return. For my own part, I quietly commit myself to the river of time, to be borne down toward the ocean of futurity, which is circumscribed with no shores, and

by contemplating the actual harmonies of Nature, I raised myself toward it's AUTHOR, and thus console myself with the expectation of a destiny more happy, in the World to come.

Although the multiplicity of objects which from this elevation now strike our view, are not perceptible from my hermitage, which is situated in the centre of a forest, still the harmonies of that spot are very interesting, especially for a man who like me prefers retiring into himself to ranging abroad. The river which flows before my door passes in a straight line across the woods, so that my eye is struck with a long canal, overshadowed with trees of variegated foliage; tatamaques, the ebony-tree, and what is here called apple-wood, olive-wood, and the cinnamon; groves of palm-trees here and there raise their long and naked columns more than a hundred feet high; on their tops clusters of palms grow, while they appear like one forest piled above another. There are likewise lianes of different coloured leaves, and which, shooting their branches from one tree to another, form here arcades of flowers, and there long festoons of verdure. Aromatic odours issue from most of these trees, and their perfumes attach themselves so strongly to the very clothes, that the smell adheres to a person who has crossed the forest for several hours afterwards. In the season when their flowers are in full bloom, you would think them half covered with snow. At the end of Summer several kinds of foreign birds come, by an unaccountable instinct, from unknown regions beyond the boundless Ocean, to pick up the seeds of the vegetables which this

island

island produces, and oppose the brilliancy of their colours to the verdure of the trees, embrowned by the Sun. Among others, different kinds of parroquets, and blue pigeons, which are here called the pigeons of Holland. Monkeys, the domesticated inhabitants of these forests, amuse themselves among the dusky branches, from which they detach themselves by their grey and greenish hair, with their faces entirely black; some suspend themselves by the tail, balancing themselves in the air; others leap from branch to branch, carrying their young ones in their arms. Never has the murderous fusil scared these peaceful children of Nature. Here nothing is heard but sounds of joy, the unknown warblings and the chirping of some southern birds, which repeat the echoes of these forests from afar. The river, which flows bubbling over a rocky bed through the trees, reflects here and there in it's limpid stream, their venerable masses of verdure and of shade, as well as the gambols of the happy inhabitants: about a thousand paces from hence, it precipitates itself down different stories of the rock, and forms in it's fall a smooth sheet of water as clear as crystal, which rolling down, breaks itself amidst billows of foam. A thousand confused noises proceed from these tumultuous waters, and when dispersed by the winds of the forest, they sometimes fly to a distance, and sometimes they rush on the ear all at once, and produce a stunning sound like that of the bells of a cathedral. The air, cotinually refreshed by the motion of this stream, keeps up upon the banks of the river, notwithstanding the burning heats of Summer, a verdure and a coolness,

which are seldom found in this island even on the mountain tops.

At some distance from thence there is a rock, remote enough from the cascade to prevent your being deafened with the noise of it's waters, and yet sufficiently near for you to enjoy the sight of their fall, their freshness, and their murmuring. During the excessive heats, Madame *de la Tour*, *Margaret*, *Virginia*, *Paul*, and I, sometimes dined under the shade of this rock. As *Virginia* always employed her minutest actions for the benefit of others, she never ate a fruit in the country without planting it's seed or it's kernel in the earth. "Trees," said she, "will spring from these, which may one day "give their fruits to some traveller, or least to "some bird." Accordingly, once, when she had been eating part of a papaya at the foot of this rock, she planted the seeds of the fruit; there soon afterwards several papayas grew up, among which was a female plant, that is, one which bears fruit. This tree, at *Virginia*'s departure was not so high as her knee, but as it's growth is very rapid, it attained three years after to the height of twenty feet, and the higher part of it's trunk was surrounded with several rows of ripe fruit. *Paul* having by chance wandered to this place, was greatly delighted at beholding such a large tree, grown from a seed which he had seen planted by the hand of his friend; but at the same time he sunk into a profound melancholy, on observing this testimony of her long absence. By objects which we habitually behold, we are unable to perceive with what rapidity our life passes away; they as well as ourselves

selves grow old, with an imperceptible decay: but those which we suddenly see again after several years absence, admonish us of the swiftness with which the stream of our days flows on. *Paul* was as much surprized, and as sorrowful, at the sight of this large papaya loaded with fruit, as a traveller is, who on his return to his native country after a long absence, finds those who were his contemporaries to be no more, and sees their children, whom he had left at the breast, themselves become fathers of families. Sometimes he was going to cut it down, as it made him too sensible of the length of time which had elapsed since *Virginia*'s departure; at other times, considering it as a monument of her beneficence, he kissed it's trunk, and addressed to it these words, dictated by love and regret: "O "tree, whose posterity still exists in our woods, I "view thee with more concern and veneration than "the triumphal arches of the Romans! May Na- "ture, which is daily destroying the monuments "of the ambition of Kings, multiply, in these "forests, those of the beneficence of a young and "unfortunate girl."

It was at the foot of this papaya-tree that I was certain of seeing *Paul* whenever he came to my habitation. I one day found him there plunged in melancholy, and I held a conversation with him, which I will repeat to you, unless I tire you by my long digressions; they however are pardonable in a person of my age, and more so as they have a reference to my last friendships. I will relate it in form of a dialogue, that you may judge of the excellent natural sense of this young man, and it will

be easy for you to discover who is the speaker, by the meaning of his questions, and by my answers.

He said to me:

"I am very low spirited. Mademoiselle *de la* "*Tour* has been gone these three years and a half; "and for a year and a half past she has sent us no "tidings of herself. She is rich, and I am poor; "she has certainly forgotten me. My inclination "prompts me strongly to embark for France; I "will enter into the service of the King; I will "make a fortune, and the grand-aunt of Mademoi- "selle *de la Tour* will give me her niece in mar- "riage when I shall have become a great Lord."

Old Man.—"My good friend, have you not told "me that your birth is ignoble?"

Paul.—"So my mother has told me; for my "own part I do not so much as know the meaning "of the word Birth. I never discovered that I "was more deficient there than another, or that "any other person possessed it more than I do."

Old Man.—"Deficiency in point of birth will, "in France, effectually exclude you from any dis- "tinguished employment; what is more, no corps "of any distinction will admit you."

Paul.—"You have often informed me that one "of the chief causes of the present greatness of "France was, that the lowest subject might ob- "tain the highest posts; and you have given me "many instances of celebrated men, who rising "from a low condition, had done honour to their "country. Do you mean to damp my courage?"

Old Man.—"My son, nothing is farther from "my intention: I told you the truth, but it related

"to

" to times past. The face of affairs in France is
" at present greatly altered; every thing there is
" now become venal; all is the hereditary property
" of a small number of families, or is divided among
" incorporated associations. The King is a lumi-
" nary surrounded by the nobility, and by different
" corps, as by so many clouds, and it is hardly
" possible that one of his rays should fall upon
" you. Formerly, in an administration less com-
" plicated, such phenomena were to be seen. Then
" talents and merit were disclosed on every side,
" as the fresh grounds, which have just been clear-
" ed, are productive with all their rich juices. But
" great Kings, who know Mankind, and how to
" make choice among them, are very rare. Kings
" in general allow themselves to be biassed by the
" grandees, and by the associations which sur-
" round them."

Paul.—" But probably I shall find one of those
" great men, who will take me under his protec-
" tion."

Old Man.—" The protection of the great is to
" be obtained only by serving either their ambition
" or their pleasure. You can never succeed with
" them, for your birth is mean, and your probity
" is untainted."

Paul.—" But I will perform actions so daring, I
" will keep my promises so inviolate, I will so punc-
" tually fulfil the duties of my situation, I will be
" so zealous and so constant in my friendships, as
" to merit adoption from some of them, which I
" have seen frequently to be the case in those an-
" cient histories which you gave me to read."

Old

Old Man.—" Ah ! my good friend ! among the " Greeks and Romans, even in their decline, the " higher orders of men always paid respect to vir- " tue ; we have indeed a great number of celebrated " personages of all descriptions starting up from " among the common people, but I do not know " of a single one who has been adopted into a family " of rank. Were it not for our Kings, Virtue would " in France be condemned to an eternal Plebeian- " ism. As I have often told you, they sometimes " honour virtue when they perceive it; but in the " present day, the distinction which in justice it " ought to obtain, is to be purchased only with " money."

Paul.—" In case then I do not procure support " from the Great, I will endeavour to render myself " useful to some corps. I will adopt it's spirit and it's " opinions entirely ; I will make myself to be be- " loved."

Old Man.—" You will act then like other men ! " you will sacrifice your integrity to purchase for- " tune !"

Paul.—" Oh, no ! the search of truth shall be " my only aim."

Old Man.—" Instead of making yourself to be " beloved, you will most probably expose yourself " to hatred. Beside, incorporated associations in- " terest themselves very little in the discovery of " truth. To the ambitious every opinion is indif- " ferent, provided they domineer."

Paul.—" How unfortunate am I ! I am dis- " couraged on every side. I am doomed to pass " my life in labour and obscurity, far from *Vir-* " *ginia.*" And he heaved a deep sigh.

Old

Old Man.—" Let the Almighty be your only pa-
" tron, and the human race your corps; be firmly
" attached both to the one and to the other. Fami-
" lies, Associations, Nations and Kings, have their
" prejudices and their passions, and vice must often
" be committed, in order to serve them as they de-
" sire. But to serve GOD and the human race,
" we have occasion to exercise virtue only.

" But why do you wish to be distinguished from
" the rest of Mankind? It is an unnatural senti-
" ment, for if it were universal every man would
" be at war with his neighbour. Satisfy yourself
" with fulfilling the duties of that station in which
" Providence has placed you: rejoice in your des-
" tiny, which allows you to maintain your inte-
" grity pure, and does not oblige you, in imitation
" of the great, to place your happiness in the opi-
" nion of the lower ranks; nor, in imitation of the
" lower, to cringe to superiors, in order to procure
" the means of subsistence. You are in a country,
" and in a situation, where you can find a living
" without any occasion to deceive, to flatter, or to
" debase yourself, as the generality of those are
" obliged to do who pursue fortune in Europe; in
" a situation, where your condition does not prohi-
" bit your exercising any virtue where you can with
" impunity be good, faithful, sincere, intelligent,
" patient, temperate, chaste, indulgent, pious; and
" where no malignant sneer will interpose to blast
" your wisdom, which is still only in the bud.
" Heaven has bestowed on you liberty, health, a
" good conscience, and friends: Kings, whose fa-
" vour you are so ambitious of obtaining, are not
" near so happy." *Paul.*

Paul.—" Alas! *Virginia* is still wanting to me: " without her I have nothing; with her I should " possess every thing. She alone is my birth, my " glory, and my fortune: but her aunt must no " doubt have bestowed her in marriage on a man " of high reputation! By means of books and study " however men may become learned and celebrated: " I will acquire knowledge, by dint of intense ap- " plication: I will render a useful service to my " country by my superior illumination, and will " neither offend any one, nor be dependent on him: " my fame will be illustrious, and the glory which " I may obtain will be entirely my own."

Old Man.—" My son, talents are still more rare " than either birth or riches; and doubtless they " are the most invaluable possessions, because no- " thing can deprive us of them, and because they " universally conciliate public esteem. But they " cost a man dear; they are to be obtained only " by privations of every kind; by an exquisite sen- " sibility, which renders us unhappy both at home " and abroad, from the persecution of our con- " temporaries. In France, the lawyer does not " envy the glory of the soldier, nor the soldier that " of the sailor, but every body will thwart you " there, because every body piques himself on his " understanding. You will serve Mankind, you " say. But the person who produces them a single " sheaf of corn from the ground, does them a far " more profitable service than he who gives them " a book."

Paul.—" Oh! she who planted this papaya has " given the inhabitants of these forests a much

" more useful and delightful present, than if she had " given them a library :" and as he spake he took the tree in his arms, and kissed it with transport.

Old Man.—" The best book that ever was writ- " ten, which inculcates only the doctrines of friend- " ship, equality, humanity and concord, namely the " Gospel, has served for many ages past, as a pre- " text for the ravages of European cruelty. How " many public and private tyrannies are daily prac- " tised on the Earth in it's name! After that who " can flatter himself with the hope of being useful to " Mankind by a book? Call to mind what has been " the fate of most of those Philosophers who preach- " ed up wisdom to Man. *Homer*, who clothed it " in verses so beautiful, was reduced to beg his " bread all his life long. *Socrates*, who gave to the " Athenians such excellent lessons of it, both by " his discourses and by his manners, was condemn- " ed to swallow poison, by the sentence of a court " of justice. His sublime disciple, *Plato*, was " doomed to slavery by order of the very Prince " who protected him ; and before their time, *Py-* " *thagoras*, who extended his humanity even to " the brute creation, was burnt alive by the Croto- " nians. What do I say? The greatest part of these " illustrious names have descended to us disfigured " by some traits of satire which characterize them; " for human ingratitude delights to lay hold on " these: if however among the crowd, the glory of " any one hath reached our ears, pure and untaint- " ed, it must have been such as have lived far from " the society of their contemporaries; like those " statues which are extracted entire out of the

" fields

" fields of Greece and Italy, and which, by being " buried in the bosom of the earth, have escaped " the fury of barbarians.

" You see, then, that to acquire the tempestu- " ous glory of literary fame, it is necessary to ex- " ercise much virtue, and to be ready to sacrifice " life itself. Besides, do you imagine that this " glory interests wealthy people in France? they " greatly caress literary men, whose learning does " not raise them to any dignity in their country, " nor to any situation under government, nor pro- " cure them admission at Court. Persecution is " little practised in this age, so indifferent as it is " to every thing except fortune and pleasure; but " knowledge and virtue seldom raise a person there " to a distinguished rank, because every thing in " the state is to be procured with money. Former- " ly these qualities were sure of meeting a recom- " pense, by places either in the church, in the ma- " gistracy, or in the administration; but at present " they are only good for making books. This fruit, " however, so little prized by the men of the World, " is ever worthy of it's celestial origin. It is to " these very books that the honour is reserved, of " bestowing lustre on obscure virtue, of consoling " the unfortunate, of enlightening Nations, and of " declaring the truth even to Kings. It is un- " doubtedly the most sacred office with which " Heaven can invest a mortal on this Earth. Where " is the man who has it not in his power to con- " sole himself for the injustice, or the contempt, of " those who have the disposal of fortune, when he " reflects that his work will be handed down from

" age

" age to age, from nation to nation, and will serve " as a barrier against error and tyranny; and that, " from the bosom of the obscurity in which he has " lived, a glory may issue which shall eclipse that " of the greatest part of Kings, whose monuments " sink into oblivion in spite of the flatterers who " reared, and who extol them?"

Paul.—" Ah! I should covet this glory, only " to diffuse it's lustre over *Virginia*, and to render " her dear to all the World. But you, who have " so much experience, tell me whether we shall " ever marry. I wish to be a scholar, at least to " know what I am to expect in future."

Old Man.—" Who would wish to live, my son, " if he knew what was to befal him hereafter? A " single foreseen calamity occasions a thousand " vain anxieties: the certain prospect of a heavy " affliction would embitter all the days which " might precede it. Indeed it is not proper to " enquire too deeply even into surrounding ob- " jects; Heaven, which bestows reflection upon " us that we may foresee our necessities, has also " given us necessities, to set bounds to our reflec- " tion."

Paul.—" You tell me that in Europe, dignities " and honours are to be purchased with money. I " will go and acquire wealth in Bengal, and then " direct my course toward Paris and espouse *Vir-* " *ginia*. I will go and embark immediately."

Old Man.—" How! will you leave her mother " and your own?"

Paul.—" Why you yourself advised me to go to " India."

Old

Old Man.—" When I gave you that advice *Vir-*
" *ginia* was here. But at present you are the only
" support of your mothers."

Paul.—" *Virginia* will send them the means of
" subsistence from the bounty of her rich rela-
" tion."

Old Man.—" Rich people assist those only who
" pay homage to them in the World. They have
" relations much more to be pitied than Madame
" *de la Tour*, and who, for want of support from
" them, sacrifice their liberty for the sake of bread,
" and pass their lives shut up in a convent."

Paul.—" What a dreadful country Europe is!
" Oh! *Virginia* must return hither. What occa-
" sion has she for a rich relation? How happy she
" once was under these lowly roofs, how beautiful
" and how charming, when her head was adorned
" with a red handkerchief, or a wreath of flowers!
" O, *Virginia!* return, leave thy palaces and thy
" greatness; return to these rocks, to the shade of
" these woods, and to our cocoa-trees. Alas! per-
" haps at this very moment thou art miserable."—
Saying this, he burst into tears. " Father," cried
he, " conceal nothing from me; if you are unable
" to tell me whether I shall ever marry *Virginia*,
" inform me at least whether she still loves me,
" though surrounded by great men who talk to
" the King, and who visit her?"

Old Man.—" Yes, my friend, I am convinced by
" many reasons that she loves you, but principally
" by this, that she is virtuous." At these words he
clasped me round the neck, transported with joy.

Paul.—" But do you believe European women to

" be

" be so inconstant as they are represented on the " stage, and in those books which you have lent me?"

Old Man.—" In those countries where men ty- " rannize, the women are always inconstant. Vi- " olence ever produces deceit."

Paul.—" How is it possible for a man to exercise " tyranny over a woman?"

Old Man.—" By forcing women into marriage " without any regard to their own inclinations; a " young girl to an old man, a woman of feeling to " a man of insensibility."

Paul.—" Why do they not rather unite those " together who are more suitable to each other; " the young with the young, and lovers with those " on whom their affections are fixed?"

Old Man.—" The reason is, that in France the " generality of young men have not sufficient for- " tune to enable them to marry, and that they sel- " dom acquire a competency till they are advanced " in years. In youth they seduce the wives of their " neighbours, and when old they are unable to se- " cure the affections of their own wives. When " young they deceived others, and when old are " in their turn themselves deceived. It is one of " the re-actions of that universal justice which go- " verns the world: one excess always balances " another. Thus most Europeans pass their lives " in a twofold disorder, and this disorder is increased " in a society proportionably as riches are accumu- " lated on a smaller number of individuals. The " State resembles a garden, in which small trees " are unable to arrive at perfection if others too " great overshadow them; but there is this mani-

" fest difference, that the beauty of a garden may " result from a small number of large trees, but the " prosperity of a State ever depends on the multi- " tude and equality of the subjects, and not on a " small number who monopolize it's wealth."

Paul.—" But why is want of money a hin- " drance to marriage?"

Old Man.—" Because after a man has entered " into that state, he wishes to pass his days in " abundance, without the necessity of labouring."

Paul.—" And why not labour? I myself work " very hard."

Old Man.—" The reason is, that in Europe ma- " nual labour is deemed dishonourable. It is there " called mechanical labour: nay that of cultivating " the ground is esteemed the most despicable of " all. There the artisian holds a far higher rank " than the peasant."

Paul.—" How! the art which supplies man " with food despised in Europe! I do not under- " stand you."

Old Man.—" Oh! it is impossible for a man edu- " cated in a state of Nature, to comprehend the de- " pravity of a state of Society. Though such a one " is able to form in his own mind an exact idea of " order, he cannot form one of disorder. Beauty, " virtue and happiness have proportions: defor- " mity, vice and misery have none."

Paul.—" The rich then are very happy; no ob- " stacle lies in their way; and on the objects of their " love they can bestow pleasures without end."

Old Man.—" They are for the most part insen- " sible to any pleasure, because the attainment of it

" costs

" costs them no trouble. Does not experience
" teach you that the enjoyment of repose is pur-
" chased by fatigue; that of eating, by hunger;
" that of drinking, by thirst? In like manner, that
" of loving, and of being beloved, is only to be ob-
" tained by a multitude of privations and sacrifices.
" Their wealth deprives rich people of all these
" pleasures, by outrunning their necessities. Add,
" besides, to the disgust which always follows sa-
" tiety, that pride which springs from their opu-
" lence, and which the least privation wounds, even
" when the greatest enjoyments have ceased to
" flatter it. The perfume of a thousand roses only
" pleases for a single moment; but the pain in-
" flicted by one of their thorns lasts a long time af-
" ter the wound is received. To the rich, one mis-
" fortune in the midst of many enjoyments is a
" thorn surrounded by flowers; but, on the con-
" trary, to the poor, one pleasure in the middle of
" many calamities, is a flower surrounded on every
" side by thorns. They find a poignant relish in
" their enjoyments. Every effect is heightened by
" it's contrast; Nature has balanced all things
" equally. Every thing considered then, Which
" state do you conceive to be preferable, that of
" having almost nothing to hope for and all to fear,
" or that of having nothing to fear and every
" thing to hope? The first of these states is that
" of the rich; the second that of the poor. These
" extremes however are equally difficult to be sup-
" ported by man, whose happiness consists in me-
" diocrity and virtue."

Paul.—" What do you understand by the word " virtue ?"

Old Man. —" My son, you who support your pa- " rents by the labour of your hands have no occa- " sion for a definition of it. Virtue is an effort " made upon ourselves, for the good of others, in " the view of pleasing GOD only."

Paul.—" O, how virtuous then is *Virginia*, Vir- " tue was her aim when she wished to become rich, " that she might exercise beneficence; virtue made " her leave this island, and virtue will restore " her to us." This idea of her speedy return kindling the young man's imagination, all his disquietude vanished in an instant. *Virginia* had not written, because she was on the point of returning: so little time was necessary to sail from Europe, with a fair wind. He enumerated instances of vessels which had made this voyage of more than four thousand five hundred leagues in less than three months. The vessel in which she embarked would not take more than two. The builders of the present day were so skilful, and the mariners so alert. He talked of the arrangements which he would make for her reception; of the new habitation which he intended to build; and of the pleasures and the agreeable surprize which he would contrive for her every day, when she became his wife; his wife.....The idea ravished his senses. " As for you, " father," said he to me, " you in future shall do " nothing but enjoy yourself. *Virginia* possesses " wealth, and we can purchase plenty of Negroes, " who will work for you. You shall be with us al- " ways, and nothing shall employ your mind but

" amusement

" amusement and pleasure." Immediately he flew like one distracted, to communicate to his family the joy with which he himself was intoxicated.

Excessive fear soon succeeded the most sanguine hopes. Violent passions always plunge the soul into contrary extremes. Frequently on succeeding mornings *Paul* came to see me, overwhelmed with grief. He said to me, " *Virginia* " has not written to me: Had she left Europe she " would certainly have informed us of it. Ah! " the reports which have been circulated concern- " ing her are but too well founded; her aunt has " certainly married her to some nobleman. The love " of wealth has corrupted her, as is the case with " so many others. In those books which so well " describe the character of the female sex, virtue is " merely a subject for romance. Had *Virginia* re- " ally possessed virtue she would not have quitted " her own mother and me. While I pass my life, " with my thoughts entirely fixed on her, she has " cast me from her remembrance. I am torment- " ing myself, and she is lost in dissipation. Ah! " that thought plunges me into despair. All la- " bour disgusts me, and society becomes a bur- " then. Would to GOD that war would break " out in India, I would hasten thither, and throw " myself into the jaws of death."

" My son," replied I, " that courage which makes " us rush on to meet death, is the courage of only a " single moment. It is often excited by the vain " applause of man. There is a species of courage " more rare, and still more necessary, which en- " ables us daily to support the misfortunes of life " without a witness, and without praise; what I

" mean is patience. It rests not on the opinion of " another, nor on the impulse of our own passions, " but on the will of GOD. Patience is the cou- " rage of virtue."

" Ah then," cried he, " I have no virtue! every " thing overwhelms me and sinks me into despair." " Virtue," replied I, " always equal, constant and " invariable, is not the portion of Mankind. In the " conflict of so many passions by which we are agi- " tated, our reason is troubled and obscured; but " there are pharoses by which we can rekindle the " flame; I mean Letters.

" Letters, my son are an assistance sent to us " from Heaven. They are rays of that wisdom " which governs the Universe, and which Man, in- " spired by a celestial art, has learned to establish " upon this Earth. Like the rays of the Sun, they " enlighten, they comfort, they warm: it is a flame " altogether divine. Like fire, they direct all Na- " ture to our use. By means of them, we unite " around us, men and things, times and places. By " them, we feel ourselves recalled to the rules of " human life. They calm the passions; they re- " press vice; they rouse virtue by the sacred ex- " ample of those great men whom they celebrate, " and whose honoured images they habitually pre- " sent to us crowned with respect. They are the " daughters of Heaven, who descend to Earth to " soothe the misfortunes of the Human Race. " The great Writers whom they inspire, have al- " ways appeared in times the most difficult for hu- " man Society to subsist, the times of barbarism and " of depravity. My dear son, letters have afforded

" consolation

" consolation to an infinite number of men, far " more miserable than you are; *Xenophon*, banish- " ed from his country after having brought back to " it ten thousand Greeks; *Scipio Africanus*, ex- " hausted with the relentless calumny of the Ro- " man people; *Lucullus*, sickened with their " cabals; and *Catinat*, stung with the ingratitude " of the French Court. The ingenious Greeks as- " signed the several governments of our various in- " tellectual powers to the several Muses, who pre- " side over Letters: We ought therefore to resign " to them the government of our passions, that they " may direct and curb them. They ought, with " regard to the faculties of the soul, to perform the " same functions with the Hours, which yoked " and guided the horses of the Sun.

" Apply yourself then, my son, to the study of " books. Those wise men who have written be- " fore us, are travellers who have preceded us in " the paths of calamity, who stretch out the hand " toward us, and invite us to join their society, " when every body else has abandoned us. A " good book is a good friend."

" Ah!" cried *Paul*, " I had no occasion to know " how to read when *Virginia* was here: she had " studied no more than I had done, but when she " looked at me, calling me her friend, it was im- " possible for me to know what sorrow meant."

" Doubtless," said I to him, " there can be no " friend so agreeable as a mistress who loves reci- " procally. There is besides in woman a lively " gaiety, which dissipates the pensiveness of man. " Her graces make the dark phantoms of reflection

" to fly away. On her countenance are depicted " the gentle attractions of confidence. What joy " is not heightened by her joy? What forehead " is not smoothed when she smiles? What wrath " can repel her tears? *Virginia* will return with " more philosophy than you possess; she will be " greatly surprized at not finding the garden en- " tirely restored, she, whose thoughts are fixed on " embellishing it, in spite of the persecutions of " her relation, while far from her mother, and far " from you."

The idea of the approaching return of *Virginia* renovated the courage of *Paul*, and brought him back to his rural occupations. Happy in the midst of his perturbation, in proposing to his exertions an end congenial to his predominant passion.

One morning at day-break, it was the 24th of December, 1752, *Paul* on rising perceived a white flag hung out on Mount Discovery. This flag was the signal that a vessel was descried at sea. He immediately flew to the city, to learn if it brought any intelligence of *Virginia*. He remained there till the return of the pilot of the port, who, according to custom, had gone out to reconnoitre her. This man did not come back till the evening. He reported to the Governor, that the vessel which they hailed was the Saint-Gerard, of about seven hundred tons burthen, commanded by a captain named M. *Aubin*; that she was four leagues distant at most, and that she could not come to her moorings off Port-Louis, till the next day in the afternoon, if the wind was fair. It was then a dead calm. The pilot then delivered

livered to the Governor the letters which the vessel had brought from France. Among others there was one in *Virginia*'s hand-writing for Madame *de la Tour*. *Paul* seized it immediately, and having kissed it with transport, he put it in his bosom, and flew to the plantation. As soon as he could perceive the family from afar, who were waiting his return on Rock Farewel, he raised the letter into the air, without the power of uttering a syllable: immediately the whole family assembled round Madame *de la Tour* to hear it read.

Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced very harsh treatment from her grand-aunt, who had attempted to force her into marriage, had afterwards disinherited her, and then turned her away, at a time which would not permit her to arrive at the Isle of France till the hurricane season: that she had to no purpose endeavoured to soften her, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to the connections of her early life; that she had been treated by her as a girl whose head was turned with reading romances; that at present her only wish was once more to see and embrace her dear family, and that she would have gratified this ardent wish that very day, if the captain would have allowed her to embark in the pilot-boat, but that he had opposed her departure, on account of the distance of the shore, and of a heavy swell at sea in the offing, notwithstanding the stillness of the wind.

No sooner was this letter read, than the whole family transported with joy, cried out: "*Virginia* "is arrived." Masters and servants embraced each other

other by turns. Madame *de la Tour* said to *Paul*: "My son, go and inform our neighbour of *Virgi-* "*nia*'s arrival." *Domingo* immediately lighted a flambeau of round-wood, and then in company with *Paul* directed his course toward my habitation.

It might be about ten o'clock at night: I had just extinguished by lamp, and had laid down to sleep, when I perceived through the pallisades of my cottage a light in the woods. Soon after I heard the voice of *Paul* calling me by name. I immediately arose, and was scarcely dressed when *Paul*, almost distracted and breathless, clasped me round the neck, saying: "Come, come along, *Virginia* "is arrived. Let us hasten to the port, the vessel "will anchor there by day-break."

We immediately bent our course thitherward. As we were crossing the woods of the Long-Mountain, and already on the road which leads from Pamplemousses to the port, I heard the sound of some one walking behind us. It was a negro hurrying on with his utmost speed. As soon as he had overtaken us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition: He replied: "I come from that quarter of the island "which is called Gold-Dust, and am dispatched to "inform the Governor, that a vessel from France "has just cast anchor under Amber Island. She is "firing guns in token of distress, for the sea is "very boisterous." The man, having thus spoken, immediately hastened forwards.

I then said to *Paul:* "Let us go toward Gold-"Dust, to meet *Virginia;* it is only three leagues "from hence." We accordingly directed our steps toward

toward the northern part of the island. The heat was stifling: the moon had just arisen; three black circles surrounded her. A frightful darkness overspread the whole face of Heaven. By the frequent flashes of lightning we discovered long streamers of thick clouds, gloomy and lowering at no great height, piled one above another toward the middle of the island, which rushed from the sea with an amazing rapidity, although on land not the least breath of wind was stirring. Hastening onwards, we thought we heard the roaring of thunder, but on listening more attentively we discovered it to be the report of cannon, reverberated by the echoes. The noise of the distant firing, joined to the tempestuous appearance of the Heavens, made me shudder. I had no doubt that it was a signal of distress from some vessel on the point of foundering. About half an hour afterwards the first ceased, and this silence struck me as much more awful than the mournful sounds which had preceded it.

We quickened our pace without saying a word, not daring to communicate our uneasiness to each other. Toward midnight we arrived in a violent heat on the sea-shore, at the quarter called Gold-Dust. The waves dashed themselves against it with a fearful noise. The foam, of a dazzling whiteness, and sparkling like fire, covered the rocks and shores. Notwithstanding the darkness, we could distinguish, by these phosphoric lights, the canoes of the fishermen, which they had long before drawn a great way up the strand.

At some distance from thence, at the entrance of

of the wood, we descried a fire, round which several of the planters were assembled. We went thither to rest ourselves, and to wait for the return of day. Whilst we sat by the fire, one of the planters told us that the preceding afternoon he had seen a vessel at sea, borne toward the island by the currents; that the shades of night had concealed her from his view, and that two hours after sun-set he had heard the firing of cannon, as a signal calling for assistance, but that the sea ran so high, no one could send out a boat to her relief: that soon after, he could perceive their lanterns lighted up, and in that case he was afraid the vessel having come so near the shore, might have passed between the main land and the little Isle of Amber, mistaking the latter for Mire-Point, near which the vessels arriving at Port-Louis are accustomed to pass; that if it were so, which however he could not absolutely affirm, the vessel must be in the greatest danger. Another planter then spake, and told us that he had several times passed through the channel which separates the Isle of Amber from the coast; that he had sounded it, and found that the mooring and anchoring ground were excellent; and that the vessel would be as safe there as in the most secure harbour. "I would risk my whole fortune in her," added he, "and could sleep as soundly as if I were on dry "land." A third person asserted that it was impossible for a vessel of that size to enter the channel, as even boats could with difficulty navigate it. He said that he had seen her anchor beyond the Isle of Amber, so that if the breeze sprung up in the morning,

morning, she would have it in her power either to put to sea again, or to gain the harbour. Other planters delivered various opinions.

Whilst they were disputing among themselves, as is very customary with idle Creoles, *Paul* and I kept a profound silence. We remained there till peep of dawn, but then there was too little light in the Heavens to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, which besides was covered with a thick fog; we could only descry to windward a dusky cloud, which they told us was the Isle of Amber, situated at a quarter of a league's distance from the coast. We perceived no object by this gloomy light but the point of land where we were, and the peaks of some of the mountains of the interior of the island, appearing from time to time in the midst of the clouds which floated around them.

About seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods; it was the Governor, M. *de la Bourdonaye*, who came on horseback, attended by a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and by a great number of planters and negroes. He drew up the soldiers on the beach, and ordered them to fire a volley. Scarcely had they done so, when we perceived on the sea a flash of light, almost immediately succeeded by the report of a cannon. We concluded that the vessel was at no great distance from us, and we all flew to that quarter where we had seen her signal. We then discerned through the mist the hull and sail-yards of a large vessel. We were so close to her that, notwithstanding the roaring of the sea, we distinctly heard the boatswain's whistle, and the voices of the sailors, who

who gave three cheers of LONG LIVE THE KING: for this is the exclamation of Frenchmen, when in extreme danger, as well as amidst their greatest rejoicings; as if they meant to call their Prince to their assistance in perilous seasons, or as if they intended even then to declare, that they were ready to meet death for his sake.

From the moment that the Saint-Gerard perceived we were within reach of giving her assistance, she went on firing a gun every three minutes. M. *de la Bourdonaye* ordered large fires to be kindled here and there along the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in quest of provisions, planks, cables, and empty casks. A multitude soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provisions and cordage, who came from the plantations of Gold-Dust, the quarter of the Marsh, and from Rampart River. One of the oldest of those planters approached the Governor, and thus addressed him: "Sir, deep "sounds have all night long been heard in the "mountain. In the woods the leaves are violently "agitated, though there is not a breath of wind "stirring. The sea-birds are flocking in crowds "to take refuge on the land; surely all these signs "announce the approach of a hurricane," "Well, "my friend," replied the Governor, "we are well "prepared for it, and surely the vessel is so likewise."

In truth, the whole appearance of Nature presaged an approaching tempest. The clouds distinguishable in the zenith, were at their centre awfully black, and their edges of a copper colour. The air resounded with the screams of the paillençu, the

the frigat, the water-cutter, and a multitude of other fowls, which notwithstanding the gloom of the atmosphere flocked from all points of the horizon, to seek a shelter in the island.

Toward nine o'clock in the morning, fearful noises were heard from the sea, as if torrents of water, mingled with the roaring thunder, were rushing from the mountain-tops. The whole company exclaimed: "There's the hurricane!" and at the same moment, an awful whirlwind carried off the fog which overspread the Isle of Amber and it's channel. The Saint-Gerard was then plainly descried, her deck crowded with people, her yards and round-tops lowered, her flag hoisted, four cables on her forecastle, and one to keep her fast a-stern. She had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the main land, within the shelvy enclosure which surrounds the Isle of France, and which she had weathered through a channel that no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her bows to the billows, which rolled on from the main Ocean; and at every surge which forced it's way into the channel, her prow was elevated to such a height that her keel was perceptible in the air; but by this motion her stern, plunging downward, disappeared from view to it's very carved work, as if it had been entirely swallowed up. In this situation, in which the winds and the waves were driving her toward the shore, it was equally impossible to return through the track by which she had entered, or by cutting her cables, to run a-ground upon the shore, from which she was separated by a deep bottom, sown thick with shelving rocks. Every billow

billow which broke against the coast, rushed on roaring to the very bottom of the bay, and tossed the pebbles more than fifty feet up the shore; then retiring backwards discovered a great part of it's bed, the stones of which were dashed backward and forward with a rough and horrible noise. The sea, swelled by the winds, increased every moment, and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber, appeared to be an immense sheet of white foam, hollowed into deep and dusky waves. This foam collected itself at the bottom of the creeks to the height of more than six feet, and the winds, which brushed along it's surface, carried it beyond the steep cliffs of the shore more than half a league into the island. At sight of these innumerable white flakes, which were driven in a horizontal direction to the very foot of the mountains, you would have thought that hills of snow were rushing from the Sea. The horizon presented every symptom of a lengthened tempest: the Heavens and the Sea seemed to be confounded in it with each other. There were incessantly detached from it clouds of a fearful appearance, which flew along the zenith with the velocity of birds; whilst others appeared in it immoveable like enormous rocks. Not a single spot of azure was perceptible in the whole firmament; a pale and olive coloured glare was all that illuminated the objects on the Earth, on the Sea, and in the Heavens.

By the violent straining of the vessel, what we feared at length took place. The cables on her bows snapped; and as she then rode by a single hawser, she was dashed upon the rocks half a cable's length from the

the shore. One scream of grief burst from every breast. *Paul* was hastening to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son," said I to him, "are you determined to destroy "yourself?" "Oh! let me go to her assistance," cried he, "or let me die!" As despair had overpowered his reason, *Domingo* and I, to prevent his destruction, tied round his middle a long cord, one of the extremities of which we held fast. *Paul* then advanced toward the Saint-Gerard, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the shallows. Sometimes he had the hope of getting on board, for the sea, in these irregular movements, left the vessel nearly dry, so that you might almost walk round and round her: but presently returning with renovating fury, it covered her with enormous arches of water, which carried away the whole forepart of her bottom, and dashed the unhappy *Paul* a great way up the shore, his legs bleeding, his chest bruised, and himself half-drowned. Scarcely had this young man recovered the use of his senses, when he got up again, and returned with redoubled ardor toward the ship, which the sea meanwhile had torn asunder with unremitting attacks. Upon this, the whole crew, despairing of safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea; some on masts, on planks, on hen-coops, on tables, and on casks. Then appeared an object worthy of eternal regret; a young lady was seen on the stern-gallery of the Saint-Gerard, stretching out her arms toward him who was making so many fruitless efforts to join her. It was *Virginia*. She soon discovered her lover by his intrepidity. At sight of this amiable

girl, exposed to perils so dreadful, we were overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. As for *Virginia*, with a noble and dignified air she waved her hand to us, as if to bid us an eternal farewel. The sailors had all thrown themselves into the Ocean. One alone remained on the deck, who was entirely naked, and strong as a *Hercules*. He approached *Virginia* respectfully; we saw him throw himself at her knees, and even to endeavour to persuade her to pull off her clothes; but she, repelling him with dignity, turned her face the other way. The air resounded with these redoubled cries of the spectators: "Save her! oh, save her! do not, do not quit her!" But at the same moment a mountain of water of an enormous size, engulphed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced roaring toward the vessel, which it menaced with it's dusky sides and foaming summits. At this awful spectacle, the sailor flung himself alone into the sea, and *Virginia* perceiving death inevitable, placed one hand on her clothes, and the other on her heart; then raising her placid eyes toward Heaven, she seemed an angel going to take flight toward the celestial regions.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! all was swallowed up. The surge dashed far up the shore a part of the spectators, whom an emotion of humanity had prompted to advance toward *Virginia*, as well as the sailor who had attempted to preserve her by swimming. This man, escaped from almost certain death, kneeled down upon the strand, saying: "Oh, my GOD, thou hast preserved my life; but "I would have sacrificed it willingly to save that

"of

" of the excellent young lady, who, with all my " persuasion, would not be prevailed on to undress " herself as I did." *Domingo* and I drew out from the waves the unfortunate *aul,* entirely deprived of recollection, whilst the blood gushed from his mouth and ears. The Governor put him under the care of surgeons, while he traversed the sea-shore, to see whether the billows had not borne the body of *Virginia* thither; but the wind having suddenly changed, as it is very customary in the case of hurricanes, we had the mortification of reflecting that we should not have it in our power to render to this unfortunate young woman even the rites of sepulture. We hastened from the spot overwhelmed with sorrow, our minds entirely engrossed with the loss of one person, in a shipwreck where so many had perished; the greater part doubting, from an end so disastrous befalling a young woman of such exalted virtue, whether a Providence existed at all; for there are calamities so dreadful, and so unmerited, that the confidence even of the wisest is frequently staggered.

Meanwhile they had placed *Paul,* who now began to recover the use of his senses, in an adjoining house, till his situation permitted him to be carried to his own home. As for me, I was returning with *Domingo,* in order to prepare *Virginia*'s mother, and her friend, for this calamitous event, when on our arrival at the entrance of the valley of the river of the Lataniers, some negroes informed us, that the sea was driving a great deal of the wreck of the vessel up the opposite bay. We descended thither, and one of the first objects which we descried upon

the shore was the body of *Virginia*. It was half covered with sand, and in the very attitude in which we had seen her perish. There was no sensible alteration in her features. Her eyes were closed, but serenity sat upon her forehead; only the pale violet of death blended itself upon her cheeks with the roses of modesty. One of her hands lay upon her clothes; the other, which clung to her heart, was firmly closed and stiff. I disengaged from it, with much difficulty, a little casket; but how was I astonished when I perceived in it the portrait which *Paul* had given her, and which she had promised him never to part with while she lived. At this last token of the constancy and the love of this unhappy maid, I wept bitterly. *Domingo*, beating his breast, pierced the air with his mournful cries. We then carried the body to a fisherman's hut, where we gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women, who washed it carefully.

Whilst they were performing this sad office we ascended trembling toward the plantation. We there found Madame *de la Tour* and *Margaret* at prayer, in expectation of news concerning the vessel. As soon as the former perceived me she exclaimed: "Where is my daughter? my beloved "*Virginia?* my child?" As my silence and my tears but too well informed her of the calamity which had happened, she was suddenly seized with a suffocation and agonizing spasms; her voice could be distinguished only in sighs and sobbing. *Margaret* exclaimed: "Where is my son? I do not see "my son?" and fainted away. We hastened to her, and having brought her to herself, I assured

her that *Paul* was alive, and that the Governor had taken proper care of him. She recovered the use of her senses only to devote her attention to the assistance of her friend, who from time to time fell into long fainting fits. Madame *de la Tour* passed the night in these cruel paroxysms, and by the length of their duration I have judged that nothing equals the sorrow of a mother. When she recovered her reason, she fixed her mournful eyes stedfastly toward Heaven. In vain did *Margaret* and I press her hands between ours, in vain did we address her by the most tender appellations; to all these testimonies of our ancient affection she appeared totally insensible, and nothing but deep groans proceeded from her oppressed bosom.

The next morning they brought *Paul* home, stretched along in a palanquin. Reason had resumed it's empire, but his voice was entirely lost. His interview with his mother and Madame *de la Tour*, which at first I had been apprehensive of, produced a better effect than all the care which I had hitherto taken. A ray of comfort beamed on the countenances of these two unhappy mothers. They both approached him, clasped him in their arms, kissed him; and those tears which had been till then restrained through excess of sorrow, now began to flow. *Paul* soon mingled his with theirs. Nature being thus disburthened in these three unhappy beings, a languid oppression succeeded to the convulsions of their grief, and procured for them a lethargic repose, which bore in truth a strong resemblance to death.

Meanwhile M. *de la Bourdonaye* sent a messen-

ger to me privately, informing me that the body of *Virginia* had by his order been conveyed to the city, and that from thence he meant to have it carried to the church of Pamplemousses. I immediately went down to Port-Louis, where I found the inhabitants assembled from all parts to assist at the funeral, as if the island had lost the most precious treasure which it contained. In the port, the ships had their sail-yards laid across, their flags half hoisted up, and they were firing minute guns. The grenadier company opened the funeral procession. They carried their arms inverted. Their drums covered with long pieces of crape, emitted only sounds of woe: grief sat strongly depicted on the countenances of those warriors, who had a thousand times braved death in the field with undaunted courage. Eight young ladies of the most considerable rank in the island, clothed in white, and holding palm-boughs in their hands, bore the body of their virtuous companion, strewed over with flowers. A choir of little children followed it chanting hymns: then after them the officers of higher rank, and the principal inhabitants of the island, and last of all the Governor himself, followed by a crowd of the common people.

Thus far had Government interposed, in ordering that some honours might be rendered to the virtues of *Virginia*. But when the body had arrived at the foot of this mountain, at the sight of those very huts, the happiness of which she had so long constituted, and which her death had filled with sorrow, the whole funeral ceremony was deranged; the hymns and the chanting ceased; nothing

thing was now to be heard in the plain but sighs and sobs. Crowds of young girls, belonging to the neighbouring plantations, hastened to spread over the coffin of *Virginia* handkerchiefs, chaplets, and wreaths of flowers, invoking her as if she had been a saint. Mothers prayed Heaven to bestow on them daughters like her; the young men mistresses as constant; the poor a friend as affectionate, and the slaves a mistress as kind.

When they had arrived at the place destined for her interment, the negresses of Madagascar, and the Cafres of Mosambique, placed baskets of fruit around her body, and suspended pieces of stuff on the neighbouring trees, according to the custom of their country. The Indians of Bengal and those of the coast of Malabar, brought cages of birds, which they set at liberty over her corpse; to such a degree does the loss of a beloved object interest all Nations, and such a power does unfortunate virtue possess, seeing it attracts and unites all religions around it's tomb.

It was necessary to place a guard near her grave, to keep back some of the daughters of the poor inhabitants who were rushing to throw themselves into it, declaring that in this World their sorrow would admit of no consolation, and that nothing now remained for them but to die with her who had been their only benefactress. She was interred near the church of Pamplemousses, on it's western side, at the foot of a tuft of bamboos, where in going to mass with her mother and *Margaret*, she delighted to repose, seated by the side of him whom she then used to call brother.

On returning from the funeral ceremony, M. *de*

la Bourdonaye ascended this mountain, followed by a part of his numerous retinue. He tendered to Madame *de la Tour* and her friend all the assistance in his power. He expressed himself in few words, but with great indignation, against her unnatural relation: approaching *Paul*, he said every thing which he thought could have a tendency to console him. "I was anxious to contribute to your hap-" piness, and that of your family," said he; "Hea-" ven is witness of my sincerity. My friend, you " must go to France; I will procure you employ-" ment there. During your absence I will take as " much care of your mother as if she were my own." At the same time he held out his hand to him; but *Paul* drew back his, and turned his head aside that he might not see him.

As for myself, I remained in the dwelling of my unfortunate friends, to administer to them, as well as to *Paul*, all the assistance I could. At the end of three weeks he was able to walk; but mental depression seemed to increase in proportion as his body grew stronger. He was insensible to every thing; his looks were languid, and he did not answer a syllable to all the questions which were put to him. Madame *de la Tour*, who was in a dying condition, frequently said to him: "My son, so long as I see " you, I think I behold my dear *Virginia*." At the name of *Virginia* he started up and hastened from her, in spite of the entreaties of his mother, who called him back to her friend. He wandered alone to the garden, and seated himself at the foot of *Virginia*'s cocoa-tree, with his eyes stedfastly fixed on her fountain. The Governor's surgeon, who had taken the greatest

greatest care of him and of the ladies, told us, that in order to remove the gloomy melancholy which had settled on his mind, we ought to allow him to do every thing that he pleased, without contradicting him in any respect; for this was the only means of vanquishing that silence which he so obstinately preserved.

I resolved to follow his advice. As soon as *Paul* felt his strength in some degree restored, the first use which he made of it was to retire from the plantation. As I did not wish to lose sight of him, I walked behind, and desired *Domingo* to bring some provisions and to accompany us. In proportion as the young man descended from this mountain, his joy and his strength seemed to revive. He at first bent his course towards Pamplemousses, and when he had arrived at the church, in the bamboo-alley, he went directly to the spot where he saw the earth had been newly dug up; there he kneeled down, and raising his eyes to Heaven offered up a long prayer. This action appeared to me a happy presage of returning reason, as this mark of confidence in the Supreme Being was a proof that his soul began to resume it's natural functions. *Domingo* and I fell down on our knees after his example, and prayed with him. At length he arose and walked to the northern part of the island, without paying much attention to us. As I knew that he was entirely ignorant, not only where the body of *Virginia* was deposited, but also whether or not it had been saved from the Sea, I asked him why he had been praying to GOD at the foot of the bamboos: he replied; "We have been there together

"so

"so often!" He continued his journey to the entrance of the forest, where night overtook us. There I persuaded him by my example to take some nourishment; we then reposed ourselves upon the grass at the foot of a tree. The next day I was in expectation that he would direct his steps homewards again. In truth he fixed his eyes for some time from the plain on the church of Pamplemousses, with it's long rows of bamboos, and he made some movements to return thither; but he suddenly buried himself in the forest, always directing his course toward the North. I penetrated his intention, and in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it. We arrived about mid-day at Gold-Dust. He hastily descended to the sea-shore, exactly opposite to the place where the Saint-Gerard had perished. At sight of the Isle of Amber and it's channel, then as smooth as a mirror, he exclaimed: "*Virginia!* Oh, my beloved *Virginia!*" and then fell down in a swoon. *Domingo* and I carried him to the interior of the forest, where we with much difficulty brought him to himself. When he had recovered his senses, he was preparing to return to the sea-shore; but I entreated him not to renew his own grief and ours by such cruel recollections, and he took another road. In short, for eight days together he rambled to all those places which he was accustomed to frequent with the companion of his infancy. He wandered along the path through which she had gone to ask pardon for the slave of the Black River: he then visited the borders of the river of the Three Paps, where she sat down when unable to walk any farther, and that part of the wood

wood in which she had been lost. Every place that recalled to his mind the inquietudes, the sports, the repasts, and the beneficence of his much-loved *Virginia*; the river of the Long-Mountain, my little habitation, the neighbouring cascade, the papaya which she had planted, the mossy ground where she delighted to run, and the cross-paths of the forest where she loved to sing, each by turns caused his tears to flow: the very echoes which had so often repeated the sounds of their mutual joy, now resounded with nothing but these mournful cries: "*Virginia!* Oh, my beloved *Virginia!*"

In this wild and wandering way of life, his eyes grew hollow, and his colour faded, and his health gradually, but perceptibly, declined. Being firmly persuaded that the sentiment of our misfortunes is redoubled by the remembrance of the pleasures which we once enjoyed, and that solitude only gives an edge to the passions, I resolved to remove my unfortunate friend from the places which excited the recollection of his loss, and to convey him to some part of the island where there were objects to dissipate his melancholy. For this purpose I conducted him to the inhabited heights of William's-quarter, where he had never been before. Agriculture and commerce then spread much bustle and variety over this island. There were many companies of carpenters who squared the trees into logs, and others who were sawing them into planks: carriages came and went along the roads: large flocks of oxen and horses fed in the extensive pastures, and the fields were filled with habitations. The depth of the soil, in several places, admitted of the

the cultivation of many kinds of European vegetables. You might see here and there harvests of corn in the plain, beds of strawberries in the openings of the woods, and hedges of rose-trees along the highway. The coolness of the air, by giving tension to the nerves, was even favourable to the health of the whites. From these heights, situated in the middle of the island, and surrounded with thick woods, you can discover neither the Sea, nor Port-Louis, nor the church of Pamplemousses, nor any thing which could recal to *Paul*'s mind the remembrance of *Virginia*. The very mountains which present different branches on the side of Port-Louis, offer nothing to view on the side of William's-Plain but a long promontory, in a straight and perpendicular line, out of which many lofty pyramids of rocks elevate themselves, and collect the clouds round their peaks.

It was to these plains accordingly that I conducted *Paul*. I kept him continually in action, walking with him in sun-shine and in rain, by day and by night, leading him into the woods, and over the fresh-ploughed ground and the fields, in order to amuse his mind by the fatigue of his body; and to deceive his reflections by ignorance of the place where we were, and of the road which we had left. But the mind of a lover finds every where traces of the beloved object. The night and the day, the calm of solitude and the noise of habitation, nay time itself, which erases so many recollections, brought no relief to his mind. Like the needle touched by the magnet, which is to no purpose agitated, for as soon as it recovers a state of rest, it points

points to the Pole which attracts it: so when I asked *Paul*, as we wandered about in William's-Plain, "Whither shall we go now? he turned to-"ward the North, and said: These are our moun-"tains, let us return thither."

I clearly perceived, that all the methods by which I had endeavoured to divert his mind, were ineffectual, and that the only resource now left was to attack the passion in itself, by employing to this purpose the whole strength of my feeble reason. I accordingly replied: "Yes, these are the mountains "where your beloved *Virginia* once lived, and there "is the portrait which you gave her, and which in "death she pressed to her heart, the last emotions "of which were devoted to thee." I then presented to *Paul* the little portrait which he had given *Virginia* on the banks of the fountain of the cocoa-trees. At sight of this a gloomy joy overspread his countenance. He eagerly seized the portrait with his feeble hands, and pressed it to his lips. Immediately his breast became oppressed, and to his blood-shot eyes the tears started, but were unable to flow.

I said to him: "My son, attend to the words of "one who is your friend, who was so to *Virginia*, "and who in the ardor of your expectations, has "frequently endeavoured to fortify your reason "against the unforeseen calamities of human life. "What is it you deplore with much bitterness of "soul? Is it the misfortune which has befallen your-"self? Is it that which has befallen *Virginia?*"

"The misfortune which has befallen yourself—"yes, I grant you it has been very severe. You "have

" have lost the most amiable of young women, who " would have made the most virtuous of wives. She " had sacrificed her own interests to yours, and pre- " ferred you to fortune, as the only recompense " worthy of her virtue. But how do you know " whether the object from whom you expected hap- " piness so pure, might not have proved to you the " source of sorrows innumerable? She was dower- " less and disinherited. You would have had no- " thing in future to share with her, but what the " labour of your hands produced. Rendered more " delicate by her education, and more courageous " by her very misfortunes, you would have seen her " daily sinking under the weight of the fatigues " which she exerted herself to divide with you. In the event of bringing you children, her troubles " and your own would have been greatly increased, " by the difficulty of supporting with you alone, " your aged parents, and a growing family.

" You may tell me, the Governor would have as- " sisted us: but how do you know whether, in a " colony which so often changes it's rulers, you " would have always found such men as M. *de la* " *Bourdonaye?* Whether some Governor might " not have been sent hither, unpolished and unprin- " cipled? Or whether your wife, to obtain some " miserable pittance, might not have been obliged " to cringe to such a man? Either she would have " become frail, and you would have been an object " of pity, or she would have maintained her honour, " and you must have remained under the pressure of " poverty: happy if, on account of her beauty and

" virtue,

" virtue, you had not been persecuted by those very " persons from whom you solicited protection.

" You may say, I might have enjoyed happiness " independent of fortune, by protecting the be- " loved object who was attached to me, in propor- " tion to her very weakness; by consoling her with " my own inquietudes, by making her rejoice even " in my dejection, and thus causing our love to in- " crease by our mutual sorrows. Doubtless virtue " and love do delight in these bitter pleasures. " But she is now no more; there still remains to " you however what next to yourself she loved " most, namely her own mother and your's, whom " by your inconsolable affliction, you are bringing " down to the grave. Make it your happiness to " succour them, as it was her's. My son, benefi- " cence is the happiness of virtue; there is none " greater or more certain on the Earth. Projects " of pleasures, of repose, of enjoyments, of abund- " ance, and of glory, are not made for feeble Man, " who is only a traveller and a passenger through " this World. Behold how a single step to- " ward fortune has precipitated us from one " abyss into another? You opposed it, I grant; " but who of us did not believe, that the voyage of " *Virginia* would terminate in her own happiness " and in your's? The invitations of a rich and old " relation; the advice of a sensible Governor; the " approbation of a whole colony; the exhortations " and the authority of an ecclesiastic, have all con- " curred in deciding the fate of *Virginia*. Thus we " rush on to our own destruction, deceived by the " very prudence of those who govern us. It would

" doubtless

" doubtless have been better had we not believed " them, nor trusted to the opinions of the expec- " tations of a deceitful World. But after all, of so " many men whom we see thus busily employed " in these plains; of so many others who go in " quest of fortune to the Indies, or who, without " leaving their own homes, enjoy at their ease in " Europe the fruit of the labours of the people " here, there is not so much as one but who is des- " tined to lose, some day, that which he holds most " dear: greatness, fortune, wife, children, friends. " Most of them have superadded to their loss the " reflection of their own imprudence. But as for " you, when you retire within yourself, you find " nothing to reproach yourself with. You have " maintained unshaken fidelity; in the flower of " youth you have possessed the prudence of a sage " in not departing from the sentiment of Nature. " Your views alone were perfectly legitimate, be- " cause they were pure, simple and disinterested, " and because you had sacred rights over *Virginia*, " which no fortune could compensate. You have " lost her, but it is not your imprudence, nor your " avarice, nor your false widom, which occasioned " that loss; it is GOD himself, who has employed " the passions of another to deprive you of the ob- " ject of your love; that GOD from whom you " receive every thing, who sees what is proper for " you, and whose wisdom has not left you any " place for the repentance and despair which ever " follow in the train of those evils which we have " brought upon ourselves.

" This is what you can say to yourself, under the " pressure of your affliction: I have not merited it.

" Is

"It is then the misfortune which hath befallen *Vir-*
"*ginia*, her end, her present condition, that you
"deplore? She has submitted to the decision re-
"served for birth, for beauty, and even for empires
"themselves. The life of Man, with all it's pro-
"jects, rears itself like a little tower, to which death
"applies the finishing stroke. The moment she
"was born she was condemned to die. Happy in
"having resigned her life before her mother, be-
"fore your's, and before yourself; that is, in not
"having suffered many deaths before the final one.

"Death, my son, is a blessing to all Mankind. It
"is the evening of that restless day which we call
"life. It is in the sleep of death that the diseases,
"the griefs, the vexations, and the fears, which in-
"cessantly agitate unhappy mortals, repose for ever.

"Examine those men who appear the most hap-
"py, and you will find that they have purchased
"their pretended enjoyments very dearly; public
"respectability by domestic distresses; fortune by
"the loss of health; the real pleasure of being be-
"loved by continual sacrifices; and often, at the
"close of a life devoted to the interests of another,
"they see nothing around them but false friends,
"and ungrateful relation. But *Virginia* was happy
"to the last moment of her's. She was so whilst
"among us, by those blessings which Nature be-
"stows; at a distance from us by those of virtue:
"even in that dreadful moment when we saw her
"perish, she was still happy; for whether she cast
"her eyes on a colony in which she was going to
"cause universal desolation, or upon you, who
"rushed with such intrepidity to her assistance,

" she clearly perceived how dear she was to us all.
" She was prepared to meet the future, by reflect-
" ing on the innocence of her past life, and she
" then received the reward which Heaven reserves
" for virtue, a courage superior to danger. She
" encountered death with a serene countenance.

" My son, the Almighty has decreed to virtue
" the power of supporting all the events of human
" life, to let us see that it alone can make the pro-
" per use of them, and find in them felicity and
" glory. When He reserves for it an illustrious re-
" putation, he elevates it on a great theatre, and
" sets it a conflicting with death: then it's courage
" serves as an example, and the remembrance of it's
" misfortunes receives a tribute of tears from pos-
" terity which lasts for ever. This is the immortal
" monument reserved for it, upon a globe where
" every thing passes away, and where even the me-
" mory of the generality of Kings is speedily buried
" in everlasting oblivion.

" But *Virginia* exists still. Observe, my son, how
" every thing on the Earth changes, and yet that
" nothing is lost: no human skill can annihilate the
" smallest particle of matter; and could that which
" was rational, sensible, susceptible of love, virtu-
" ous, religious, have perished, when the elements
" with which it was invested are not liable to de-
" struction: Ah! if *Virginia* enjoyed happiness once
" in our society, how much more does she enjoy
" now! There is a GOD, my son; all Nature an-
" nounces it; there is no occasion to prove it to
" you. Nothing but the wickedness of men could
" make them deny a justice which they contemplate

" with

" with terror. A sentiment of Him is in your " heart, just as his works are before your eyes. " Can you believe then that He will leave *Virginia* " without a recompense? Can you believe that the " same Power which clothed a soul so noble, in a " form so beautiful, in which such divine skill was " clearly perceptible, was not able to have saved " her from the waves? that He, who has arranged " the actual happiness of Man by laws of which " you are entirely ignorant, could not prepare an- " other for *Virginia*, by laws equally unknown to " you? Before we were created, if we had possessed " the faculty of thinking, could we have formed " any idea of our future being? And now that we " are in this dark and fugitive existence, can we " foresee what is beyond death, through which we " must make our transition from it? Has the Al- " mighty occasion, like Man, for this little globe " of Earth, to serve as the theatre of his wisdom " and goodness, and is he capable of propagating " human life only in the pains of death? There is " not a single drop of water in the Ocean but what " is filled with living creatures, which have all a " reference to us; and does nothing exist for us " among all those stars which revolve over our " heads! What, is there no supreme Intelligence " and divine Goodness in any spot but precisely " that where we are; and in those radiant and in- " numerable globes, in those vast plains of light " which surround them, and which are never ob- " scured by darkness or tempest, do you believe " there is nothing but empty space, and an eternal " non-existence! If we, who could give nothing to

" ourselves, durst set bounds to that power from
" whom we have received every thing, we might
" believe ourselves to be stationed here upon the
" limits of his empire, where life is ever struggling
" with death, and innocence with tyranny.

" Without doubt there is somewhere a place in
" which virtue receives it's reward. *Virginia* now is
" happy. Ah! if from the abode of angels she
" could communicate to you her thoughts, she
" would say, as she did in her last farewel: Oh,
" *Paul*, life is only a state of probation. I have
" been found faithful to the laws of Nature, of
" love, and of virtue. I crossed the seas in obe-
" dience to my relations; I renounced riches to
" preserve my fidelity; and I have preferred death
" to the violation of modesty. Heaven has decreed
" that the career of my earthly existence has been
" sufficiently filled up. I have for ever made escape
" from poverty, from calumny, from tempests, and
" from the painful spectacle of the woes of others.
" None of those ills which terrify Mankind can
" ever in future affect me; and yet you still pity
" me! I am pure, and unsusceptible of change,
" as a particle of light; and you wish to recal me
" to the gloomy night of life! Oh, *Paul!* Oh, my
" friend! call to mind those days of happiness,
" when in the morning we enjoyed the beauty of
" the Heavens, rising with the Sun on the peaks of
" these rocks, and diffusing itself with it's radia-
" tions over the bosom of our forests. We expe-
" rienced a felicity, the cause of which we were
" unable to comprehend. In our innocent desires,
" we wished to be all eye, in order to enjoy the

" rich

" rich colours of *Aurora*; all smell, to inhale the " perfume of our flowers; all ear, to listen to the " warbling of our birds; all gratitude, to acknow- " ledge these blessings. Now at the source of " beauty, whence flows all that is delightful on the " Earth, my soul immediately tastes, hears, touches, " what it could then perceive only through feeble " organs. Ah! what language is capable of de- " scribing these regions of an eternal morning which " I inhabit for ever. Every thing that Omnipo- " tence and celestial Goodness could create, in or- " der to administer consolation to an unfortunate " being; all the harmony which the friendship of an " infinite number of beings partaking of the same " felicity, mingles in our common transports, I " now experience without alloy. Support thyself " then in thy state of probation, that thou mayest " increase the happiness of thy *Virginia*, by a love " which knows no bounds, and by a marriage the " torches of which can never be extinguished. " There, I will calm thy sorrows; there, I will " wipe away thy tears. Oh, my friend! my young " husband! elevate thy soul toward infinity, in " order to support the miseries of a moment."

My own emotion entirely stifled my voice. As for *Paul*, regarding me stedfastly, he exclaimed: " She is no more! she is no more!" A long lan- guid oppression succeeded these mournful words; then, returning to himself, he said: " Since death " is a blessing, and *Virginia* is happy, I will die " also, that I may again be united to her." Thus the consolation which I endeavoured to administer, only served to aggravate his despair. I was like a

person who wishes to save his friend when sinking to the bottom of a river, without his making any effort to swim. Sorrow had entirely overwhelmed him. Alas! the misfortunes of our early age prepare man for entering into life, and *Paul* had never experienced them.

I conducted him back to his habitation, and I there found his mother and Madame *de la Tour* in a very languishing state, which had greatly increased since I left them. *Margaret* was the most broken down. Lively characters, over whom slight troubles slide easily away, are the least able to withstand heavy calamities.

She said to me: "Oh, my kind neighbour! I "dreamt to-night that I saw *Virginia*, clothed in "white, in the midst of bowers and delicious gar- "dens. She said to me: I enjoy a felicity greatly "to be envied. Then she approached *Paul* with a "joyful air, and carried him away with her. As I "was endeavouring to retain my son, I felt as if I "was quitting the Earth myself, and that I follow- "ed him with a pleasure inexpressible. Upon that "I wished to bid farewel to my friend, but I per- "ceived her coming after us, accompanied by *Mary* "and *Domingo*. But what is still more singular, "Madame *de la Tour* has had this very night a dream "attended with exactly similar circumstances."

I replied: "My friend, I believe that nothing "happens in the World without the permission of "GOD. Dreams sometimes announce truth."

Madame *de la Tour* related to me a dream entirely resembling this, which she had that same night. I never observed that these two ladies were in the least

least inclined to superstition. I was therefore struck with the coincidence of their dreams, and I had not the least doubt in my own mind that they would soon be realized. The opinion, that truth is sometimes conveyed to us in sleep, is universally propagated over all the Nations of the Earth. The greatest men of antiquity have adopted it; among others, *Alexander*, *Cesar*, the *Scipios*, the two *Catos*, and *Brutus*, who were none of them men of weak minds. The Old and New Testament have furnished us with many instances of dreams which were verified. For my own part, I have no occasion for any higher proof on the subject than my own experience; and I have found, oftener than once, that dreams are sometimes warnings, which give us information very interesting to ourselves. But if any person shall pretend to attack or defend by argument, things which transcend the powers of human understanding, he undertakes an impossibility. However, if the reason of Man is only an image of that of the Almighty; since Man is capable of conveying his thoughts to the extremities of the World by secret and concealed means, why should not that Intelligence which governs the World, employ similar methods in accomplishing the same purpose? One friend consoles another by a letter, which travels through a multitude of kingdoms, which circulates amidst the hatred of Nations, and communicates joy and hope to one single individual; Why then may not the Sovereign Protector of innocence come, by some secret means, to the relief of a virtuous soul which reposes confidence in him alone? Has he occasion to employ any exterior sign to execute

cute his will; He who acts continually in all his works by an internal impulse?

Wherefore doubt of the intimations given in dreams? Life, filled with so many vain and transitory projects, what is it but a dream?

However that may be, those of my unfortunate friends were soon realized. *Paul* died two months after his beloved *Virginia*, whose name he incessantly repeated. *Margaret* expired eight days after her son, with a joy which it is bestowed only on virtue to taste. She took the most tender farewel of Madame *de la Tour*, "in the hope," said she, "of a sweet and eternal re-union. Death is the "greatest of blessings," added she; "it is highly "desirable. If life be a punishment we ought to "wish for it's termination; if it be a state of pro- "bation, we ought to wish it shortened."

Government took care of *Domingo* and *Mary*, who were no longer in a condition for service, and who did not long survive their mistress. As for poor Fidèle, he drooped to death nearly about the same time with his master.

I conducted Madame *de la Tour* to my habitation; she supported herself, in the midst of losses so terrible, with a greatness of soul altogether incredible. She administered consolation to *Paul* and *Margaret* to the very last moment, as if she had no distress but theirs to support. When they were no more, she spake to me of them every day, as if they had been beloved friends still in the neighbourhood. She survived them however only a month. With regard to her aunt, far from reproaching her with these misfortunes, she prayed

GOD

GOD to forgive her, and to appease the dreadful horrors of mind with which, we heard, she had been seized immediately after she had dismissed *Virginia* with so much barbarity.

This unnatural relation soon met with the punishment due to her cruelty. I heard, by the successive arrival of several vessels, that she was tormented by the vapours, which rendered life and death equally insupportable. Sometimes she reproached herself with the premature death of her charming grand-niece, and with that of her mother which soon followed it. At other times she applauded herself for having discarded two unhappy wretches who had disgraced her family by the meanness of their inclinations. Frequently flying into a passion at sight of the great number of miserable people, with which Paris is filled, she exclaimed: "Why do they not send these idle wretches to perish in our Colonies? She added, that the ideas of virtue, of humanity, and of religion, adopted by all Nations, were nothing but the political inventions of their Princes. Then suddenly plunging into the opposite extreme, she abandoned herself to superstitious terrors, which filled her with mortal apprehensions. She ran about, carrying with her vast sums, which she bestowed on the rich monks who were her ghostly directors, and entreated them to appease the DEITY by the sacrifice of her fortune; as if that wealth, which she had denied to the miserable, could be acceptable to the Father of Mankind! Her imagination was frequently haunted by deluges of fire, burning mountains, or hideous spectres wandering before

before her, and calling her by name, with horrible screams. She threw herself at the feet of her directors, and formed, in her own mind, the tortures and punishments which were preparing for her; for Heaven, just Heaven, send fearful visions to harrow up the souls of the unmerciful.

Thus she passed several years, by turns an atheist and a devotee, equally in horror of life and of death. But what terminated an existence so deplorable was the very thing to which she had sacrificed the sentiments of Nature. She had the mortification to reflect, that her riches would, after her death, descend to relations whom she hated. In order to prevent this she endeavoured to alienate the greatest part of her fortune; but they, availing themselves of the frequent paroxysms of spleen to which she was subject, had her shut up as a lunatic, and her estates were put in trust for her heirs. Thus her very riches put the finishing stroke to her destruction; and as they had hardened the heart of her who possessed them, so they, in like manner, extinguished natural affection in the breasts of those who coveted them. She accordingly died; and what filled up the measure of her woe, with so much use of her reason left, as to know that she had been plundered and despised by those very persons whose opinion had directed her all her life long.

By the side of *Virginia*, and at the foot of the same bamboos, her friend *Paul* was laid; around them, their tender mothers and their faithful servants. No marble raises itself over their humble graves; no engraved inscriptions, recording their virtues:

virtues: but their memory will never be effaced from the hearts of those whom they had laid under obligations to them. Their shades have no need of that lustre which they shunned all their life-time; but if they still interest themselves in what is passing on the Earth, they doubtless take delight in wandering under the straw-covered roofs, where industrious virtue resides; in consoling poverty discontented with it's lot; in encouraging in youthful lovers a lasting flame, a relish for the blessings of Nature, a love of labour, and a dread of riches.

The voice of the people, which is silent respecting the monuments reared to the glory of Kings, has bestowed on several parts of this island names which will eternalize the loss of *Virginia*. You may see, near the Isle of Amber, in the middle of the shelves, a place called THE SAINT-GERARD'S PASS, from the name of the vessel which perished there in returning from Europe. The extremity of that long point of land, which you see about three leagues from hence, half-covered with the waves of the Sea, which the Saint-Gerard could not double the evening of the hurricane, in order to make the harbour, is named CAPE-MISFORTUNE; there, just before you, at the bottom of this valley, is TOMB-BAY, where the body of *Virginia* was found buried in the sand, as if the sea had intended to bear her back to her family, and to render the last duties to her modesty, upon the same shores which she had honoured with her innocence.

Young people so tenderly united! Unfortunate mothers! Dearly beloved family! These woods which

which gave you shade, these fountains which flowed for you, those rocks upon which you reposed together, still lament your loss. No one after you has dared to cultivate this desolate spot, nor rear again these humble cottages. Your goats have become wild; your orchards are destroyed; your birds have flown away; nothing is now to be heard but the cries of the hawk, flying around the top of this bason of rocks. For my part, since I behold you no longer, I am like a friend stripped of his friends, like a father who has lost his children, like a traveller wandering through the Earth, where I remain in gloomy solitude.

As he uttered these words, the good old man walked away, melting into tears, and mine had flowed more than once during this melancholy relation.

END OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA, AND OF

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